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CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

THE WEST AS IT IS;

ILLUSTRATED

Chicago magazine

Chicago Mechanics' Institute

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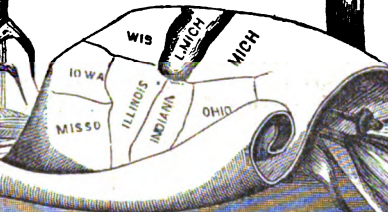
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Vol. I.

MARCH, 1857.

No. 1.



CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

THE WEST AS IT IS;
ILLUSTRATED



CHICAGO:
JOHN GAGER & CO.
FOR
CHICAGO MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
PRICE, 25 CENTS.



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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor of the Chicago Magazine will give every article furnished for insertion in it, a careful examination, and, when requested to do so, will return the MSS., if it should not be accepted. But the publishers cannot be held responsible for any contributions which may be lost or mislaid; and correspondents are, therefore, requested to keep copies of such articles as they may wish to preserve.

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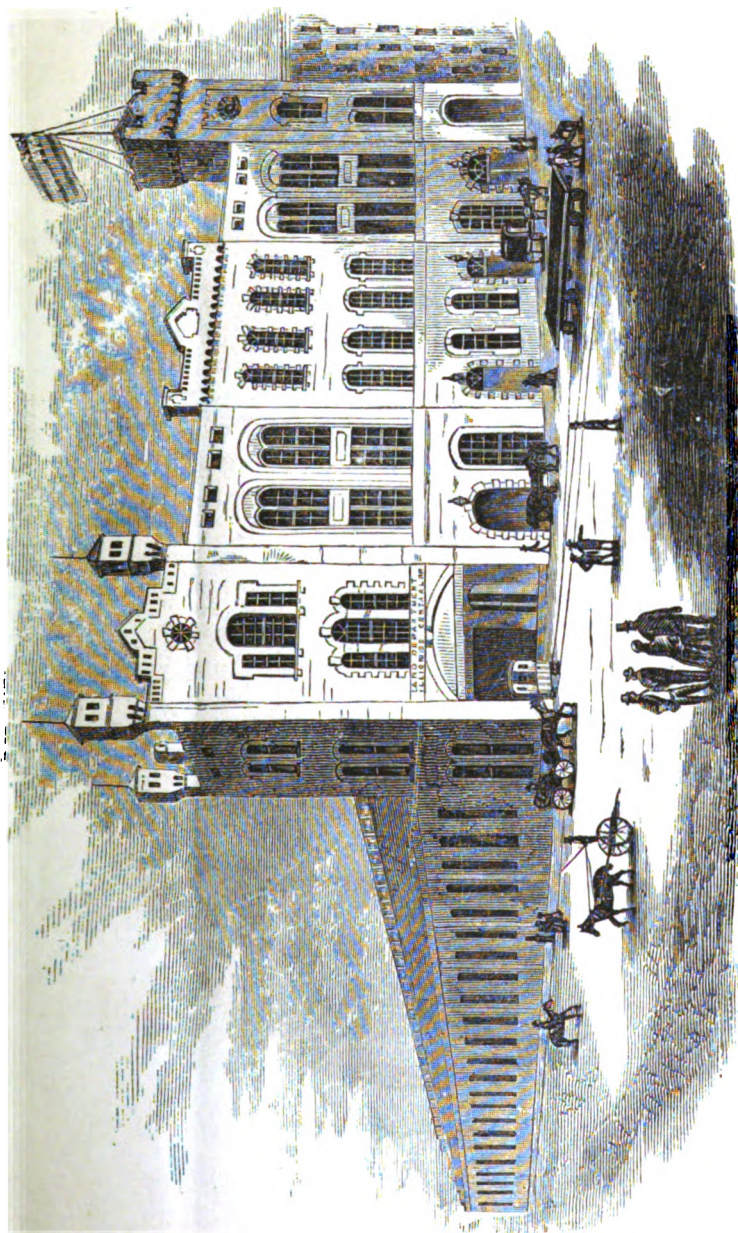
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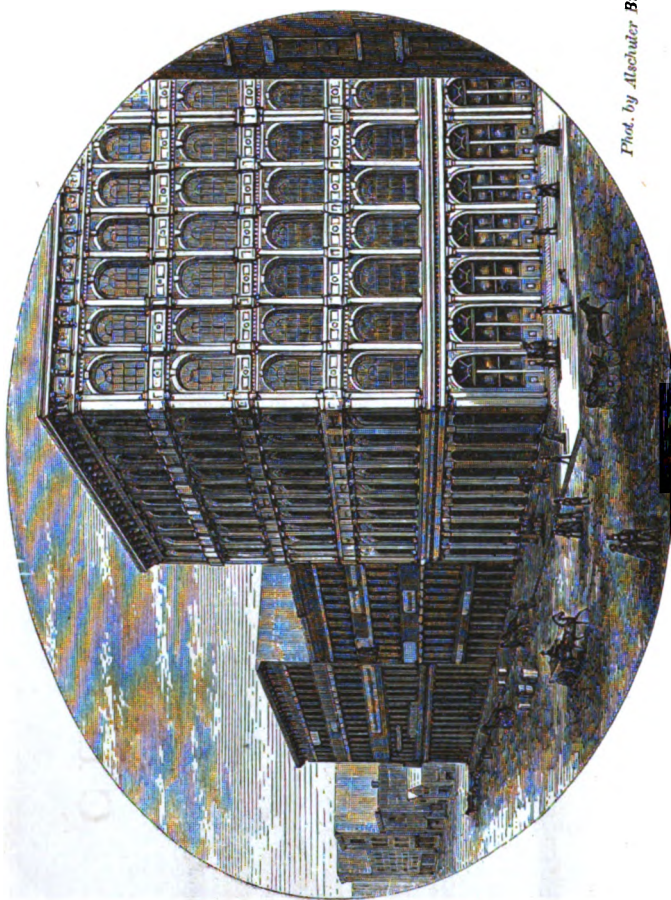
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THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD (OR UNION) DEPOT.

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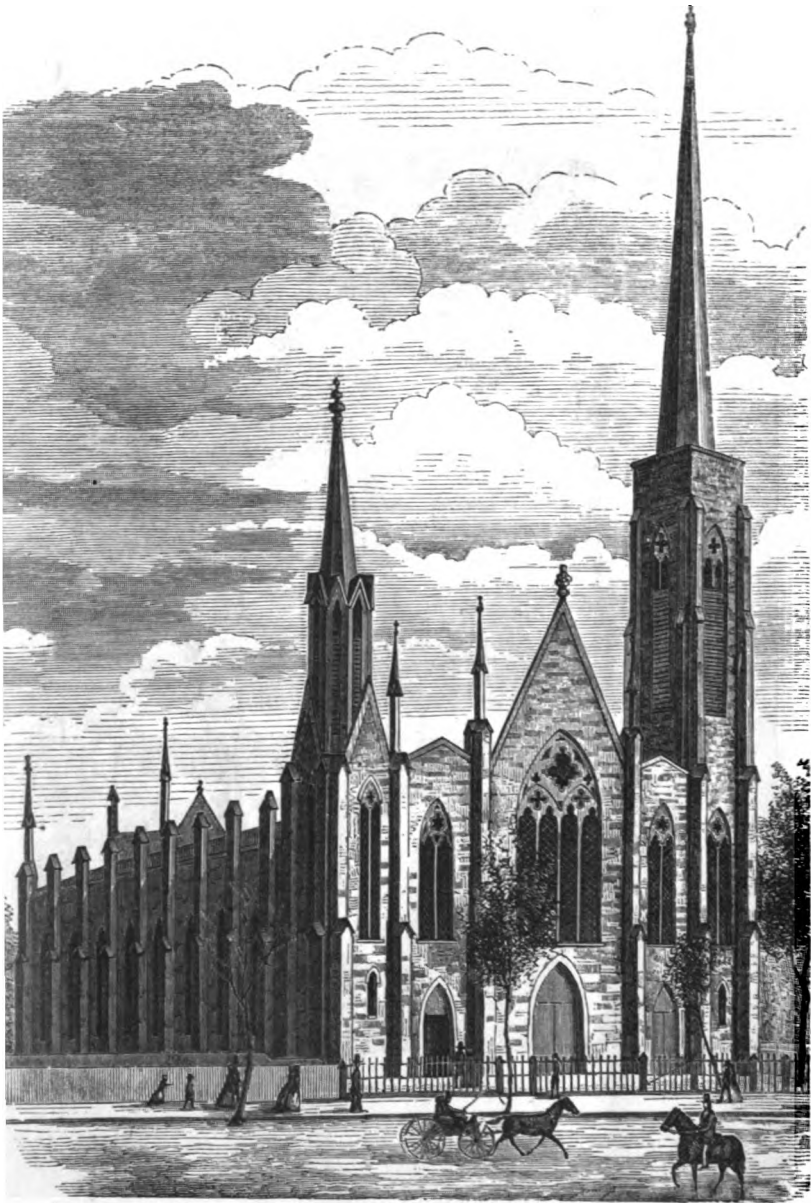
SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO, FROM WELLS TO LA SALLE STS.
(*The Iron Building*), erected in '86, by A. Robbins, Esq., in the foreground.)

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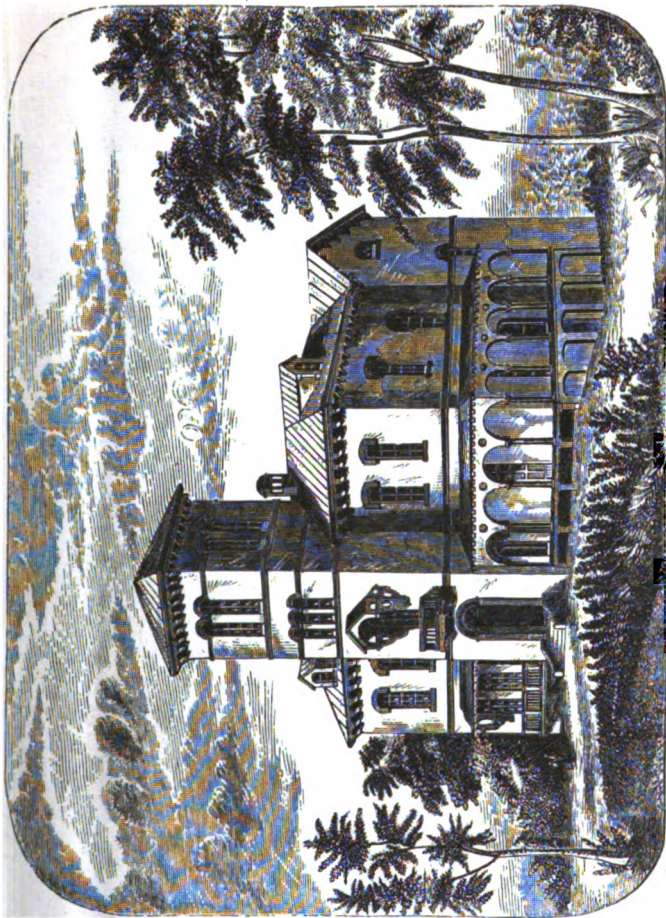
CHICAGO IN 1820.
FROM AN OLD VIEW.

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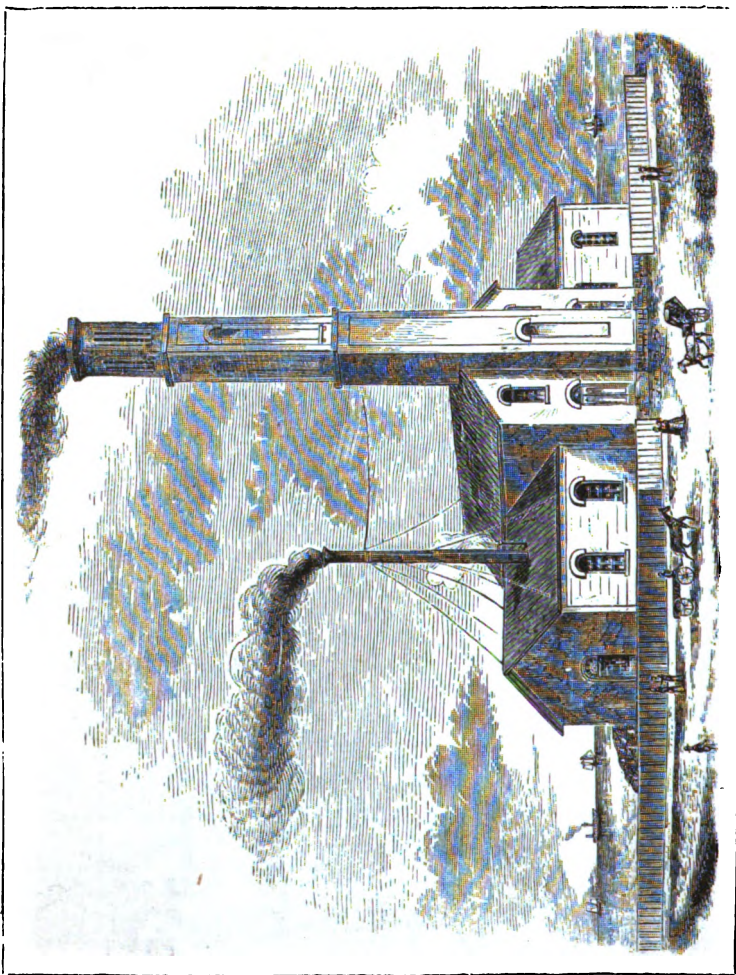
**SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—ERECTED IN 1852.
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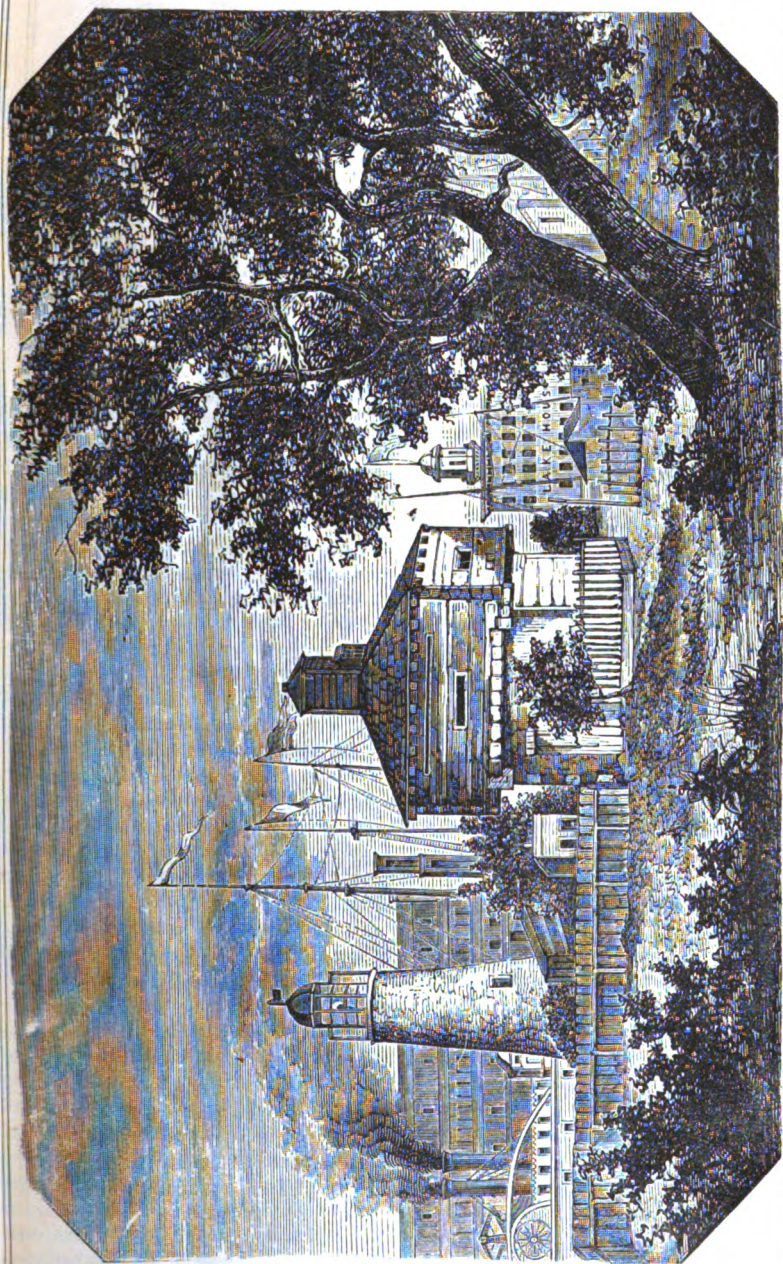


CHICAGO WATER WORKS.

No better water can be found than that with which our City is constantly supplied. It is taken from Lake Michigan, at the foot of Chicago Avenue.

The Water Works buildings are constructed of brick masonry, in the modern Italian style. The main building is fifty-four feet front, and 34 feet deep, with a wing on either side—each 40 feet front, and 34 deep.

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THE BLOCK HOUSE, FORT DEARBORN.
(Torn down in 1856.)

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Miss Nellie V. Button

Westfield, VT.

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CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

The West as it is.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1857.

NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Association in whose name this Magazine is published, have undertaken this work, they trust, with a consciousness of its responsibilities and the difficulties that must be encountered. But the self-evident importance of a publication of this kind, is their justification, and their reliance for the support that will be needed for its continuance.

We are conscious that the world is full of Magazines, and various periodical publications, enlisted for the advocacy of every department of human knowledge and human progress; that there are a number of very valuable and popular monthlies, which flow into every ramification of society, forming an apparent monopoly of magazinedom, so that, it would seem, there is not room enough even for one more in the world's literary omnibus. Well, if it be so, we are content to take an outside passage, for we belong to that particular genus of enterprises that likes an open sea of experiment—an open range, with vision unchecked, in a pure outside atmosphere. Like the outside rider, on the slow coach of exploration over our new western regions, in days not long gone, we are conscious of our position; that we are in a great country, where there is room enough for all, the largest liberty for every body, and every thing, with a fair chance of success to all; and in the characteristic Western phrase, "the largest number of persimmons to the longest pole."

Our title sets forth that this is to be a CHICAGO MAGAZINE, and that it is to portray the WEST AS IT IS. There is a concentration of glorious destiny in a happy baptism. No genius wearing the cognomen of Scroggs, can ever bear the standard of pre-eminence in this age; and John Smith, we will warrant, though he may help to fill the police reports, and may ascend to the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, will never be President of the United States; and Laura Matilda is hopelessly environed in her sphere of the sentimental novel. If we have attained the true region of manhood in the selection of our title, we shall consider our christening propitious, and an assurance that the battle is half won. We believe failure was never yet wedded to Chicago. And the Chicago Magazine has a ring of vitality about it, which will distinguish it from all soft metal—has a pre-ordained character of respectability, and a guarantee of success—while Literary Magazine, or even Western Magazine, will go quietly to the death-bed of indifference. The WEST AS IT IS, is a pass word that will go like the electric chain of thought from one end of the Union to the other. "CHICAGO" and the "WEST AS IT IS," have become national, whatever may be the conclusions of philosophers in regard to the character of political parties.

We propose to fill these pages with such matter in the aggregate as will make this

publication a Chicago-Western Magazine. We shall infuse into it those elements of character that will make it known as a product of this locality. We shall aim to make it a *rade-mecum* between the West and the East—a go-between, carrying to the men of the East, a true picture of the West, which will satisfy their desire for information on the great topics connected with this part of their common country. We therefore bespeak for our work, a place in the Eastern market, and some offset there to the competition we must meet with in the circulation of Eastern periodicals in the Western field. The West will learn to patronize this monthly for the love of its own ideas;—the East will read it to get that knowledge of us, which they cannot get from any other source.

The first great department of our work is therefore to portray and illustrate the West. We shall gather every month, from the thousand objects of interest in its past history, present growth, future promises, and in its natural scenery, subjects for these illustrations. Some one or more important town will be daguerreotypied monthly in features, and recorded in history upon our pages.

The Historical part of the work is a leading one. We have opened in this number the first pages of Chicago history. This will be continued till the picture is filled up, ground-work, outline, principal figures, minute detail, the horizon and landscape in the distance, and the over-arching of its glorious future. Every town and locality has its unwritten history. The time has come, is rapidly passing, when this history should be made up, and recorded; before the men now living, in whose memory it is treasured, shall die, and the record perish. It is one of the objects of this Magazine to preserve these unwritten histories.

The commerce of the West is becoming the controlling power of the nation. We shall speak for that commerce all that an enlarged support from that money-power will enable us to speak. According as we shall thus be made able to do, we shall post up the Great Ledgers of Trade and Finance of the West, and transcribe for constant use its Day Book of transactions.

The Railroad enterprises of the West, are the main-springs of its progress. Into our record of Improvements they must therefore enter largely. We have it in our purpose, if our Railroad companies will grant us the facilities, to give the history of each, with illustrations and views of all the important towns and places of interest on their respective lines. The information that we shall be enabled to give in this connection, and in regard to the advantages of settlement, will be of great value to the Emigrant. All people in the East who expect to make homes in the West, and those who already have friends in those homes, now made and making, will be profited readers of this Magazine.

This publication is issued by a professedly Mechanical Institution. An institution of this kind in this fast and expansive country, is homogeneous with every progressive idea. It is not out of the line of its privileges, when it becomes the sponsor of a work of the amplified character of this periodical. We have already, by natural affinity, the sympathy of all the mechanical classes. No one comprehends the vastness of the mechanical enterprises which have grown up within a few years in the West—those of Chicago being the prototype of all. The mechanical establishments, improvements in their various branches, inventions in new machines, and devices to secure to man a complete control of all the physical powers of nature—will receive marked attention and be amply illustrated in our pages.

We have not room, in the limits of an introductory, to particularize the features of this Magazine. Indeed, we know not to what length, or extent, or in what direction we shall be called to go. We have a distinct plan in our minds, set forth here—the working out of that plan we shall leave for future months, with the full conviction that if we can push ourselves forward far enough to get the eye and the ear of the public, we shall be understood, and shall receive such a recognition as we shall merit.



HISTORY OF CHICAGO.

PART 1.—ANTECEDENT.

WE have undertaken the task of writing the HISTORY OF CHICAGO. This history must be, in the main, a narrative of events which have transpired within the memory of the present generation. It will be the history of one of the most remarkable facts in the growth of communities, which our nation, perhaps the world, furnishes.

It will be a history without antiquity, and will therefore require no searching into the records and delving into the mysteries of by-gone and nearly forgotten times. The past is only shadowed forth upon its pages—a back ground of a living picture of the works of living men. We have men among us whom we shall consult for the purpose of making up the material of this history, who have seen all that there is of Chicago, from the first rude huts, to its present princely palaces. There are men among us, whose energy is helping to-day to swell that tide of business which

is the astonishment of every new beholder; who trafficked with the Indians when they were the chief customers of the Chicago trader; who afterwards supplied the first white settlers with the common necessities of life,—having progressed with Chicago, and grown with its growth, from the insignificant demands of a border village, to the magnitude and the commerce of a great city. We have men, too, who suggested the first ideas of progress and improvement, in the infancy of the city, which have, from their magnitude, become the wonder of all the world; and their mature energy is now pushing on those plans of improvement farther and farther in the career of success. From the recollection and experience of men like these we shall be able to draw resources for making up the history of Chicago, portraying it as it has been, and as it now is.

But though the History of Chicago, as a place and City, must date within the memory of men now living, it has nevertheless an antecedent history, which has a peculiar interest, as the foreshadowing events of a future greatness, of which they were the germ. The men whose personal identity is merged in the growth of Chicago, must be tolerated in the frailty of cherishing the highest regard for the minutest details of its past. But they are not alone the people who have a lively interest in all these details. As this city has become more widely known, from its commercial character, and its commanding and central position in a wide expanse of country, which has changed with marvellous rapidity from an uncultivated state to the condition of a populous region,—a desire must be everywhere present to learn the story of its progress, at every step, from its earliest days, onward.

In laying out before us our task, to make our sketch complete, we propose to trace the wandering steps of the native Indian upon this soil, and to note also the first impressions of the civilized white race, as devoted missionaries "to save the souls of men," or as traders, seeking their own good through gain. This is the antecedent history, which will be valued for its own sake, as well as the proper basis for a complete history of our enterprising city. While it is confessed that our citizens are not admirers of relics, and are emphatically men of the present, yet they feel more than a common interest in all the remembrances that encircle the enthusiastic Jesuit missionary in his wanderings here to and fro, and in his efforts to plant in this region the first germs of civilization and Christianity. They love also to cherish the recollection of the Indians, as the original occupants of this soil; and in all that they were, and in all that they did, they feel a deep interest. They contrast in their own minds the change which a few brief years have made, since the Indians built their wigwams on the prairies where our streets now run, and the princely homes of our people rise in their stead; for it seems that the echo of their measured footsteps, and the sound of their paddles in our river and lake, have but just died away. And never a year passes over now, but some of the remnants of the tribes who wandered here but a generation ago, come back to visit what was once the home of their childhood; and they go about our streets with heedless step, followed by the eyes of the curious, indifferently noting our land-marks of progress, much as if one were seeking among the cities of the dead the graves of his ancestors.

In the execution of our task, we propose then to speak of the ANTECEDENTS of Chicago, which will relate to the times when the Indians were the lords of its soil, and the time when the French *voyageurs* and missionaries traveled our prairies and on our brief river, and when they essayed to teach the natives Christianity and its duties, civilization and its arts. This will include a recital of the events which preceded the occupation of Chicago by permanent settlers. We shall then proceed to the work of portraying CHICAGO AS IT WAS, when the settlement was first commenced, when population increased, when improvements began to be made, when it assumed the position of an important city; and thus continue a panorama of its wonderful progress. And our task will be completed, when, in contrast with what it has been from time to time, we shall have drawn a faithful picture of CHICAGO AS IT IS, gilded with all its bright promises of the future.

At the period in the history of the discovery and settlement of this continent, when the English were taking possession of the Atlantic coast, from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, the Puritans monopolizing the rock-bound coast of New England; and when the Spanish were establishing their claims and settlements on the coast of Florida, through the Gulf of Mexico, and in Central America,—the French were extending their colonies up the valley of the St. Lawrence, and pushing their discoveries into the heart of North America by the great Lakes, and over the valley of the Mississippi. The English colonies had made but little progress inland, and had only founded settlements at several points along the course of the largest rivers of the eastern coast; when French zeal for the propagation of the Catholic faith, and French enterprise in exploration and discovery, and in enlargement of empire, had made them familiar with the great central lakes, and the great rivers which drain the interior of the continent. Niagara had not been reached by the Dutch explorers, over the land covered by their own grants, ere the French had discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, given it a name after one of their own patron saints, and jotted it down on their rude maps. The English had hardly reached the fishing stations of the Connecticut and the Merrimac, in their line of continual progress, when the French were sailing on the waters of Lake Superior, and regaling themselves with its delicious whitefish and trout. And while Eliot was preaching his first sermons to the Narragansetts, seven miles from Boston, the Jesuit missionaries were indoctrinating the Ottawas and Chippewas at the Falls of Lake Superior. During the same period, the Spanish had possession of the coast of Florida, and had already founded empires in the West Indies and Mexico. But English colonization seemed not so rapid and diffuse, and contended against more vigorous obstacles in nature, yet had in it more of the elements of strength and ultimate prosperity—and proved in the end the saddest, that the race is not always to the swift. This view of facts teaches us, that though this section of country is now more than of anything else the offshoot of the Puritan ideas, and we are accustomed to trace all our beginnings in national existence, and all our good things in the constitution of society to this original stock, yet here, in the very first things of our history we are out of the Puritan jurisdiction. The first explorers of Lake Michigan, the first white men to pitch their tents on the Chicago prairie, and to haul up their boats upon our river banks and lake shore, were the French Jesuit missionaries and fur trade adventurers. And this they were doing while New England colonies were being planted, while Cotton Mather was persecuting witches and Quakers in Boston, and teaching the true elements of popular civil government, and William Penn was inculcating his peace principles upon the Delaware Indians.

Thus on this continent was sustained the rivalry of the three great nations of Europe in possessing the lands of the native Indian. The commerce with the East Indies, which had been successfully carried on by the English and the Dutch, excited also the avarice of other nations, stimulating them to compete for the trade in that direction which had been monopolized by the former. One of the great impulses which had led the French to extend their discoveries into the far West was, therefore, the same as that which led Columbus to undertake his first voyage of discovery, namely, a shorter passage to the East Indies. The French were the first to gain a knowledge of the great Lakes, as their enterprise had first possessed their outlet, the St. Lawrence. Vague rumors, through intercourse with the natives, had given them some indefinite knowledge of a great river, far in the West; and through these lakes and this great unknown river they anxiously expected to find a navigable water course across the continent, which would open a shorter route to the trade of China and the Indies which might be monopolized by themselves. So strongly had this conviction fastened itself upon their minds, that many names given to their oldest towns were borrowed from those of China. In pursuit of this phantom, as well as by the zeal to extend the true faith by the Jesuits, was Lake Superior, to its farthest extremity, made known to the French, before Lake Michigan was explored south of Green Bay.

Another motive which governed the French in pushing their explorations in the West, was the desire for extension of empire in the New World. Louis XIV. was on the throne of France, the king who had sought the glory of his nation by the extension of power, and gained among his subjects the sobriquet of the "Grande Monarque." While flattering his subjects at home with the incipient Napoleonic ideas of supreme jurisdiction in Europe, his admirers and satellites in the New World sought his special favor by like schemes of French supremacy and empire on the Western continent. By a right, recognized by the law of nations, the discovery of a river gave to the discoverer the right of jurisdiction to the territory drained by that river and its branches. Therefore, by this law, the discovery of the Mississippi from its head waters, by their explorations from the North-West to its mouth, the French claimed and maintained possession of the Father of Waters, and the immense valley watered by the thousand streams flowing into it. For the promotion of this plan of extension of empire, as we shall see farther along in this brief sketch, a line of military posts and settlements, interspersed with mission stations, was established from Quebec, along the shores of the lakes, along the course of the upper rivers of the Mississippi, and extending to the mouth of that river, encircling all the colonies of the English upon the Atlantic shore. Soon this scheme of colonial extension excited the jealousy and suspicion of other colonies, as well as national antipathies, involving colonists and Indian tribes in a prolonged border warfare, continuing at intervals for a century; until finally settled by the complete extinction of the French title to all the territory in Canada and the North West, east of the Mississippi, and its annexation to the British possessions;—a turn in the tide of affairs in the New World, which shaped its ends evidently for the ushering in of the glorious destiny upon which it has more recently entered.

The various Indian tribes in the days of the French were, of course, the real occupants and owners of the soil. The number of French settlers scattered over this wide region, was comparatively few; and the number mustered into the military service was barely enough to keep up the establishment of forts; while the strength relied upon for defense, as well as the support of settlements, was borrowed from alliance with the natives; and the attaches to the Jesuits missions made up but a fair show of the native population. All these classes readily mingled and amalgamated with the Indian race, so that in time they lost in a great measure their own identity, and formed another distinct class, designated at the present time as the half-breeds. It was probably in consequence of this ready assimilation, that the French settlements lost their national characteristics sooner than those of the English. The latter have ever stood out well-defined, national and peculiar, the genuine offspring of European society, while the French have either been absorbed in the native, or merged into a type different from the original stock. The same process of fading out seemed to have followed the propagation of their religious ideas by the French teachers of theology, in their application to the un-mixed native race, for in shaping them to accommodate the lower tastes of the savage, they took on so much of the Indian, that the Indian predominated, and but little was left of the doctrines and practices inculcated by the earnest missionaries. On the contrary, the half-breeds seem to have been the best receivers of both the faith and civilization, taught by those missionaries.

We shall better understand the history of these times and the times which followed, by a geographical location of the Indian tribes. Those inhabiting this region, designated by names with which they are familiarly known at this day—were the Ottawas, in the northern part of the peninsula of Michigan, the Miami, in southern Michigan and Indiana, lying around the head of Lake Michigan, and including for their northern point of possession, the territory embracing the present locality of Chicago. These were the Indians the French found here, and with whom father MARQUETTE labored; probably having at this very point, a mission station. This tribe extended around the Lake; and at St. Joseph, as is well known, was another Indian town and Jesuit mission. After the time

of the first French visits, the Pottawatomies crowded back the Miamis, and they became the Indians of Chicago. In after intercourse with the traders, up to the time of the massacre in 1812, the Pottawatomies were the native population, and were the parties to the treaty with Wayne in 1795, by which a tract of land six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago river, was ceded to the United States—the first extinction of Indian title to the land on which Chicago is built. The Illinois, the tribe from which the State has taken its name, who seem to have been a race of a higher order than the average, (the term Illinois, being translated, means emphatically *men*, or men of men,) and of whom frequent mention is made in the accounts of the Jesuits,—occupied all the territory of Illinois west of the Wabash, to a line running north-east from the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Des Moines, through the town of Ottawa, to the lake shore. Above this line were the Pottawatomies, the Sauks and Foxes, and other wandering tribes. The Winnebagoes occupied that part of what is now Wisconsin, lying along the Lake shore, including Lake Winnebago. The Menominees occupied the territory still further north, around Green Bay, and between it and Lake Superior. The Chippewas were on the south shore of Superior, west of the Menominees. The Sioux were a great and powerful tribe, of the Dacota race, which roamed the country west and south-west of Lake Superior, in the present Territory of Minnesota.

The first knowledge we have of any white man visiting these upper Lake regions, was in 1654, when two young fur traders, from the lower Canadian settlements, smitten with the love of adventure as well as gain, joined a band of roving Indians, and in their bark canoes, followed these native wanderers five hundred leagues into the unknown West. In about two years they returned, (through the then western route to the Lakes, Ottawa river and Lake Nipissing,) accompanied by a fleet of fifty canoes, manned with five hundred natives, who were welcomed on the cliffs of St. Louis, near Montreal, by a salute of ordnance from the castle. These young men came with reports from that salubrious world—of the vast Lakes of the Huron, Superior and Michigan, then seas without names—of the Indian tribes that dwelt upon their shores—of the tribes north of those Lakes, which have to this day remained excluded from intercourse with the white man—of the powerful tribe of the Sioux, who dwelt farther west—of the Foxes and Mouscatens who dwelt at the south—of the richness of this wilderness in furs and skins,—and many wonders of lands and strange people. These reports were sustained by the representation of red men and their canoes, flocking the river and thronging its shores, who had come from this far off land to solicit intercourse and commerce with the Frenchmen, and missionaries for all this boundless West to return with them. The traders, as well as the enthusiastic religionists, were eager to accept of this invitation. But the claims of the Cross seemed the stronger of the two. Old missionaries who had been in the forests of Maine, and in the wilderness of the Hurons, joined the returning convoy, with all the appurtenances of the combined enterprises of a religious establishment and a trading post; but on its return the convoy was attacked by a band of hostile Mohawks, dispersed, and some of the old missionaries killed. Undaunted still, the two strong elements of human character—the love of gain and the love of souls—lured other adventurers westward against dangers and death. Traders soon after penetrated as far as Green Bay, and two of them passed the winter of 1659 on the banks of Lake Superior, and returned to the East the next summer, as their two adventurous predecessors had done, with an escort of three hundred Indians and sixty canoes, enriched and well laden with furs and peltry. Other missionaries were inspired with the desire to carry the cross into the wilderness. Father RENE MESNARD, from a number of aspirants, was selected. He departed immediately, without preparation, as if his Master's business admitted of no delay; and as soon as the rude means of travel could convey him, he appeared upon the southern shore of Lake Superior—the first messenger of the true God in all that part of his creation. Here he remained eight

months, when, in attempting to comply with an invitation from a wandering branch of the Hurons, who had gone still farther west, to visit them, he strayed away from his canoe men at a portage, and was never after heard of; perishing, probably, while lost and wandering in the pathless wilderness.

In August, 1665, Father CLAUDE ALLOUEZ, the first successful missionary to the West, whose name must ever be remembered with reverence, departed from his retreat at Quebec, to his field of labor in the far West, by the route of the Ottawa river. He reached the rapids between Superior and Huron, at St. Marys, in September. Immediately advancing into the great Lake, which all the natives revered as a deity, he sailed by the bluffs of sand, and the "pictured rocks," objects which attract the attention of every modern traveler in the first part of his journey up the shore of the Lake. Proceeding through the Bay of St. Theresa—Keweenaw—vainly seeking for a "mass of pure copper," of which he had heard rumors at that early day, which more fortunate men of this generation have found—he came at length to his destination, at a village of the Chippewas, on the now Shagwanegon Bay. Here he found the Indians preparing for a war with the formidable tribe of the Sioux. In the name of his earthly king, as well as King Jesus, he commanded peace. He offered them the alliance of the French, with their friendship and commerce—promised them protection against the inroads of the Iroquois, whose warlike nature had spread terror from the seat of their power, in western New York, through all the tribes of the West; he pledged them that the common highway of communication between them and their eastern friends, along the lakes and rivers, should be kept open—swept clean of the pirates and marauding bands who invested the way for plunder or the destruction of life. He preserved the peace, and held in bonds of amity the savage communities about him. A mission was established at the Bay, where he held his principal councils. At other points on the southern shore, and at the Falls of the Straits, he would meet his new friends of the wilderness, ministering to them in spiritual things, and advising them in all temporal affairs, and assisting them in establishing trade between them and their white neighbors. Here gathered to him, from time to time, the Indians from the West, seeking his friendship and sympathy. Here came the Chippewas, pitching their tents around his chapel—abiding, for a time, and receiving instruction—and then, away to their hunts. The scattered Hurons and Ottawas sought here his protection. The Sauks and Foxes traveled here on foot, bringing their skins of deer, beaver and buffalo. From the unexplored Lake Michigan came the Winnebagoes; the Pottawatomies, and the Miamis, from the locality of Chicago, bringing him knowledge of the country from the South—and, even the peaceful and manly tribe of the Illinois, from the interior of our State, sought sympathy from this good Father ALLOUEZ, who would be a father to all his heathen children. From them he first heard of the great, green prairies, and the boundless fertile tracts of this beautiful part of the world. Says he, of this land described by the peaceful Illinois: "Their country is the best field for the Gospel. Had I leisure, I would have gone to their dwellings to see with my own eyes all the good that was told me of them." And here, too, he received the stern Sioux from the south-west of Superior, from whom he first learned the existence of the great River, the name of which he reported as "Mississippi."

ALLOUEZ here resided for two years, opening the way of further discovery, and gathering, at different points, little colonies of French and Indian converts. Thus preparing the way, he gave impulse to every successful enterprise of discovery and settlement, which spread the French possessions over the West. He then returned to Quebec, to urge the prosecution of his enterprises upon the attention of his religious sympathizers at the East, and secure the influence of the Government.

Other helpers had recently arrived from France; among them, CLAUDE DABLON and JAMES MARQUETTE. These companions proceeded to the Sault Ste. Marie, being the falls between Lake Superior and Huron, and established there the Mission of St. Mary—a place yet well known, and remarkable as the rapids over which fall the outlet waters of

Superior. This was the first permanent settlement made anywhere in the regions of the Western Lakes.

The design of discovering the Mississippi, of which rumors had been gathered from the Indians, of its magnificence, and the wonders of the country bordering upon it, was avowed by MARQUETTE, in 1669. The West now began to assume a position of importance in the view of the French Ministry, for the reasons before set forth. NICOLAS PERROT was sent out as the agent of the Government in the West. He first explored Lake Michigan as far as Chicago; he and his party being the first white men who had ever beheld this locality. Soon after this expedition, in 1671, by his invitation, there was assembled a congress of all the tribes of the North-Western Indians, at the settlement of St. Mary's. In ceremonies impressive and appropriate to the savage mind, PERROT took formal possession of all the North-West, from the head waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, in the name of the Government he represented, and assured the natives of their being placed under the protection of the French king. The country was explored and missions and settlements established by ALLOUEZ, DABLON, MARQUETTE, and their associates, at Manitou Islands, Mackinaw, Green Bay, at the mouth of the Fox on Lake Winnebago, at Milwaukee, and many other points.

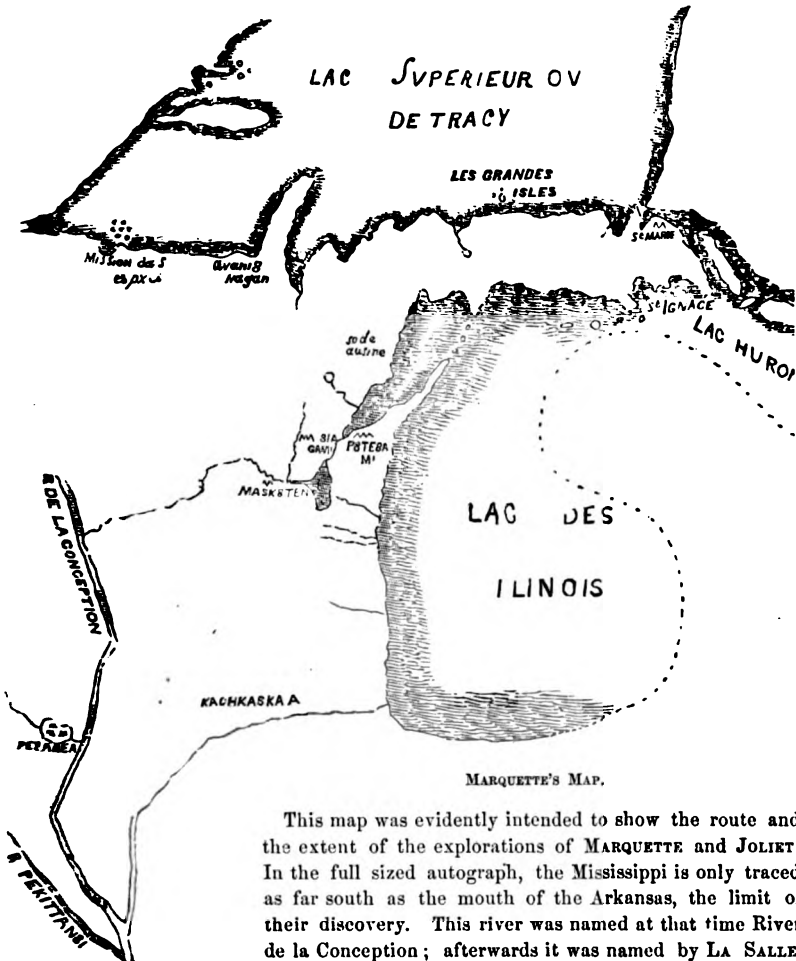
The project of the discovery of the Mississippi was then, in 1673, entered upon in earnest by MARQUETTE, having been joined by JOLIET, a gentleman from Quebec, first heard of in connection with this expedition. His scheme had been favored by TALON, the Intendant of New France, the name by which Canada was then known. The friendly Indians spoke with alarm of the intended expedition, declaring "that the river abounded in monsters that would devour both men and canoes, that excessive heats pervaded it which would cause sure death, that the natives dwelling upon its shores were cruel and terrible, and killed all strangers who came to them." But no such alarms could deter him. With JOLIET as his associate, and five Frenchmen as companions, and with two friendly Indians as guides, MARQUETTE left the village of Fox River, above Green Bay and Lake Winnebago, on the 10th day of June, 1673, on this first expedition to discover the route of the Mississippi. They carried their canoes on their backs across the narrow portage between the Fox and the Wisconsin rivers, the ridge of land that divides the waters which flow each way to distinct and distant outlets to the ocean, one to the south, the other to the north-east. The guides soon returned, intimidated by the fearful unknown into which they were about to enter. Solitarily, gloomily perhaps, with doubtful forebodings of the future, yet with determined perseverance, these few representatives of the Christianity and the civilization of the glorious age of France, pursued their journey through regions never before visited by white men. All before them was a dark unknown, associated in their minds with all the fearful creations of the human fancy, conjured up in the savage and ignorant mind; and they themselves half ready to believe in chimeras dire, of ghosts and dragons, and monsters unknown to other lands, and of a race of men more terrible than the wildest beasts. It is hardly possible for us to realize now, the physical and moral courage necessary to sustain adventurers, stepping into the bounds of a void so dark and fathomless to their comprehension. Down the Wisconsin they sailed on—and out upon the Father of Waters, of the wonders of which, in the strange language of mystery, they had heard from the Indians, entering, as the voyagers express themselves, "the Great River with a joy that could not be expressed." After a number of days sailing down the stream, they met with the first signs of human presence, in footprints on the sandy beach of its western shore. A foot path was discovered leading back into a beautiful prairie. MARQUETTE and JOLIET were all of the company who had courage to follow this path. The remainder were left in the canoes, to protect themselves by keeping at a safe distance from the shore. Traveling six miles back from the river over this broad prairie, they discovered an Indian village on the shore of a smaller stream. This was on the Des Moines, in the now State of Iowa, and

these adventurers were the first white men who set foot on the soil of that State. They were welcomed with rejoicings by the natives, who ran to meet them with the pipe of peace, declaring themselves to be of the tribe of Illinois, saying in the words translated "we are men." This was the tribe of whom ALLOUËZ had heard such good report, who were doubtless favorably prepossessed by their present visitors. Here they remained six days, communicating to them the gospel first, as preached by MARQUETTE; afterward the knowledge of the French nation, and their being taken under the protection of its government, the subjugation by its arms of the dreaded Iroquois, their perpetual enemies, of whom they and all western tribes stood in constant fear. In turn the visitors were feasted on dog meat, hominy and fish. Thus were established relations of peace and harmony, which were ever kept up with the Illinois tribe, they being ever favorites of the French missionaries.

They proceeded on their voyage down the river, describing the towering rocks at Alton, the mouth of the Missouri river, first known to them by the Indian name of Pekitanoni, describing its turbid current as it now appears, the same from age to age. And as they journeyed, they made note of their passage in such terms, that their progress may be traced to-day. They passed the Ohio, whose banks were sprinkled with the villages of the Shawnees. They proceeded as far south as the river Arkansas, meeting there with hostile tribes, and those who carried guns, and with tribes who spoke another language, unknown to themselves or their interpreters; and ascertaining withal that the river did not flow into the Pacific ocean, as they had possibly hoped, neither into the Gulf east of the explored coast of Florida, and therefore not yet discovered at its mouth, and must be secured to their nation by their own explorations, they concluded to turn back report their progress, and solicit the co-operation of their government. On their return, they entered the mouth of the Illinois river, ascended that stream, meeting again with the Illinois tribe, who entreated MARQUETTE to come and reside with them. He speaks in rapturous terms of the Illinois country,—“as without paragon for the fertility of its beautiful prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags—for the loveliness of its rivers, and the abundance of wild ducks, swans,” &c. The Indians furnished the party with guides, and they returned by the river as far as possible to navigate their boats, and thence over the portage from the Des Plaines to the Chicago river, thence to the lake; a route used in those days as a line of communication between the southern rivers and northern lakes. Thence they proceeded by the lake shore to Green Bay, where they arrived by the end of September, having made this voyage of exploration in a little more than three months. Thus was first brought to the knowledge of the civilized world, the course of the Mississippi river, and the geographical character of a large portion of its fertile valley. This expedition dispelled for ever a dark cloud of ignorance and desolation which had from the creation overhung this delightful portion of the world, opening it up to the dawn of the sunlight breaking upon the New World.

JOLIET returned soon after to Quebec, and announced the discovery. TALON, in a communication to his government at home, announced the fact that "Sieur Joliet had discovered the Great River, and had proceeded within ten days' journey of its mouth, and that he had ascertained that a voyage could be made in a barque from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of Mexico, there being only one carrying place of half a league, from Ontario to Erie. That he also supposed that up some of the large branches of the Great River from the West, a communication could be made with the California seas on the Pacific." M. TALON also mentions that he had sent by his secretary the map which JOLIET had made, and the observations he had been able to recollect, as he had lost all his minutes and journal in the shipwreck he had suffered within sight of Montreal. He left with the missionaries at the Sault Ste. Marie copies of his journal, but we find no further mention made of his notes of the trip. MARQUETTE's unpretending narrative was printed in a collection of voyages published in Paris in 1681.

MARQUETTE returned and preached the gospel to the Miamis around Chicago. An autograph map which was about this time prepared by him, giving the route of his explorations and the geography of the Lake region, as then understood, was deposited in St. Mary's College at Montreal. It has been preserved to the present time, an interesting relic of the past. A *fac simile* of the main part of this map forms a part of this page.



Colbert, from the name of his patron, the French Minister of Finance. The route traced from the Illinois to the Lake, seems to represent a continuous stream joining the Lake at Chicago. It is probable that MARQUETTE may have supposed that there was a connecting river between the two; for in early times, in high water, persons have been known to have passed in canoes from the South Chicago Branch, through the slough north of the Canal, formerly known as Mud Lake, thence to the Des Plaines, and down that river to the Illinois. And it is very probable that when MARQUETTE returned this way, it was by these high water streams. Lake Michigan was then called Lake Illinois, from the tribe in the middle part of the State, which they supposed

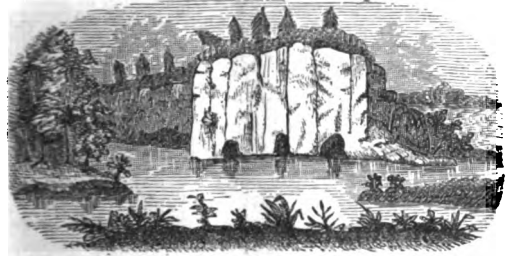
at the time to be located on the lake. The eastern shore of Lake Michigan, as well as the southern shore of Lake Huron, were then unexplored, and their boundaries only traced by dotted lines.

MARQUETTE after this seems to have spent his labors with the Indians around the head of Lake Michigan, probably visiting occasionally his favorite Illinois, and returning to his old scene of labors about St. Mary's. On the 18th of May, in the year 1673, as he was passing with his boatmen on one of his trips up Lake Michigan to Mackinaw, he proposed to land at the mouth of one of the rivers on the Michigan shore, to perform mass. He went a little way apart from his men to pray. He had entertained a presentiment that he should soon die, and his canoe-men remembering what he had said, as he staid longer than they supposed necessary, they sought him, and found him dead where he had been to pray. They dug a grave in the sand on the beach at the mouth of the river, and buried him there, where his body would have been exposed by the floods of the river. CHARLEVOIX, another French traveler, visited the spot fifty years after, and found that the stream had cut through a high bluff, and left the grave of the lonely missionary undisturbed, the waters retiring, as he superstitiously affirms, in awe of the remains of the good man. This is the river Marquette, called so from his name. His body was afterwards taken up, found to be in a perfect state of preservation, and removed with all the pomp and state of the barbarian life in those times, accompanied by a large crowd of natives, and a number of hundreds of canoes, which conveyed the remains to the Mission at the Point of St. Ignace, on the main land north of the Island of Mackinaw, and there deposited them in the tomb of the Chapel.

This exploration of MARQUETTE and JOLIET, aroused a deep interest in the West among the French people in Canada, and France. It had now become a matter of national importance to extend their discoveries, and the government was willingly enlisted to further any future enterprises of the kind. At this time there dwelt near the outlet of Lake Ontario an enterprising and enthusiastic young man of noble family, who was destined to fill an important place on the theatre of Western development,—ROBERT DE LA SALLE. On his descent from the upper lakes, JOLIET had passed by the walls of Fort Frontenac—now Kingston—where LA SALLE resided, telling the news of his discoveries. LA SALLE was the man of all the world to be inflamed at the recital of such intelligence, and to enter with all his soul into the future which that emergency required. Already had he gained the sympathy of his government by the explorations on Lake Erie, and the persevering urgency of his views of a passage across the Continent to China and the East Indies, and the connection of the French possessions by the establishment of a line of forts from Ontario to New Orleans, and had received a grant of the fortifications and lands about Frontenac, by letters patent. He immediately repaired to France, and by his own and the influence of the Governor General of Canada, with COLBERT, the Minister of Finance, he had an audience with the king. He obtained a monopoly of the traffic in skins with the Indians, and a commission for perfecting the discovery of the Mississippi. On the 14th of July, 1678, he sailed from France to Quebec, with his lieutenant, TONTU, an Italian, and thirty men, destined for the explorations in the West. He arrived at Fort Frontenac, his home, in the latter part of the month of September, 1678. Here he was soon after joined by LOUIS HENNEPIN, a Franciscan friar, of the Recollet order. This person proved to be a man of great ambition, energetic and daring, but unprincipled, caring more for the attainment of his own great ends than the truth. He was appointed by his religious superiors to accompany LA SALLE, and joining him in October, participated in the preliminary arrangements for the journey. These two men, by whom the great harvest sown by MARQUETTE, was to be reaped, were of an entirely different character from their predecessors. LA SALLE was a man of honor, withal a man of the world, moved by wordly ambition, the desire to make to himself a great name, and with his reputation gain wealth; and we have no evidence that he cared anything for the desire to save souls which had actuated ALLOUEZ and MARQUETTE. The re-

ligious character of the expedition was sustained in the person of HENNEPIN, as before mentioned. The ideas of the French government were unquestionably better served in these two men—and it is no wonder that their labors have made a more decided impression upon the current events of the world.

LA SALLE sent men forward to prepare the minds of the Indians in advance for his contemplated settlements, line of forts, and the opening of a system of trade with them in furs, &c. On the 15th of November he embarked in a vessel or canoe, of ten tons burthen, said to be the first wooden ship which sailed on Lake Ontario. He was a month in making a passage as far as Niagara Falls. He transported his stores around the Falls to an Iroquois village on Lake Erie, and established there a magazine and fort. During the winter and spring he here built a large vessel, called the Griffin, which was destined for the upper lake trade. It was the 7th of August, 1679, after many delays and misfortunes which seemed ever upon his track, before this vessel, the first that ever sailed over Erie, Huron and Lake Michigan, was ready to depart. He made a successful trip, though "troubled by dreadful storms," seeking shelter on the 27th of August in the harbor of Michilimackinac (Mackinaw). Here he founded a fort. He proceeded to Green Bay in September, where finding an abundance of furs, he resolved to load the Griffin and send her back with a cargo of this kind of merchandise for a new supply of stores and articles for traffic with the Indians. TONTI was sent to the various mission stations to gather up stragglers to fill up the expedition, for the proposed Mississippi exploration, to join him at the head of the lake. He was nearly six weeks in making the trip in canoes from Green Bay to the mouth of the St. Joseph, on the Michigan side of the Lake, arriving there the first of November. Here he built a fort. Hearing nothing from the Griffin, he started from this place, on his "glorious undertaking," ascending the St. Joseph to its shortest portage from the upper branches of that stream to the *Theau-ki-ki* (the Kankakee),—making a *detour* completely around the head of Lake Michigan—finding a cut-off of the natural route through Chicago! He descended the Kankakee to the main channel of the Illinois, and about the last of December reached a village of the Illinois Indians, near the town of Ottawa, of about one hundred cabins, the inhabitants then being absent. Here he supplied himself with corn from their stores, and proceeded on his way. At this Indian village TONTI afterwards built a fort, and the



ROCK FORT.

locality is now known as Rock Fort. This is a rocky elevation six miles south of Ottawa, being sixty or seventy feet perpendicular on three sides, and containing about six hundred acres surface. On the 4th of January, 1680, they entered the head of Peoria Lake, meeting with natives in large numbers. They were received hospitably, and

spent some time with them. Being pleased with his intercourse with the natives, and fearing the influence of adjoining tribes in disturbing the amicable relations between them, LA SALLE resolved upon making a stop here, and building another fort. Thus far the expedition had been under a cloud. His own enterprising genius had alone sustained his cause. The little ship, with a rich cargo of furs in which his fortune was invested, was evidently lost on its return trip,—for it was never heard of afterwards. His men were getting discontented, and there were signs of mutiny and a dissolution of the corps of explorers. He built the fort, and the state of his own feelings under this pressure may be learned from the name given to that fort—*Crevœur* (Broken Heart). In this desperate extremity, he did all that was in the power of man to do, to preserve his

scheme from ruin. He organized the Mississippi exploration party, and appointed HENNEPIN to its head, who in February proceeded down the Illinois, turned up the Mississippi, and followed its course towards its source, to the Falls of St. Anthony at least, for they were rightly located and described by him, and then received the name which they have ever borne. This party were taken captives by the Indians, and roaming through those distant wilds during the Summer, returned in the Autumn of 1680 to the mission at Green Bay.

LA SALLE, leaving a portion of his men in the best condition possible under the circumstances, at Fort Crevecoeur, in the month of March, with musket, pouch for powder and shot, and skins for moccasins, set out with three of his companions on foot, for Fort Frontenac, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, for the purpose of obtaining a new supply of men and means to prosecute his "glorious enterprise" to its completion. What a journey was that to be made on foot, even in this day, with civilized men covering the whole course!—then a pathless wilderness, the season, the time of snow and overflowing streams and marshes, through dark forests, through intricate thickets and tangled wildwood, with no food but such as their guns could supply, and through tribes of savage men and haunts of wild beasts, with no other protection than those guns and their own arms could afford. His route was for fifteen hundred miles along the southern shores of Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, through a tract never before traveled by white men. At home he found his worst fears realized. His vessel was lost, his agents had cheated him, and his goods had been seized by creditors. But he was not crushed. He gathered up a new supply of goods and provisions, and another company of men, and arrived at his posts again on the Illinois river, in December or January, 1681, finding them deserted. His faithful associate TONTI had been left in command; and, according to orders, had constructed the post at Rock Fort, before mentioned, which was called St. Louis. But evil disposed Indians, of other tribes, had roused suspicion among the quiet Illinois, and the Iroquois making inroads upon them, he was at length compelled to abandon his posts, and flee to Lake Michigan for protection among the Pottawatomies and Miamis. LA SALLE was therefore again compelled to return back. He met with TONTI at length, at Mackinaw, where, gathering up again their scattered company and a new outfit of supplies, they turned again to the south, to the final successful issue of their expedition. When all things were ready, the company, consisting of twenty-three Frenchmen, eighteen Indians, and ten women and their children as followers, they started from St. Joseph, (not as before by the Kankakee,) but this time by the Chicago river, traveling on foot over the portage, conveying their baggage on sledges. The passage of this company by this route, is the occasion of the first mention ever made in history of Chicago by name. In the narrative of this trip, given at its termination, in the document called the *Process Verbal* of the taking possession of the territory of Louisiana at the mouth of the Mississippi, when the great valley was transformed into a part of the territory of France, the following passage occurs:—"On the 27th of December, 1681, M. de La Salle departed on foot to join M. de Tonti, who had preceded him with his followers and all his equipage, forty leagues into the Miamis' country, when the ice on the river Chekagou, in the country of the Mascoutens, had arrested his progress, and where, when the ice became stronger, they used sledges to drag the baggage, the canoes, and a wounded Frenchman, through the whole length of this river and on the Illinois, a distance of seventy leagues."

It was about the 5th of January, 1682, when they thus passed over the Chicago river, TONTI having waited here for LA SALLE and for the freezing up of the river, so that they might get their baggage through on the ice. They pursued the course directly down the Mississippi; and on the 6th of April, discovered the three passages by which this river discharges its waters into the Gulf; and on the 8th, at a dry place, at its confluence with the sea, took place the formal process of annexation, mentioned in the "*Process Verbal*," before alluded to.

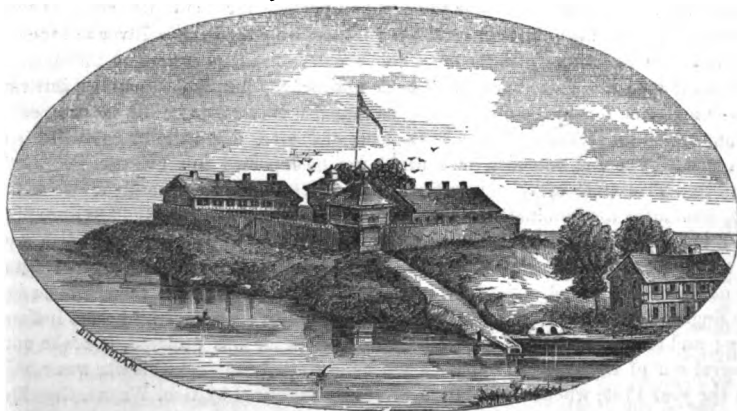
Neither our limits nor our sphere of narrative, as the antecedent history of Chicago, will allow us to follow further the fortunes of LA SALLE; his romantic adventures and final assassination, in the lower Mississippi country.

We have, as briefly as possible, traced the origin and progress of the first French settlements so far as they encircled Chicago in their current of influence, or have developed the country of which this city is confessedly the center of attraction. The discoveries and primitive settlements of ALLOUEZ, MARQUETTE, JOLIET, HENNEPIN and LA SALLE, placed all the West, for a time, under the dominion of the French, in contrast with the possession of the Atlantic Colonies by the English. It was a part of the great plan of the French Government, in organizing these explorations, as we have before stated, to secure the ascendancy of their jurisdiction here, by hemming in the English colonies; to maintain possession by their chain of settlements, and to perpetuate their power by an alliance with the Indians, and by establishing military posts along the whole line of their possessions. To this end, we know that in a short time after the expeditions of LA SALLE, just mentioned, the plan which he began was so far carried out that there were posts on Lake Erie—at Detroit, at Mackinaw, at St. Joseph, Chicago, St. Louis, at Rock Fort, Crevecoeur below Peoria, Fort Chartres, Fort Massac on the Ohio, not far above its mouth,—also, forts on the lower Mississippi; and, as we have good evidence, settlements with military and mission stations, along the Illinois, at Green Bay, Milwaukee, on the shore of Lake Superior, St. Mary's, and other places—for good authority has identified thirty-five military forts extending along this line of communication, from Fort Frontenac to New Orleans.

Soon after the expeditions of La Salle, the colonial warfares commenced, and were fed almost incessantly by the conflicts of hostile tribes, thus putting a check to the growth of settlements in the far West—and Chicago, for the period from 1681 to 1795, more than one hundred years, during the time of the French possession, and after its cession to the English, has almost perished from history. French settlements were maintained in Southern Illinois, where we have a country as old as any of the Eastern States; but Northern Illinois remained the hunting ground of the red men, the home of the Indian, till after this State, sustained by a population in the Southern portion, kept up by emigration by way of the Ohio and Southern rivers, was admitted into the Union. During this time, we only know from incidental circumstances, that in these dark days of French possession, there was a fort near the mouth of our river,—that there were Indian villages at the Calumet, and on the Des Plaines—that here were the roving grounds of the Pottawatomies—and that from the head waters of the Illinois to the Chicago River, was the common portage for the trade and transit of the goods and furs between the Indians and the traders from the Illinois River and the Lakes, and that the shipping place for these goods was from the port here at Chicago. The few white men who came here, were here not for the purpose of making settlements or the material for history, but simply as transient traders, to gain what they could in a rude traffic for furs and skins. These men, of course, had little or no use for education beyond keeping accounts, and could not be expected to leave any traces of adventure. This state of things continued till the close of the general Western Indian war, soon after the termination of the war of the Revolution. The Indians were first excited to commit depredations upon each other and upon the French or English settlers by the intrigues of the French and the English against each other, until at length the French were conquered. Not long after this occurred the war of the colonists against the English for independence—and English intrigue still stirred up this border Indian warfare; and so embittered did it become, that after peace was declared, it broke out in a general war of the Western Indians against the United States. This war was continued till the year 1795, when, having been effectually chastised by Gen. Wayne, the chiefs of the several tribes assembled by his invitation at Greenville, Ohio, and there effected a

treaty of peace, which closed the war of the West. In this treaty the Indians ceded to the United States numerous small tracts of land, where forts and trading posts were established. Among these was one described as "One piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of Chickajo (Chicago) River, emptying into the south-west end of Lake Michigan, *where a fort formerly stood.*" In the same treaty, a free passage by land or water, is secured from the mouth of Chicago River to the commencement of the portage between that river and the Illinois, and down the Illinois to the Mississippi. In this treaty is contained the *first land trade* of this city, the first step in that order of business which distinguishes Chicago above every other city of the nation, the first link in the chain of title to the thousands upon thousands of transfers that have been made of the soil thus parted with by the Indians.

Not many years passed after this "tract and parcel of land," six miles square, had been ceded to the United States, ere the energetic proprietors thought it practicable to enter upon actual possession. A trade was already established with the Indians, which needed protection; and in those regions remote from civilization, peace could not well be maintained among the tribes, without a show of that restraining force which was at command. Accordingly, in 1804, the government built the first United States fort occupying this locality. It stood nearly on the site of the fort erected in 1816, and finally demolished in the summer of 1856. It was somewhat different in its structure from its successor. It had two block houses, one on the south-east corner, the other at the north-west. On the north side was a sally-port, or subterranean passage, leading from the parade ground to the river, designed as a place of escape in an emergency, or for supplying the garrison with water in time of a siege. The whole was enclosed by a strong palisade of wooden pickets. At the west of the fort, and fronting north on the river, was a two-story log building, covered with split oak siding, which was the United States factory, attached to the fort. On the shore of the river, between the fort and the factory, were the root houses, or cellars of the garrison. The ground adjoining the fort on the south side, was enclosed and cultivated as a garden. The fort was furnished with three pieces of light artillery. A company of United States troops, about fifty in number, many of whom were invalids, constituted the garrison. It received the name of Fort Dearborn, by which it was ever after known as long as it continued a military post. Such was the old fort previous to 1812. Through the kindness of Mrs. J. H. KINZIE, who furnished the sketch, we are enabled to present a view of this Fort as it appeared previous to that year.



OLD FORT DEARBORN, ERECTED IN 1804.

This fort stood upon the slightly elevated point on the south side of the river, near the lake shore, formed by a bend in the river just before mingling its waters with those of the lake. We see by the course of the river as it now appears, where it has not been materially changed by the work of improvement in the harbor, that just before reaching the ground of the old fort, it takes a turn to the north until opposite the fort, then coursing directly east into the lake, forms the mouth of the harbor. This latter part, from a point north of the fort directly to the lake, is a channel cut by the Engineers of the government in 1833, to make the harbor of Chicago. Previously, the channel continued in its circular course, around the elevation on which the fort stood, half surrounding it, and flowing southerly, parallel with the lake shore, for nearly half a mile, till at last it lost itself in the lake, its mouth being choked by sand bars, obstructing the entrance of the smallest class of sail vessels. On the left bank, passing up the river, was a long low strip of land, a sandy beach and drifting sand bars, which had been formed in past days by the combined action of the two currents of the lake and river, it being the barrier or dividing ridge between the two. This tongue of land, reaching far south against our present Michigan Avenue front, was an elongated appendage of the North Side, and could only be reached by crossing at some point the Chicago river. When to open the mouth of the harbor, the channel was cut through this tongue of land, and the piers were erected, the current of the lake, caused probably by the prevalent winds which had formerly turned the channel of the river south, and had piled up this sandy barrier between them, striving still to do its will, soon filled up the open space north of the pier, and at the same time rapidly swept away the remains of this belt, and made sad encroachments on the main land, until the fine Lake Park, an endowment to the city, extending from the old fort grounds to the next section line, nearly a mile in length, had been nearly swept away. And the encroachment steadily progressed against all the plans and piling of lake shore property owners, until arrested by the heavy stone crib work of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, laid as a protection to their track on the lake shore.

This fort then occupied one of the most beautiful sites on the lake shore. It was as high as any other point, overlooking the surface of the lake; commanding as well as any other view on this flat surface could, the prairie extending to the south, the belt of timber along the South Branch and on the North Side, and the white sand hills both to the north and south, which had for ages past been the sport of the lake winds. It stood upon a flattened mound, formed by the curve of the river at its base on its three sides. On the apex of this mound-shaped elevation stood the buildings of the old fort, its two block houses on opposite corners, enclosed by palisades, and a green grassy slope extending each way, and on the north and east side down to the edge of the ever quiet waters of Chicago river.

Up to the time of the erection of this fort no white man had made here his home. The Pottawatomie Indians had here undisputed sway. Their villages were near by. In addition to the garrison, there soon gathered here a few families of French, Canadians and half-breeds, consisting of that floating class which hang about a military post, or an Indian trading station. Whatever there was of civilized society, which has connected those days of the past in a bright chain of identity with the present, was sustained in the Kinzie family. And such was the nucleus of a community formed in the center of the North-West, but half a century ago, shut out from communication with all the world, except by the waters of the lakes, passed over but once or twice a year by a single sail vessel; or by Indian trails to other almost as isolated communities, at St. Louis, Detroit, or Fort Wayne. It was certainly a way-mark in the wilderness far in advance of civilization. They were a little world unto themselves. They pursued in an even way, the narrow routine of pioneer life, furnishing few incidents of sufficient note to fill up a page of history, from the time of the erection of this fort, till the one great inci-

dent, which blotted it out and its little surrounding community, the massacre in 1812.

The author of "WAUBEN," remarks as the naive saying of the Indians, "the first white man who settled here was a negro." Point-au-Sable, a native of St. Domingo, from a life of wandering, made his advent here among the Indians in 1796, as a character of some consequence. He had made the Indians believe he had been a chief among the white men and probably expected some such honor among his new friends. He made some improvements, merely driving the pre-emption stakes of civilization,—when he left in disgust or discouragement, and ended his days with Clamorgan, at Peoria, a St. Domingo negro friend, who had obtained large Spanish grants of land about St. Louis. A Frenchman by the name of Le Mai took possession of Point-au-Sable's improvements, and commenced trading with the Indians. Le Mai's establishment, a few years after was purchased by JOHN KINZIE, Esq., then an Indian trader in the St. Joseph country, Michigan, who came with his family to Chicago to reside, in 1804, the year in which the fort was built. JOHN KINZIE was the first permanent white resident of Chicago, the first man to establish permanent trade, and improvements, and to leave the impress of his enterprise and the marks of civilization on the first things from which Chicago has sprung. For nearly twenty years he was with the exception of the military, the only white inhabitant of Northern Illinois. If any person is entitled to the honor of being styled the FATHER OF CHICAGO, that person is unquestionably JOHN KINZIE.

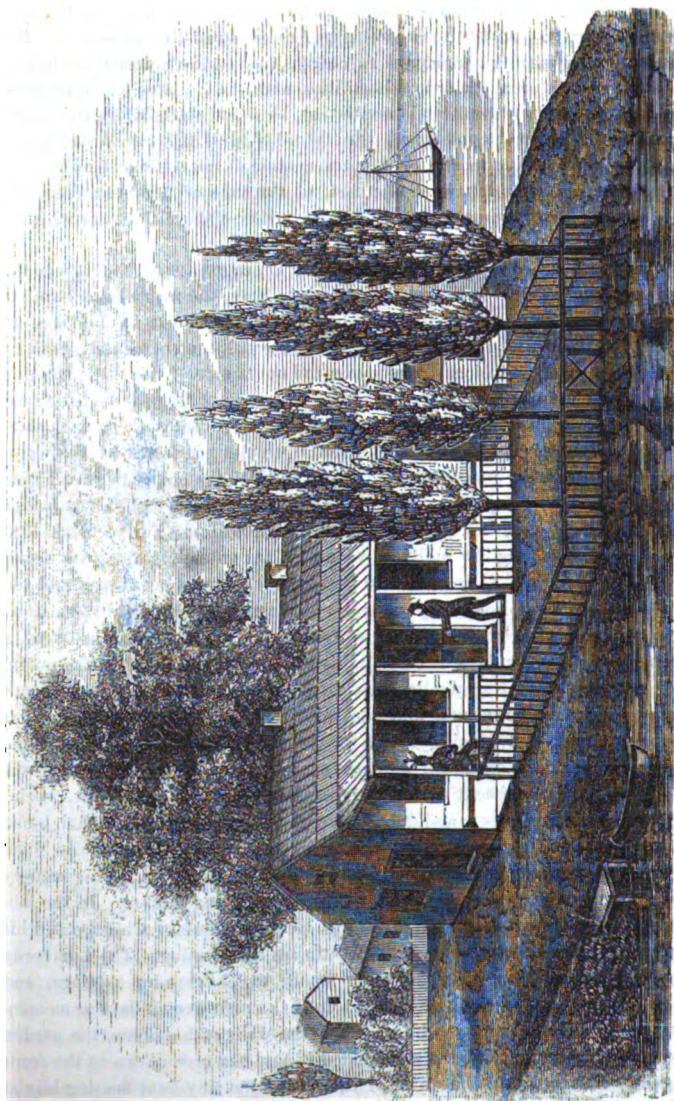
JOHN KINZIE was born in Quebec, Lower Canada, in the year 1763. He was the only child of his mother by a second marriage. His father died when he was but an infant. His mother married for her third husband, a Mr. Forsyth, and removed with him and her young son, to New York city. John was educated at a school at Williamsburg, Long Island. While quite young he left his home, without the knowledge of his mother, and traveled alone to Quebec, to fulfill a long-formed determination of visiting his native place. Here he found a protector, and in his family a home for three years, before being discovered by his parents. On removing from New York to the West, by way of Quebec, they accidentally found their long lost child. He moved with them to Detroit, where he commenced at an early age his adventurous life as a pioneer in the West. His taste led him, as he grew older, to live much of his time on the frontier. He entered early into the Indian trade, and at first established trading posts at Sandusky and Maumee. About the year 1800, he had so far extended his operations, that he opened establishments in the St. Joseph's country, the region bordering upon the river by that name, which empties into Lake Michigan from the east, nearly opposite Chicago. In this year he married Mrs. McKillip, the widow of a British officer, and this lady was the mother of JOHN H. KINZIE, Esq., our present respected citizen. His place of residence in Michigan, was at Bertrand, a trading post near Niles, which was known by the term, *Parc aux Vaches*. In the year 1804, when the first fort was built, he removed to Chicago, to make here his home, still prosecuting the Indian trade. He was also sutler to the fort.

MR. KINZIE made the point at Chicago, the center of an extended system of trade with the Indians. He established posts at several distant points, which he sustained from the central one here, and from which he received large stocks of furs, contributing to the stores of the general depot, until shipped off by the vessels that came here semi-annually for the purpose, and keeping up the supply of goods necessary for the trade. He had a station at Milwaukee among the Menominees; another at Rock River for the Winnebagoes, another on the Illinois and Kankakee Rivers with the Pottawotamies, and other stations in the Sangamo country, then called *Le Large*, and on the head waters of the Kaskaskia, for the Kickapoos. Each of these stations had its superintendent, and corps of operators called *engages*; and its trains of pack horses and equipment of boats and canoes. And by means and conveyances like these, were the furs and peltries, which had accumulated at the several stations, brought to Chicago, and the

goods necessary to the "balance of trade," transported in return. Many goods were sent up the Illinois river, from as low as St. Louis, gathered up from the Indians along the course of the Mississippi as well as the Illinois, and were taken across the portage between this latter river and the lake, by cattle teams. Chicago was thus made the depot of this carrying trade, which was the slow pace progress of the preceeding generation; the present generation proving its right to the claim of being a fast people by its rail cars running over the same track plodded by old JOHN KINZIE's cattle team, driven by Ouilemette and his successors, from 1804 to 1820. The lake trade was at the same time carried on by a small sail vessel, coming in the fall and spring, bringing the season's supply of goods and stores for the fort, and taking away the accumulated stock of furs and peltries. Such was the character and extent of the first regular business established in Chicago. At the head of this trade was JOHN KINZIE, senior. He, without interruption, and with few incidents to change its routine, pursued his line of business from 1804, till the breaking out of hostilities with the Indians, which resulted in the massacre of 1812. By his uniformly consistent, kind and straightforward course with the Indians, he gained their confidence, and bound himself to them in strong ties of friendship, to which he was indebted for the preservation of himself and family, from the horrid fate of his white neighbors of the fort, at the time of the massacre. After the close of the war, he returned again to Chicago, and re-opened the trade with the Indians. Here he continued to reside till his death in 1828.

MR. KINZIE's residence was the first house built in Chicago. A part of it was the same rude structure put up by the so called first white man, the negro Jean Baptiste Point-au-Sable, about the year 1796. It was enlarged and improved by LE MAI, of whom MR. KINZIE purchased, who further improved it, internally and externally, until he made it a respectable family mansion. It stood on the north side of the river, fronting the fort. Between this house and the fort, there was kept up a foot ferry, and a little boat swung in the stream awaiting the pleasure of any passenger. A foot path on each side, from the gate of the fort, or the door of the mansion, to the platforms at the water edge, from which the passenger stepped into the boat, marked the course of travel from one side to the other. This ferry occupied nearly the same crossing as the iron bridge structure now in process of erection, in the place of the Lake House Ferry. MRS. KINZIE describes the house as a long low building, with a piazza extending along its front, a range of four or five rooms. A broad green space was inclosed between it and the river, and shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars. Two large cotton wood trees stood in the rear, one of which still remains, though seared and dry, as it died last year, a perishing land-mark of the early days. A well cultivated garden extended to the north, at the rear of the dwelling. Surrounding this "first house," were a variety of out buildings, such as the primitive wants, and the condition of the family required, as dairy, bake-house, stables, and lodging rooms for the Frenchmen and attaches of the trading post. North of the homestead and along the lake shore, which then was considerably inland of the present shore, was a low range of sand-hills, sprinkled over with stunted cedars, pines, and dwarf-willows. This was the boyhood home of JOHN H. KINZIE. Here he resided to the age of eight years, when the family home was broken up by the Indians, at the time of the destruction of the fort. This scenery of his early life, is now impressed upon his mind in a vivid living picture. In the language uttered by him in casual conversation upon those early times of Chicago and his own life—every feature of the old home is distinct in his recollection. The Lombardy poplars which perished long ago, and the cotton woods which were but saplings, and trees planted by his own hands, which have stood until the more recent days as mementoes of the past—the rough hewn logs which formed the walls of his home, the garden and its shrubbery, the fence paling that surrounded it, and the green lawn at the front of the house gently descending to the water of the river—the tiny boat floating idly at the foot of the walk—and as the crowning mark of this picture, stood upon the op-

posite shore, upon the highest part of the elevation, the old fort, the whitewashed walls of the block houses, the barracks and the palisades, glistening in the bright sun; while a gentle slope of fine green grass extended from the enclosure to the very water brink. It was a beautiful sight. Over all this rose the few pulsations of human progress as seen in an occasional stray Indian with his canoe, or pony, and pack of furs; a French Canadian loitering here and there; a soldier pacing his rounds about the fort, or idly strolling over the prairies, or hunting in the woods. There was a deep repose in all this scenery, a quietness, which it was impossible to conceive could have been superseded within half a century by one of the busiest cities in the national Union.



THE "OLD KINZIE HOUSE,"
The first House in Chicago; partly built in 1796; finished and occupied by JOHN KINZIE in 1804.

THE DROP OF DEW.

I come at the hour of soft repose,
 To bathe the brow of the fainting rose ;
 To fill the cup of the tiny flower,
 And gem the leaves of the maiden's bower.
 Ask ye my home ? 'Tis in realms afar,
 'Neath the fair, meek smile of the fairest star ;
 On a fleecy cloud that is yet in view—
 List ye the tale of a Drop of Dew.

I am the breath of the mother's prayer,
 As it softly floats on the twilight air ;
 Her moan of anguish is borne to me,
 "My son, would God I had died for thee."
 The half-breathed thoughts of the maiden's heart—
 The tear, the sunlight, all form a part ;
 The last faint sigh that the martyr drew
 'Neath the frown of God, was a Drop of Dew.

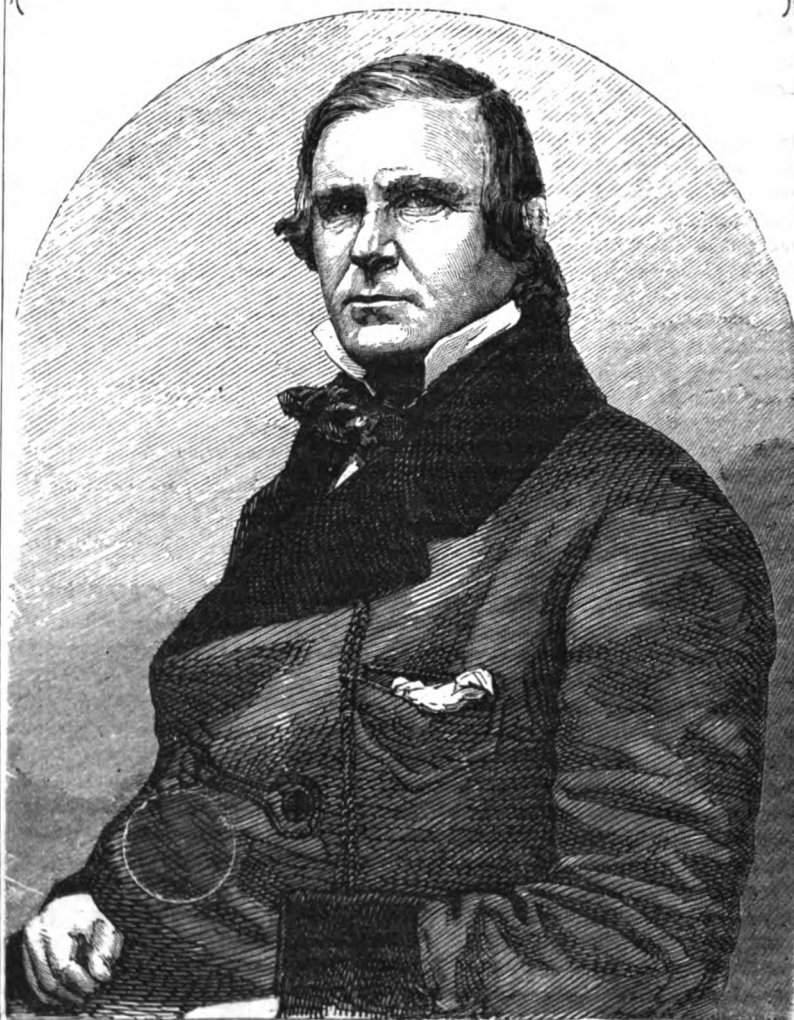
I am the essence of things of light ;
 The wild-bird's lay in the hush of night ;
 The merry voice of the streamlet's flow ;
 The dirge of Autumn, in murmurs low ;
 The breath of flowers, when bright ones twine
 The May-day garland, are mine—all mine.
 The songs of home that our childhood knew ;
 Ah ! a holy thing is a Drop of Dew.

I came where the scoffer's hand had sown
 Another's birthright, and called his own.
 He asked not Heaven for timely rain,
 But cursed in anguish the parching plain.
 That curse arose, and returned—a blight ;
 For mildew came on the breath of night ;
 No bright green blade from the dark soil grew ;
 Ah ! a fearful thing is a Drop of Dew.

Children of Earth ! it is mine to know
 The highest joys that ye prize below ;
 From my pure, bright home in yon azure sky,
 I come, as a holier One, to die.
 Sinless and fearless, I die to save
 A dearer life from an early grave,
 While stars of even that smile on you,
 Light with their beauty the Drop of Dew

'Tis sweet to live, when our lives impart
 Some kindly warmth to a genial heart,
 Some sunny smiles, to a dear one's eye ;
 But sweeter far, for the loved, to die.
 I deck the lily with brightest charms,
 But rise ere noon from its fragrant arms ;
 I know that Death will my life renew—
 Much may be learned from a Drop of Dew.

It was mine to fall as a blessing where
 The Suffering, Sinless, had knelt in prayer
 Those fearful drops, it was mine to see.
 That fell in thy garden, Gethsemane !
 Thus has my mission forever sped ;
 I kiss the brow of the tombless dead,
 I gem the graves of the loved and true—
 Such is the life of a Drop of Dew.



John Key Leroy
N.B. Ogden

HON. WILLIAM B. OGDEN,

THE FIRST MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

Mr. OGDEN is a native of Delaware County, N. Y. He was born in the town of Walton, on the 15th of June, 1805. He is of the Eastern New Jersey Ogden family.

His grandfather was engaged in the Revolutionary War. His father, ABRAHAM OGDEN, when eighteen years old, left Morristown, N. J., soon after the close of that war, intending to settle in the new City of Washington, the future Capitol of the United States. He had proceeded on his journey as far as Philadelphia, when he met a brother or relative of his friend the late Governor Mahlon Dickerson, of New Jersey, who gave him such a glowing account of the Upper Delaware Country, and of the immense forests of pine timber upon the banks of the Delaware, promising great prospective wealth from its accessibility to the Philadelphia market, that he was induced to accompany Mr. Dickerson to that then wilderness country, where he finally settled, and passed a life of active usefulness, engaged in such employments as were best suited to develop and build up the home of his adoption. He was regarded as a man of sound judgement and good business tact. He was social and domestic, fond of reading, yet very hospitable in his disposition. His advice was sought and valued, especially by those younger than himself. His active usefulness was much impaired by a stroke of paralysis in 1820. He died in 1825.

The mother of Mr. WILLIAM B. OGDEN, was a daughter of an officer of the Revolutionary War, Mr. James Weed, of New Canaan, Fairfield County, Connecticut. Mr. Weed seems to have been very patriotic, or somewhat warlike in his tastes, for we find him at the early age of fourteen years, volunteering in the "French War."

At the termination of the Revolutionary struggle, like most of his brother officers, he was out of cash and out of business. Several of these officers, including Mr. Weed, determined to colonize and settle upon and around a "Patent" of land which one of their number held upon the Delaware river. This land was a primitive forest, west of the Catskill mountains, eighty miles (these were not railroad days) beyond the Hudson, and sixty miles beyond the then Western frontier, or any carriage road. It was a great undertaking; yet these brave men had the courage to seek an independent home with their families in the wilderness. In 1790-2, they took their families, upon pack-horses to their forest homes; established a settlement in that "Sequestered Section" of the State, as it was afterwards called by Governor Clinton, where, though neither remarkable for numbers or wealth, patriotism found a home, amid dignified courtesy and genuine hospitality. The society formed and developed through the influence of these pioneers, was distinguished through all the surrounding country, no less for its general intelligence and intellectual cultivation, than for its moral and religious character. It was here that the parents of the subject of this sketch were married, and the earlier years of the latter were passed. Allusion has not been made to the ancestors of Mr. OGDEN, from any feeling that worthy parentage can confer honor without regard to the character of the offspring. The writer holds that such ancestry only add to the dishonor of him who is not true to his inherited blood. But when worthy parentage is blessed and honored by corresponding qualities in the child, any biography of the latter is deficient, which does not acknowledge the indebtedness of its subject to its parent stock.

Mr. Ogden, when a lad, was large for his years. When not more than ten or twelve years old, he was very fond of athletic exercise, and the sports of robust boyhood. It was his delight to hunt, to swim, to skate, to wrestle and to ride. These were the sports suited to his "Sequestered" home; and if they trespassed too much upon his time, it was from no indisposition to study, or want of fondness for books. He must have been very fond of these sports in his early youth, for he recollects that his father was obliged to limit his hunting and fishing excursions to two days in the week. As he grew older,

the advice of his father awakened in him a consciousness of the necessity of greater application to books, and of the duty of preparing himself for the serious business of life. His father's counsels were not unheeded.

Permitted by his indulgent father to choose his future occupation, he determined to acquire a liberal education, and devote himself to the practice of the law. No sooner had he made this determination, than, with the decision of character and earnestness which have marked all his subsequent life, he set to work to fit himself for his chosen profession. He had but little more than commenced his academic course, when the sudden prostration of his father's health, required him, though only sixteen years of age, to return home, to take his father's place in the management of the latter's business, and the care of the family. It was with no little regret that the young OGDEN bade adieu to the Academic Halls; yet he could not hesitate between inclination and duty.

The management of his father's business exacted great activity and energy from its youthful conductor. It took him much over the country, and frequently to the large cities, and in it he acquired that taste and inclination for diversified business pursuits, which have rendered his subsequent life one of untiring activity.

Although his father's business required great attention, it did not absorb all his strength. He found opportunity to cultivate his mind by reading; and being a ready observer, and his mind of a strong practical turn, he did not fail to profit by every tour he made. Travel proved to him, as it always does to persons of thought and observation, an efficient educator. It enlarged his views, expanded his thoughts, and increased his powers. Yet at this time he had not seen very much of the world. He was only twenty one years of age when he was induced to engage as a partner in a mercantile firm, and enlarge his operations. These were moderately successful, but did not satisfy his ambition. After spending a few years more in his native county, his unwearied exertions being rewarded by only moderate gains, he determined, in 1835, to turn his attention westward. He arrived at Chicago in June, 1835, having then recently united with friends in the purchase of real estate in this city. He and they foresaw that Chicago was to be a good town, and they purchased largely, including Wolcott's addition, and nearly the half of Kinzie's Addition, and the block of land upon which the freight houses of the Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road now stand.

Before leaving his native state, at eighteen, the age at which Military service was at that time required of young men in the State of New York, Mr. OGDEN entered upon that service. He was elected a Commissioned officer, the first day of doing duty; and the second, was appointed Aid to his esteemed friend, Brigadier General FREDERIC P. FORT, a gallant and polished gentleman, long since deceased. The late Hon. SELAH R. HOBBS, the distinguished Assistant Post Master General of the United States, for so many years, and from boyhood the intimate friend of Mr. OGDEN, was a member of General FORT's Staff, at the same time, as Brigade Inspector, with the rank of Major. Mr. OGDEN succeeded his friend Major HOBBS, in the office of Brigade Inspector, and did its duties for several years.

In General JACKSON's time, Mr. OGDEN was made Post Master of his village (Walton), and so remained until after his removal to Chicago.

The year before coming to Chicago (1834), Mr. OGDEN was elected to the Legislature of the State of New-York, especially to advocate the construction of the New-York & Erie Rail Road, and to obtain the aid of the State for that great work, which then commanded, his hearty exertions and in which he has ever since felt a deep interest. He spent the winter of 1834-5 in the Assembly at Albany—but it was not until the following year that aid was granted by the State.

Chicago was selected as his place of residence, because of its prominent position at the head of Lake Michigan, or rather, because of its being the Western terminus of Lake navigation.

His attention had been more particularly drawn to it by his brother-in-law, CHARLES

BUTLER, Esq., and his friend, ARTHUR BAXSON, Esq., of New York, both of whom had visited Chicago, in 1832, and made purchases here.

At first Mr. OGDEN's principal business in Chicago was the management of the real estate which he and his friends had purchased; but gradually, and almost accidentally in the beginning, he established a Land and Trust Agency in Chicago, which he carried on in his own name from 1836 to 1843, when it had so increased that he associated with himself, the late Wm. E. JONES, Esq. Since then the business has been carried on successively by OGDEN, JONES & Co., and OGDEN, FLEETWOOD & Co., in which last name it is still managed. The business has become so large, that it may be called one of the Institutions of Chicago.

Mr. OGDEN was very successful in his operations in 1835-6; but he became embarrassed in 1837-8, by assuming liabilities for friends, several of whom he endeavored to aid, with but partial success. He struggled on with these embarrassments for several years. Finally, in 1842-3, Mr. OGDEN escaped from the last of them; and since, his career of pecuniary success has been unclouded. They were gloomy days for Chicago when the old Internal Improvement System went by the board, and the Canal drew its slow length along, and operations upon it were finally suspended, leaving the State comparatively nothing to show for the millions squandered in "Internal Improvements."

His operations in real estate have been immense. He has sold real estate for himself and others, to an amount exceeding ten millions of dollars, requiring many thousand deeds and contracts which have been signed by him. The fact that the sales of his house have, for some years back, equalled nearly one million of dollars per annum, will give some idea of the extent of their business. He has literally made the rough places smooth, and the crooked ways straight, in Chicago. More than one hundred miles of streets, and hundreds of bridges at street corners, besides several other bridges, including two over the Chicago river, have been made by him, at the private expense of himself and clients, and at a cost of probably hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. OGDEN's mind is of a very practical character. The first floating swing bridge over the Chicago River was built by him, for the city, (before he ever saw one elsewhere) on Clark street, and answered well its designed purpose. He was early engaged in introducing into extensive use in the West, McCormick's Reaping and Mowing Machines, and building up the first large factory for their manufacture—that now owned by the McCormicks. In this manufactory, during Mr. OGDEN's connection with it, and at his suggestion, was built the first Reaper sent to England, and which at the great Exhibition of 1851, in London, did so much for the credit of American Manufactures there.

He was a contractor upon the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and his efforts to prevent its suspension, and to resuscitate and complete it, were untiring.

There is no brighter page in Mr. OGDEN's history, than that which records his devotion to the preservation of the public credit. The first time that we recollect to have heard him address a public meeting, was in the fall of 1837, while he held the office of Mayor. Some frightened debtors, assisted by a few demagogues, had called a meeting to take measures to have the courts suspended, or some way devised by which the compulsory fulfilment of their engagements might be deferred beyond that period so tedious to creditors, known as the "Law's Delay." They sought by legislative action—or "Relief Laws," to virtually suspend, for a season, the collection of debts. An inflammatory and *ad captandum* speech had been made. The meeting, which was composed chiefly of debtors, seemed quite excited, and many were rendered almost desperate by the recital by designing men, of their sufferings and pecuniary danger. During the excitement, the Mayor was called for. He stepped forward, and exhorted his fellow citizens not to commit the folly of proclaiming their own dishonor. He besought those of them who were embarrassed, to bear up against adverse circumstances with the courage of men, remembering that *no misfortune was so great as one's own personal dishonor*. That it were better for them to conceal their misfortunes, than to proclaim them; reminding them

that many a fortress had saved itself by the courage of its inmates, and their determination to conceal its weakened condition, when, if its real state had been made known, its destruction would have been inevitable and immediate. "Above all things," said he, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city."

To the credit of Chicago, be it said, that this first attempt at "Repudiating Relief," met, from a majority of that meeting, and from our citizens, a rebuff no less pointed than deserved; and those who attempted it received merited contempt.

Since then has our State needed all the exertions of its truest and most faithful citizens to repel the insidious approaches of the Demon of Repudiation. When Mississippi repudiated, and Illinois could not pay, and with many sister States had failed to meet her interest, there were not wanting political Catalines to raise the standard of Repudiation in Illinois. The State seemed almost hopelessly in debt; and the money for this immense indebtedness, except so much as had been expended upon the Canal, had been wasted, chiefly in the partial construction of disconnected pieces of Rail Roads, which were of no value to the State or people.

The State was bankrupt, and private insolvency was rather the rule than the exception: Many were discouraged by their misfortunes, some of the hopeless were leaving the State on account of its embarrassments, and emigration was repelled by fear of enormous taxation. Then it was that the wiley demagogue sought to "beguile" the simple and unsuspecting, and to preach the doctrine of repudiation as a right, because "no value had been received" for the money which our public creditors had loaned us, and on account of the hopelessness and utter impossibility of our ever paying our indebtedness. Mr. OGDEN then, though his party in its State Convention, refused to adopt a resolution which he submitted, "Repudiating Repudiation," in common with the great mass of his Northern fellow citizens, did not hesitate to proclaim the inviolable nature of our PUBLIC FAITH, and the necessity of doing our utmost to meet our obligations, and redeem the credit of our noble State.

In politics, Mr. OGDEN, though not much of a partizan, has always been a Democrat of the Madisonian School. He has not hesitated to oppose the nominations of his party, when, in his opinion, the public interest required it. He has often been in the City Council, and frequently solicited to be a candidate for official positions. He was nominated in 1840, by the canal party, for the Legislature, and in 1852 by the Free Democracy for Congress. This nomination he declined. In the recent struggle, he was found with Freedom's Hosts, in support of the nominees of the Republican Party, believing in common with the great mass of the North, that the encroachments of slavery upon territory dedicated to freedom by the plighted faith of the nation, must be resisted; and that the "principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, are essential to the preservation of our Republican Institutions."

Mr. OGDEN is a man of great public spirit, and in enterprise unsurpassed. To recapitulate the public undertakings which have commanded his attention, and received his countenance and support, would be to catalogue most of those in this section of the Northwest. He has been a leading man—President or Director, or a large stockholder, in so many that we shall not undertake to make a list of them. Among the prominent places he has occupied, we recollect the following:

In 1837, at the first election under the city charter, he was chosen Mayor.

He was the first and only President of Rush Medical College. He was President of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company from its resuscitation on its present basis, until its construction, in part, and earnings, had raised its stock to a premium, when he resigned. He was President of the National Pacific Railroad Convention of 1850, held in Philadelphia; of the Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad Company; of the Buffalo and Mississippi Rail Road Company, in Indiana, until merged in the Michigan Central; of the Chicago Branch of the State Bank of Illinois, at Chicago; and is President of the Board of Sewerage Commissioners for the City of Chicago.

It was Mr. OGDEN who first started the resuscitation and building of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. He negotiated for the purchase of the charter, and assets of the Company, of the proprietors in New York, in 1847, and was the first President of the Company. He was indefatigable in his exertions to commend the enterprise to public attention, and secure its commencement and energetic construction. But for the exertions of J. Y. SCAMMON, Esq. and himself, it could not have started when it did. It was their exertions, in the country, and in Chicago, that obtained the necessary subscriptions to justify the commencement of the undertaking. Without them, it would not have moved for years.

In 1854-5, Mr. OGDEN visited Europe, and was away from Chicago for about a year and a half. He was an accurate observer while abroad of men and things. The Institutions and great public works of Europe did not escape his attention, and some of them were carefully examined by him. It was the Canals of Holland, and especially the Great Ship Canal at Amsterdam, that first suggested to him the practicability, as well as importance and necessity of a channel for the free flow of the waters of Lake Michigan, through the Chicago and Des Plaine rivers, into the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, in aid of navigation in those rivers; and at the same time furnishing free, direct, and unbroken steamboat navigation between the Mississippi river and all its tributaries and Chicago. His letters from Europe were published in the Chicago Democratic Press at the time, and have attracted attention to this great subject, which has already many strong friends. While in Europe Mr. OGDEN gave attention, also, to works of art, and purchased quite a number of pictures and other matters of taste and art, most of them the productions of American artists of merit abroad, and which, not only adorn the walls of his mansion, but do credit to their authors, and are valuable contributions to the improvement and gratification of the public taste in this new world.

Mr. OGDEN is a man of commanding person, and most agreeable manners—of extensive general information, and cultivated taste. We have never known a more amiable or gentlemanly man in his intercourse with others. His strong practical sense, and great presence of mind, make him at home almost everywhere. He is rarely at a loss. Although his education has not been such as to make him a belles lettres scholar, or an accomplished orator, he writes well, and is always listened to with attention when he addresses an audience; and few, if any men, exert more influence in a public body, upon any practical subject, than he does.

As a traveling companion, we have never seen his equal. His prudence and foresight, and his love of doing the agreeable to others, relieves his *compagnons de voyage* of all care. It is natural for him to love to aid others. It affords him great satisfaction to be of service to his friends. Amidst the pressure of his enormous business, he finds time to relieve the distressed, and to aid the deserving; and many a family in Chicago, who are now basking in prosperity, owe their success to his kind assistance; many a poor widow and orphan have been preserved from want by his care and foresight.

Mr. OGDEN is now immensely rich; yet he retains the same fondness for enterprise, the same love for building roads, and developing the country, which have characterized his previous life. He is now President of the Chicago St. Paul and Fond du Lac R. R. Co., and of the Wisconsin and Superior Land Grant R. R. Co.; and under his auspices Chicago will, ere long, in all probability, be brought into direct communication with Lake Superior; and should he live long enough, we should not be surprised to see him building the Northwestern Railroad to the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. OGDEN has never married. In 1837 he built a delightful residence, in the center of a beautiful lot, thickly covered with fine native growth forest trees, and surrounded by four streets, in that part of the city called North Chicago; and there, when not absent from home, he indulges in that hospitality which is, at the same time, so cheering to his friends, and so agreeable to himself.



Very Yours R.
W. H. Brown

WILLIAM H. BROWN.

To write a sketch of some living men which shall be truthful and at the same time readable, which shall present their virtues in due relation to their faults, and as relieved by them, without injustice to the feelings of the parties concerned, is not an easy matter.

Some men are like the head of a certain statesman, of which the phrenologist could make nothing, because he could find no "bump" about it—it was symmetrically smooth in every part—while others exhibit such decided traits of character, that inequalities are a matter of necessity. Their virtues and their failings, alike exhibit themselves decidedly, and in natural correspondence with each other.

Mr. Brown the subject of this sketch is a man of marked and decided traits. What he knows, he knows; what he says, he means; and whatever subject comes before him, elicits, without much delay, a plump and square opinion. Such men must of necessity cross somebody's track in the course of their lives, and will come to be somewhat differently regarded by different classes of people.

While therefore this sketch will endeavor to set forth Mr. Brown as he is, as far as it goes, it cannot of course enter upon such a discussion as would be called for were he not yet moving among us.

Mr. Brown is a native of the State of Connecticut, and was born about the beginning of the nineteenth century. His father was a native of Rhode Island. His profession was that of the law, which he practiced for some twenty-five years, at Auburn, New York, with decided talent and success, and then removed to the City of New-York, where a few years since, he died.

The son William, gained his education as many young men of his time were accustomed to do, while the country was not as well supplied with schools of a high grade as at present, partly in the office of his father, and at various schools; but not extending it in youth, far beyond what are considered good business acquirements. He studied law with his father and then engaged in its practice with him.

In December 1818, about the time of his majority, as we infer, he came to seek his fortune in the farther or extreme West, as it then was; and opened a law office in the old French town of Kaskaskia, in this State. His inducement to select Illinois as the State of his residence, he declares to be, that it had, in the summer of that year, adopted a free constitution; without which he would by no means have taken a residence in it. In the spring of 1819, he was appointed a Clerk of the United States Court, which office he held for the period of sixteen years. The seat of government being removed to Vandalia, and the law requiring the Clerk of the Court to keep his office at the Capitol of the State, Mr. Brown followed it thither in December 1820. He immediately purchased one half the proprietary interest in a Newspaper then published, and called "*The Illinois Intelligencer*." This paper dated back to 1815, and was the first Newspaper ever established in the Territory. Mr. Brown entered upon its editorial duties, and continued in that connection until February 1823. His partner in the paper was Mr. Wm. Berry, who was a member of the legislature of 1823; which legislature passed a resolution for a convention, to alter the constitution of the State, with a view to the introduction of slavery. The means by which this resolution went through the legislature, were of a very high handed character, which the reader will find somewhat illustrated on pages 32-3 of Ford's History of Illinois.

Mr. Berry voted for this resolution, while Mr. Brown the editor was against it, and denounced it in such terms as he thought applicable to the case. Having prepared an article for the paper, which exposed the scandalous measures by which the resolution had been carried through the House of Representatives, and having taken proofs of it, preparatory to its insertion, these proofs were surreptitiously taken from the office; and being read by the parties implicated, a storm was at once raised, such as is not uncommon, even in our day, when this same question of slavery is at stake. The usual rem-

edy for such impertinent boldness was at once proposed ; viz. a mob, which should demolish the office, and send Mr. Brown about other business. Luckily Mr. Brown had friends, and his friends had pluck ; and their rally saved the office. The paper containing the awful exposition appeared ; and was deemed such an indignity to the august body whose doings it had censured, that a resolution was adopted citing the author to their bar. To this citation Mr. Brown declined to answer ; giving as his reason, that the constitution secured the liberty of the Press ; and so the resolution went over as unfinished business, and the wounded honor of the House was committed to the tender mercies of time for its healing.

The partnership in the *Illinois Intelligencer*, however, came to an end, by the sale of Mr. Brown's interest ; and the paper advocated the convention—or in other words the introduction of slavery—for the next year. By some reasons, nevertheless, not made public, the paper was given into other editorial hands, some eight months before the vote was taken, and during that time, did good service in the canvass for freedom.

As Mr. Brown had embarked in the cause of freedom in the State, and had determined to leave it, should the folly of re-introducing slavery prevail, he now gave most of his time to writing and working against that policy ; and did much toward securing the verdict rendered in the two thousand majority which forbid its establishment ; for which we who now dwell here, and our posterity, will owe him a debt of gratitude and honor.

In December 1822, the subject of this sketch was married to Miss Harriet C. Seward, daughter of Col. John Seward deceased, then of Montgomery Co., Illinois. Mrs. Brown is the mother of four living sons, and one daughter ; of whom three are now in active business, and two in the course of their education.

Mr. Brown removed with his family to Chicago in October 1835, having been appointed cashier of a branch of the State Bank of Illinois, which had been created here in the winter of 1834. This position he had accepted with some reluctance, under the impression that his previous pursuits had not been of a kind to give him that knowledge of financial matters, required in the charge of such an institution. In urging upon him the appointment, one of the principal stockholders remarked, that he possessed one qualification very necessary ; in that he could say *no*, as easily as most men could say *yes*. As soon as the proper arrangements could be completed, the bank commenced operations, and continued as the only institution of the kind till the year 1843.

At the time of Mr. Brown's arrival in the State, its population was not over 40,000 ; and none or next to none of them lived north of the present limits of Bond County. When he came to this city, it was a village of about two years growth, and contained about 2000 people. All Northern Illinois was a wilderness, and two years later the whole north half of the State was included in one congressional district ; and sent Hon. J. T. Stewart, of Springfield to Congress ; electing him over his competitor Stephen A. Douglass, who on that occasion made his first appearance on the stage in pursuit of political honors. The writer of this sketch cast his first vote in Illinois against Mr. Douglass at that time, and made one of the five majority which defeated him.

The Bank prospered well under Mr. Brown's management, and might perhaps have been prospering yet, had the state of the country been any wise settled and healthy. But the serious derangements commencing in 1836, or rather back of that period, in the financial affairs of the nation, carried away bank, and business, East and West ; and the Illinois State Bank did not escape. It suffered great losses, and these with adverse legislation induced the stockholders to wind it up. The Chicago branch suffered with the rest ; for real estate was forced upon it in place of money. Yet in the aggregate, it was so managed that the profit and loss would have shown a balance on the right side.

In the conduct of such an institution, through times such as these, there were two things which it were impossible to secure together. One was the safety of the institution, and the other the good will of all the community. Every body was in a condition of

suffering, and wanted money, with an intensity that could take no denial ; and the very urgency of the want, pointed, in no inconsiderable number of cases, to the very reason which made it unsafe to accommodate them. The Cashier of a bank must of necessity look to the safety of his trust. If he is faithful to that, no matter whether ~~so~~ is an easy word to him or not ; he is forced to make the two letters which compose it, current in his institution. *No*, is not a popular word, with men who wish to borrow money, especially if they wish to borrow it very much ; as those then did, who wanted to borrow it at all. Mr. BROWN's peculiar qualification already mentioned perhaps conduced more to the safety of his trust, than to his popularity for the time being. But integrity and decision vindicate themselves sooner or later, and he has lost little in the long run. Indeed the men who supposed themselves to suffer from lack of a decision in their favor, would now often choose him as the very man to take charge of a trust of their own, had they one, requiring sagacity and decision united with integrity in its management.

The building, in which the bank was kept, stood at the corner of La Salle and South Water Sts. ; and is well remembered by all the oldest residents of the city. It has only disappeared within the last four or five years.

While the bank was in operation, Chicago was confined principally to the vicinity of the river. The dwellings even, did not stretch far away from the center. In the spring of 1835 a three story brick building, probably 117 Lake street, was erected, and finished in the fall, and then filled with goods by Breese and Shepherd. It was the general impression that the stand was too far from the center of business, and would prove a bad speculation.

Mr. BROWN has been a professor of religion in connection with the Presbyterian Church for many years. He sustained the office of ruling elder in that connection in Vandalia, and has held the office from 1835, or nearly the entire period of his residence in this city ; and is as well acquainted with ecclesiastical, as with legal business. He has constantly been a staunch supporter of his own branch of the church ; and a reliable helper in any thing properly claiming his aid in any other connection.

The first church edifice of the Presbyterian connection was erected upon the alley on Clark Street ; between Lake and Randolph, on the West side of the street, where the firm of S. H. Kerfoot & Co. are now situated. The building fronted towards Lake St. ; and a large slough run diagonally thro' the lot in front of the Church, which, on rainy Sabbaths, and in wet times, was bridged by benches from the church. The writer of this, has a distinct recollection of thus reaching the interior of this place of worship. This church, was at the time, the only one erected by any denomination ; though the Baptist, Methodists, and Episcopalians, all had a church organization ; and the Catholics had a small Chapel near the corner of Washington St. and Michigan avenue. A few families lived on the north side of the river, and a few stores of goods had been opened there. The town had no side walks ; and mud of no very certain depth, was plenty, and easily reached. Nothing like a harbor existed ; and vessels were accustomed to lie outside, and unload by lighters.

In 1840 Mr. Brown was appointed School Agent ; an office which involved the care of the funds for School purposes in this city. His election was almost accidental ; being by a majority of one only of the Whig party, with which he always acted. His acceptance was on condition, that his services should be gratuitous ; and this very likely contributed to keep him in the office, at a time when party greed watched for every post of profit, however small, very much as hungry dogs watched for bones, without regard to their size, or the sort of animals to which they belong. Perhaps the city never made a more fortunate hit, either by blunder or design ; for the state of our Schools hitherto had been most deplorable. The School fund was all unproductive ; having been let for the most part, to parties who had failed to pay, either principal or interests. There were

no school houses fit for use, and the whole matter of Schools was in a decidedly helter-skelter condition. The real era of a change dates with the election of Mr. Brown to this office of School Agent. Confidence began at once to revive; for all parties even the hungry ones, felt that the fund was now safe.

It was no small labor to collect the scattered fragments of the fund, and put them in shape to be productive; but it was accomplished: and though Mr. B. devoted twelve or thirteen years to this business, in connection with his other affairs; loaning it out as it was collected, he never made an uncollectable debt. The Schools gradually assumed tone and character; suitable houses were built, and the system as it now is, gained shape and consistency.

At the time of his resignation of the office of School Agent, in view of his gratuitous services, the Common Council of the city passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, In the resignation of Wm. H. Brown, late School Agent, the community have lost the services of a faithful, diligent and meritorious officer; one who for the long period of thirteen years has bestowed a paternal care—to the fostering and judicious management of that sacred trust—the School fund; and

Whereas, Although the unsolicited expression of public approbation may not add one iota to the already established character of the individual, who is the object of it; yet we believe that a testimonial of this nature, may afford to any honorable mind a feeling of pleasure and gratification on retiring from office, with the unbiased verdict of well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Thereupon be it resolved by the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Chicago in Common Council assembled.

That we tender to Wm. H. Brown, late school Agent, our fullest expression of respect and approbation, for the correct and judicious manner in which for such a long period of years, he has fulfilled the duties appertaining to his late position.

Resolved, That in the economical execution and careful attention, with which the late agent has performed his official requirements, we have presented, for the future guidance of his successor an example well worthy of imitation; and in which we discern the very unusual occurrence of a public office being held by one individual for so long a period, more for the promotion of a laudable and praiseworthy object, than for the emoluments attached to it.

Resolved, That for the more fully carrying out the intention of this Preamble and Resolutions, they be entered on record and a copy presented to the subject of them."

Mr. B. was one of the first Inspectors of Common Schools, elected under the city charter; and was in that Board for twelve or thirteen consecutive years. This Board of inspectors has been the instrument and agency; and in good degree the cause of our present School System. He was a constant and punctual attendant at its sittings, and a leading and influential member of it; and is entitled to his share of the credit of what it has done.

In the winter of 1846, in connection with a few others, Mr. Brown purchased the original charter of the Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road, from the Estate of E. K. Hubbard, Esq., then lately deceased. Measures were immediately taken to put on foot a working Railroad in the Northwest. A little piece of road had been built before Mr. Hubbard's death, but it was never worked, and went to decay. To start this Galena Road was an undertaking of no small labor. The country was poor: there were no Rail Roads anywhere in the West; and nobody had much faith in them, nor in fact in anything else. So completely had all confidence been wrecked, in the great revulsions of 1836 and onward, that nobody was willing to embark in any new scheme, either with effort or capital. The extent to which this was then true, cannot be conceived of now, by those who have no experience in that chapter of our history. This Galena Road was therefore looked upon as a very doubtful affair; and any amount of writing and cypher-

ing, and conventioning and speech-making, was necessary to get it started. The farmers in the country, who had felt in all their bones, as well as pockets, the need of some means of getting to market with their crops, were much more alive to it than our city property holders; who had saved what little they had out of the fire, so to speak; and who did not like to risk it again beyond their fingers' ends. But the farmers were poor and able to take but little stock; and as the citizens would not risk much, the road was begun on a rather small scale. Mr. B. became one of the largest subscribers to the stock, and is yet one of the most extensive of its stockholders. He has always been a Director of the Road, and is now its Vice President. He has therefore had ample opportunity to aid in giving shape to the policy under which that Road has been managed.

Mr. Brown was the very man to have a hand in that undertaking. Cautious to a degree verging on excess: knowing the full value of every dollar that passes through his hands: and constitutionally determined that every dime shall do its own duty, he was the very man to aid in the beginning of a road, without adequate means and without confidence, and carry it forward, step by step, to success. The first twelve miles of the road only cost about \$6,000 per mile; but the first twelve miles told the story, for they showed that the road could be built, and would pay. This road has been the goose that has laid our golden eggs. It is the mother of all the rest in our Northwest.

Mr. B. is a man of capital. He had acquired a competency before his removal to this city, and since that time, with the exception of the perilous years succeeding 1836, has been constantly adding to the amount. He early became possessed of considerable tracts of real estate, which has of late, very rapidly enhanced in value. He has entered into no rash speculations, nor made any desperate pushes for fortune. He takes care of what he has; and adds to it when he can do so with safety. He has never entered so largely upon building as have some others, but has expended considerable sums in that way at one time and another. His late residence, at the corner of Pine and Illinois streets, North Side, he erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars, in 1836; and it was, at that time, considered the best house in the city. He is now building a residence, with front of Athens marble, on Michigan Avenue, to cost about thirty thousand dollars. As to his present possessions, he is not a man who makes any exhibition of his property. His answer to a question regarding it, was, that the inquirer would have "to guess as to the amount." Our guess therefore is, that it will not fall below \$500,000, and may go to twice that sum, or even above that.

Mr. Brown is personally a tall, well formed man, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; with a keen dark eye, and hair once black as the raven, but now inclining to iron-grey. When young, he is said to have been a very fine looking man, and we can well believe it, for he holds his honors very well as yet.

Mr. Brown is a *giving* man; being applied to, perhaps, in aid of more charities than any one man in the city; and perhaps he answers to as many, or more, than any man. But he is not *naturally* a giver, for his *motto* is, to keep what he has; and his native answer to all applications, when that answer does not flow through the channel of his christian principles, would very likely be his easy *No!* His manner is often *brusque*; but his heart is kindly; and though he who comes to him for an object not wholly explained, may be chilled by the perpendicularities of a nervous impatience, which explodes suddenly: he has only to wait for the flow of kindness and good sense, which is sure to come, to be reassured.

Mr. Brown has the talent of good common sense; one most certainly of which the world has need, as fully as of any other; this, with his inflexible integrity, gives him a position in regard to trusts, both public and private, held by few men in our city. He is now in the midst of well ripened middle life, and yet in active duty—a large part of it connected with these trusts, of various kinds, put into his hands. We say of him, as Horace said of Augustus—we forget the Latin of it—but the meaning of it is, "Late may he go hence."



Yours Truly,
J. W. Orr

J. YOUNG SCAMMON, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch, J. Y. SCAMMON, Esq., was born in Whitefield, Lincoln County, Maine, in the year 1812. His father is the Hon. ELIAKIM SCAMMON, of East Pittston, Kennebec County, Maine, a man widely known and universally esteemed, and who, for many successive years, represented his town and county in both branches of the Legislature of that State.

MR. SCAMMON's mother was the daughter of DAVID YOUNG, one of the first settlers, and most wealthy men in East Pittston. MR. YOUNG was a prominent man in the community in which he lived. As a Jeffersonian Republican, he often represented his town in the General Court of Massachusetts, Maine having formed a part of Massachusetts until the year 1820, when it was admitted into the Union, as a separate state.

MR. SCAMMON from childhood has had a fondness for agricultural and horticultural pursuits. He would have been a farmer, were it not that an accident deprived him, at the early age of ten years, of the full use of his left hand. Though this probably changed his occupation in life, it did not diminish his natural love for the cultivation of the soil, or destroy his taste for the beautiful and perfect, in all that relates to this truly noble occupation. When he resided at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Randolph streets, he had the finest garden to be seen in the city at that time; and he now preserves his beautiful garden, occupying a large portion of one of our city blocks, at his present residence at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Congress streets, although the grounds are among the most desirable and expensive property in the city for private residences.

MR. SCAMMON received his literary education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Lincoln Academy, and Waterville College. He read law in Hallowell, in his native state. He was admitted to the Bar in Kennebec County, and immediately after started upon a tour of the States. He arrived at Chicago, in September, 1835, upon a cold and stormy day. He made the then somewhat more than unpleasant and hazardous passage of the Lakes, in the old steamboat *Pennsylvania*, which at that early period made a trip from Buffalo, by the way of Green Bay, to Chicago. On the passage of the steamboat from Green Bay to our city, a furious storm arose, compelling her to put into Washington Harbor, near Death's Door, at the lower end of Lake Michigan. Here she lay until the storm abated, provisions running out, and the passengers being put on a short allowance, in the meantime. Taking a fresh start from Washington Harbor, the storm again raged fearfully, and there was great apprehension of ship-wreck among the passengers and crew.

Arrived at Chicago, the steamer was compelled to anchor outside the bar, there being no entrance to the Harbor, except for vessels of a very small size. The passengers were landed in a boat, and made their way from the beach up to the old Sauganash Hotel, in a driving rain, through the tall prairie grass and deep mud. They found the hotel crowded, and a very large number of the inmates sick with the bilious fever. In fact, altogether, a more dismal and dreary aspect the town could not have presented. Coming from the beautiful hills of New England, and their bracing and healthy air, the town appeared to the new comer to be almost a dismal swamp; and his first impression was any thing but favorable to a location in it.

MR. SCAMMON had letters to Mr. Henry Moore, who was then an attorney in the town, and deputy of Col. Richard J. Hamilton, Clerk of the Courts of the County of Cook. In a few days the weather cleared off, and almost as soon, the mud disappeared, and there succeeded one of those beautiful Indian Summers with which the West is so highly favored. Just as Mr. S. was about to leave town to continue his journey southward, Mr. Moore called upon him, and stated that the Circuit Court had just commenced its session; that his own business prevented his giving further assistance to Col. Hamilton, and that the gentleman that Col. Hamilton had employed in his place, had been attacked with fever. He asked Mr. S. if he would not assist Col. H. during the term of Court.

This was regarded by Mr. S. as a fine opportunity to become acquainted with the mode of practice, and the forms of legal proceedings in Illinois, and was at once accepted. He accordingly assisted Col. H., through the term; who finding that he was ready and at home in the performance of the duties of Clerk, proposed to make him his deputy, and, at the same time, allow him to "hang out his shingle" in the Clerk's office.

In those days rooms for offices were not plenty in Chicago, and the lawyers, being mostly bachelors, lodged in their offices. Mr. S. had endeavored in vain to find an eligible office, so he accepted Col. H.'s proposal, and established his office in the "North East Corner" of the Clerk's office, from which it was separated, not as often in early times in the West, were the places of the Bar, the Court and Jury, by chalk or coal lines, but by an imaginary one.

Col. H. then held about every office in Cook County, which he could legally hold. He was Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Clerk of the County Commissioners Court, School Commissioner, Recorder of Deeds, Notary Public, and Bank Commissioner. All these were held in a small Grecian building, erected on the North East corner of the Court House Square, which was subsequently enlarged and transformed into a Court House.

Mr. S.'s days were spent in this room, in the study of his profession and attending to the duties of clerk for Col. H. At night he lodged like other young men, in the same office. As he made acquaintances, his business increased, and in 1836; he entered into a copartnership with Hon. B. S. Morris. They continued together for eighteen months, and did a large and successful business. They then dissolved, and Mr. SCAMMON practiced alone for a year or more, when he formed a connection with Hon. N. B. Judd, the partnership lasting until 1847, when Mr. SCAMMON becoming greatly interested in the building of the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad, and wishing to give much of his time to railroad matters, he and Mr. JUDD dissolved their connection, though they continued to occupy the same office.

When Mr. SCAMMON came to Chicago, it was a time of almost universal speculation. Nearly every one was rich; at least in prospect. He was solicited to speculate, but declined, on the ground that he liked his profession, and should be happier in practising it than in attempting to make a fortune by speculating. He thus was enabled to devote his time faithfully and unremittingly to the practice of his profession. His industry and promptness in paying over to his clients all monies collected—somewhat of a virtue in the early days of Western life—won him the favor of the community, both at home and abroad, and his practice soon became large and commanding. This favor, obtained by faithfulness and probity in the discharge of his business transactions in the outset of his professional career, has been of great benefit to Mr. S. in after life, and no doubt, to it, to a very great extent, he owes the stable financial credit which he now enjoys in Chicago as well as the Eastern cities.

Indeed Mr. S. has made it a leading principle, in all his business transactions, to promise nothing that he could not perform, and to work with the greatest possible zeal and ardor to secure the completion of that which he promised. His credit as a banker he regards as above every other consideration, both of profit and present standing; and he would sacrifice all he possesses, to preserve that untarnished. The business public are aware of this, and hence put great confidence in any monied institution with which he is connected.

Mr. SCAMMON has made great efforts to obtain a safe and reliable banking law in this State, which would be the means of preventing all recourse to the system of what is called "Wild Cat Banking," by which a number of irresponsible institutions are got up in neighboring States and Territories, for the purpose of circulating their irresponsible and irredeemable paper here. The law, as it heretofore stood, restrained and restricted the home banker, while it gave free license to the foreign institutions, which are responsi-

Me to no-one, and which, at best, depend wholly upon the ability, or rather inclination, of the owners to redeem their promises. Mr. SCAMMON has endeavored to make our banking system of that character which would invite the capital of the best business men of this and other States for investment, at the same time that it would possess such guards and restrictions as would secure the public in the most perfect manner. Mr. S. has worked long and faithfully to this end, and hopes finally to be able to accomplish an object which has been one of the leading purposes of his life. The feeling against banking of all kinds which exists in some portions of the State, and which has been taken advantage of by the advocates of irresponsible banking in the northern part, has hitherto been the great obstacle with which Mr. S. has had to contend, but he hopes, in time, and by the aid of the growing intelligence and good sense of the people, to succeed in perfecting such a system of banking as will be a credit to the State, and of the utmost advantage to its inhabitants.

In 1837, without solicitation on his part, Mr. SCAMMON was selected as the Attorney of the State Bank of Illinois, and in 1839, he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court of the State, which office he continued to hold till 1845, when he resigned, on account of the press of his business at home. He was the first Reporter in this State that ever published a volume, and his books introduced an entirely new era in Western Reports. They were brought out in a style inferior to none, and superior to most of the reports in the Eastern States.

The writer might here properly state, that Mr. SCAMMON has ever taken a lively interest in public affairs. While being indefatigably occupied with the management of his private business, he has not allowed himself to be wholly engrossed in the labors necessarily incident to men of large and accumulative means, but has been, in one way or another, connected with most of the great leading undertakings associated with the progress of our state and city. He has, in fact, been among the foremost in contributing to the development of the resources of Illinois, and the advancement of the interests of Chicago and the surrounding country. A New Churchman, or Swedenborgian in Religion, which includes all great measures of useful and beneficent progress, he is himself progressive in sentiment, and conservative in practice. His motto is, and always has been, at least as long as the writer of this has known him, "Conservative Progress." Still into whatever undertaking he enters, he throws himself with his whole soul, and with all his might; and whenever he undertakes a project, he is indefatigable and persevering, until it is accomplished.

To the Hon. WILLIAM B. OGDEN and Mr. SCAMMON are the public specially indebted for the commencement of the Galena & Chicago Railroad. After the railroad enterprises which had their inception in 1837, had failed, and were abandoned, and all confidence in Illinois was lost by capitalists, when hope was nearly dead in the minds of our people; Messrs. OGDEN and SCAMMON counselled together upon the subject of railroads, and the Galena Railroad in particular. To induce the Michigan Central Railroad, which then hardly reached New Buffalo, to come to Chicago, and thus aid in extending railroad lines farther West, Messrs O. and S. went to Indiana, and spent much time in getting hold of and reviving the charter of the Buffalo and Mississippi Railroad, which possessed the sole power of building a road from Michigan City to the Illinois State Line, in the direction of Chicago. They had previously, on the opening of books for the road, traveled over the entire distance between Chicago and Galena, holding meetings, making speeches, and procuring subscriptions to the stock of the Galena Road. They were themselves among the largest stockholders in the company, and by their exertions and personal pledges of fidelity to the interests of the stock holders, they obtained stock enough to commence operations in the road; and it is not claiming too much to say, that but for them this great pioneer road in the West would not have been commenced till many years later.

In the commencement of the building of this road, Mr. SCAMMON devoted a large portion of his time, gratuitously, to the project. He familiarized himself with the details of the transactions of the company, and kept a strict watch upon its operations. Besides, to sustain the credit of the Company, he borrowed money more than once upon his individual name, and loaned it to the Treasurer, when the road had not sufficient credit to obtain an additional accommodation from its banker; nor even the confidence of a majority of its Directors, in their ability to go on with their enterprise. But the faith of the subject of our sketch was full and unwavering. Indeed, so great were the difficulties, and so numerous the disappointments in the outset of the operations of this Company, to which Chicago is indebted for so much of its material prosperity, that at one time, during the absence of Mr. OGDEN, all the Directors, with the exception of Mr. SCAMMON, the late JAMES H. COLLINS, Esq., and CHARLES WALKER, Esq., appeared discouraged at the prospect of affairs.

The labors and difficulties attending the early days of the history of this enterprise can hardly be realized at the present time. The country was poor; there was no surplus money in it; subscriptions to the stock of the Company could only be obtained in very small quantities; of eighteen hundred shareholders, the larger number held single, or not more than two or three shares each; while all the shares which were taken were subscribed for, not with a view to profit on the stock, but solely to aid in the enterprise. Mr. S. was one of the largest stockholders from the commencement of the undertaking, and when great efforts were requisite to keep up the credit of the Company, and to prevent its stock from greatly depreciating, he purchased freely of it, and was, by this means, at one time its largest stockholder. With a view, also, of procuring Eastern aid, he proceeded in company with Mr. OGDEN, to Boston, and had an interview with Eastern capitalists. There was at that period so little confidence in the West or Western enterprises, that they were very coolly told by one of the largest railroad proprietors in New England, that "Statistics amount to very little in influencing us. You must go home, raise what money you can, and when you can get no farther, come to us, and give us what you have done, and we will take hold of your road and complete it. You can afford to do this, the road will be of such immense advantage to your country." Mr. S. determined, upon the instant, that these prophetic wishes should not be fulfilled. He returned home, and by his exertions and caution contributed not a little to that careful management of the road, which ultimated in the success of the enterprise, and in establishing, in the minds of capitalists everywhere, the ability of Illinois men to build and manage railroads.

The success of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad is the parent of all subsequent railroad movements in this State. Had that enterprise failed, Chicago would not now count half its present population.

In the very momentous matter, to the present and succeeding generations, of establishing the free school system of Illinois, Mr. SCAMMON bore a very prominent and important part. There was no provision for absolutely free schools in Illinois when Mr. SCAMMON removed to the State, and for years thereafter. It required a great struggle to get through the Legislature a special law for Chicago, authorizing the establishment of schools by the Town; and the law was only passed on condition that it would be submitted to a vote of the people, before it became operative. When the vote was taken in 1836, the law was voted down. Its defeat at that time was probably caused by the large number of unmarried men, the greater part of whom were speculators in real estate, who were unwilling to have their property taxed for, as they alledged, the benefit of other people's children.

Mr. SCAMMON took an active part in getting up the first charter of the City of Chicago. It was partly through his efforts that provision for our present free school system was made in it. The schools first established under it were not, however, sustained by public opinion. There were few children in the town, most of its population being young people, and little interest was felt in the subject. The schools had thus but a sickly existence, and were of very little value.

Mr. SCAMMON was appointed one of the Board of School Inspectors in 1839. The free schools were then so nearly extinct, that it was determined to suspend them, until they could be re-commenced under more favorable auspices, and upon a more stable foundation. Mr. SCAMMON took hold of the subject in earnest. He drafted new Ordinances and laws for the regulation and government of the school system, which were passed; and through him and his co-laborers in the Board of School Inspectors, the system of Common Schools, which has been so successful, and of such incalculable benefit to our city, was established on a broad and permanent basis. He remained in the Board of School Inspectors till 1845, when he was elected an Alderman for the First Ward. His election to this office was opposed by some citizens, who feared he was in favor of too extensive a system of public schools. The first school house—the present brick edifice on Madison street, east of Dearborn street—had been built under the direction of the Board of School Inspectors, in 1844. Much complaint had been made by residents of the North and West Divisions of the city, at the large expenditure; very many persons residing in the South Division, also denounced the cost of the construction of such a building as extravagant. Mr. SCAMMON determined to secure as large a vote as possible, in order to satisfy the public that “big school houses” were not unpopular. The consequence was he received more votes, and was elected by a larger majority, than any Alderman; up to that time, had ever received in the city.

When the new Council was inaugurated, the Mayor recommended that the “big school house” should be sold, or converted into an “Insane Asylum,” and one more suitable to the size and wants of the city be built. It was supposed by the Mayor, that so large a school house would not be required by the city for a dozen years. Mr. SCAMMON was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Schools, in the new Council, and immediately brought forward an ordinance for building a large brick school house on the North side of the river, stating, at the same time, that it was the policy of the Board of School Inspectors to build another, on the West Side, the next year, and to build a new school house at least every year. The order was adopted by the Council, and the school house was built. The construction of this house was followed by that of the fine school building on Madison street, on the West side. Thus a policy was adopted, which has since been continued and improved upon by the successive Boards of School Inspectors, until our Common Schools have reached their present proud position and high state of usefulness.

In any mention of the Common Schools, however, the name of WILLIAM JONES, Esq. should not be omitted. For years, in their days of trial, he was one of their most devoted and efficient friends. He seconded Mr. SCAMMON's efforts and labors with great energy and zeal.

Mr. SCAMMON has always taken a warm and decided interest in politics. He was a Whig during the existence of that party, and for many years chairman of its Congressional, County and City Committees; and though often solicited, and more than once nominated for office, he was never a candidate before the people, except on two occasions—once when elected Alderman, and in 1848, when he was the Whig candidate for Congress in this District, which at that time was composed of seventeen counties, and overwhelmingly Democratic. Mr. S. received a very flattering vote, carrying the City of Chicago by a considerable majority, although his party in the city must have been in a minority of more than a thousand votes.

In politics Mr. SCAMMON also exhibited his progressive proclivities, having been always on the side of freedom and progress in his party. At the same time he was conservative in his action, preferring present good, when he could obtain it, to sacrificing everything to the abstract principles of right. For this reason, though his freesoil sentiments dated back before the great contest between Clay and Polk in 1844, he preferred voting for Mr. Clay, to throwing away his vote. In 1848, also, he advocated the election of General Taylor, knowing there was no probability of the election of a free-

soil candidate, and doubting the sincerity of purpose of Mr. Van Buren, who was supported by that party. In 1852 he voted for General Scott, although he preferred Judge McLean, who was his choice for President. In the late contest, he supported Colonel Fremont with all the ardor he was capable of, sparing neither his time nor money in the canvass. Mr. SCAMMON has always been inflexibly opposed to the extension of slavery into the territories, and he endeavored, in every way in his power, to divorce the Whig Party of this State from the Pro-Slavery measures with which a large number of its friends seemed willing to suffer it to be embarrassed. He contended that his policy in this respect was both just and expedient; and it is due to him to say, that if his advice had been carried out, the Whig Party in the Northern portion of the State, at least, and especially in this city, would not have remained so long in the hopeless minority in which he found it when he came to reside here. Many who afterwards claimed to be Seward, or free-soil Whigs, had previously to their sudden conversion—subsequently to the election of Gen. Taylor—opposed, with all their strength, the positions which Mr. SCAMMON took, and which had they been accepted and carried out by the leaders of the party generally, would have placed the Whig Party in a far better position before the people than it had ever attained.

Mr. SCAMMON was also among the first to perceive the tendency to the breaking up of old party lines in the country generally, and particularly in this City and State, preparatory to the present fusion of all persons and parties opposed to the spread of slavery. He suggested and procured the writer, many years ago, to furnish a series of articles on the subject, to a neutral paper then published in this city. These articles, and also other measures taken by him, had no small influence in breaking up party lines in the Chicago City Elections, and in the Northern counties of the State. Although a strict party man himself, as long as he could see any great good which the old Whig Party was capable of performing; still he believed in voting for the best men, and in many instances refused to vote for unworthy or incapable nominees of his own party. It may be proper to state in this connection, that Mr. SCAMMON, from first to last, has always opposed Native Americanism or Know Nothingism, in all its forms and principles. The writer well remembers the indignation of Mr. SCAMMON at an article which appeared in a paper in 1844, of which he was one of the editors. He had a portion of the edition of the paper which contained it suppressed immediately; the article gave great offense, however, as it appeared in part of the edition, and was made a great handle of by the Democrats at that time to the injury of the Whigs. Mr. S.'s principles of civil and religious polity are of too broad and comprehensive a character to accept for a moment the narrow and bigoted platform of that party, which of late has had, for a short time, such a prominent position in our national and State politics.

Mr. SCAMMON, in 1849, re-organized the Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company, an institution which had been chartered in 1836, as a monied corporation, but which had suspended business, although it never had suspended payment. He was one of the chief stockholders under the new organization, and the President of the Company. It commenced with a nominal capital of about \$35,000, and an actual cash capital of not exceeding \$35,000. Under his auspices as President, the institution has gradually increased its capital, and extended its business, until it has now an actual cash capital of half a million of dollars, and is the largest monied institution in the State.

Mr. SCAMMON likes to be a pioneer, judging from his past life. He was the first Swedenborgian in Northern Illinois; the first homeopath; and was among the first and most efficient organizers and supporters of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. He also established the first bank under the General Banking Law of this State—the Marine Bank of Chicago. He organized the Chicago Society of the New Jerusalem, when it had only three members, one other beside himself and wife. He also organized, in connection with three other gentlemen, the Illinois Association of the same Church, when there were probably not over a dozen Swedenborgians in the whole State.

Mr. SCAMMON possesses excellent business tact and management, which is evinced not only in his own prosperity, in the accumulation and investment of a large private fortune, but in the success of the many enterprises in which he was one of the pioneers. He was one of the original stockholders of the Galena; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and several other railroads. Though never a speculator, Mr. SCAMMON has become wealthy by judicious and prudent business habits. He is at the present time owner of large and productive real estate in the very centre of the business part of our city. His policy has been not to speculate, by running in debt, but to invest his surplus earnings, and thus reap the advantage of the steady rise of property by the growth of the city. To this policy, together with his industry and economy, he owes his present prosperous position, financially speaking. Mr. S. is a great advocate for the singleness of employments, nevertheless, his practice does not conform to his theory in this respect, as he is banker, lawyer, real estate owner, and has a large interest in railroads himself. It has been asserted by some—perhaps those too envious of another's prosperity—that accommodations from the old Illinois State Bank contributed to Mr. SCAMMON's wealth. This is a mistake; he never borrowed a dollar from the bank, or had any accommodation from it, or purchased a foot of land, or other property belonging to it, except at public sale, in competition with others. The only favor the bank ever did him was to select him as its attorney. He had no other connection with it.

In his profession Mr. S. has stood deservedly high, and at one time had the most lucrative practice of any lawyer in the city. In fact he has generally had more business than he could attend to, and of late years, his banking and other matters have demanded so much of his attention, that he has for the last two or three years given little time to his profession. In 1849 he took Mr. EZRA B. McCAGO, who had been his confidential law clerk, for two years previously, into partnership, and they have since practiced together. He has always been a friend to young men, and has had a very large number of students in his office. These it has ever been his habit to accustom to the details of practice, thus grounding them well in the most important particulars in the profession. Thus he has been successful, in almost every instance, in making good practical lawyers of his students. The advantages of the thorough training received by students in the office of Mr. SCAMMON, is fully indicated by the fact, that of all the young men who have been under his supervision, not more than two have failed to turn out well.

Mr. S., like all men of positive principles, is decided in his opinions, still he is liberal and kind to those who disagree with him. Indeed a majority of the young men in his office, who have received his assistance, countenance and support, have been, in political opinions, opposite to himself.

Though Mr. S. has devoted himself for many years so arduously to the law, and also been deeply immersed in business, he has not forgotten his early love for literature and the fine arts. He continues still to cultivate it. He writes on political and religious subjects, gives public lectures, &c. In conversation he is entertaining, his information being general and varied, and his desire to impart it, a natural attribute of the man. He reads and speaks several modern languages with fluency, and continues his early study of the classics, to which he has always been drawn by his taste for ancient literature.

Mr. S. is blessed with the companionship of a congenial partner, a lady every way qualified to contribute to his happiness, and an interesting family of children, the oldest grown to a fine looking young man, who is receiving the benefit of as good an education as his father's means and position can afford.

Mr. S. still continues to work as heretofore, though less in his profession. To the question "Why do you not give up business?" he replied, "I have no right to do so. Use is the central principle of Heaven, and no one can be happy, except in the degree in which he is occupied in some useful employment."



Yours truly
Charles Wetherill

CHARLES WALKER, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch is a descendent of an old and wealthy English family of some note, who, in CROMWELL's time, were portioned upon the Tweeds and called by the significant name of *Borderers*; members of which were among the earliest adventurers to this country, for we find mention made of his more immediate ancestors, as settlers in the Eastern part of New England, as early as 1640.

Col. WILLIAM W. WALKER, the father of CHARLES, is a native of Massachusetts. His father, who was a noted cattle dealer, at an early day moved his family to Ringe, New-Hampshire, from which place Col. WALKER emigrated at the age of 21, having little, or no capital, save his trusty axe and that hardy education which ever characterised the early sons of New England. Admiring the country of Central New York, he located in Plainfield, Otsego County, then but a wilderness. Here he became acquainted with a Miss LUCRETIA FERRELL, also a native of Massachusetts, whom he subsequently married, and with whom he has now lived upwards of fifty-five years. Though an Octogenarian, Col. WALKER is still in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, having in his life-time filled many important political stations, been prominent and active in the Church, ready to lend a helping hand to all worthy benevolent objects, and at the same time secured to himself a competence and the universal respect and esteem of his fellow citizens.

CHARLES is the oldest son of WILLIAM W. and LUCRETIA WALKER, and was born February 2, 1802. The country being new, as we have before stated, his educational advantages were necessarily very limited. To a new log school house, which a few enterprising farmers had built, the young lad was sent, at the early age of six years, to gain those elementary lessons, which have been turned to such practical account through a long life of usefulness. Inheriting a vigorous constitution, and withal an active and inquiring mind, together with uncommon diligence, he not only performed an unusual amount of manual labor upon his father's farm, but made most rapid progress in his studies. Improving his advantages to the utmost during three months in the year, he studied with his teacher during the day, and with his parents during the long winter evenings. Though as a boy among boys in these juvenile days, his vigor of mind and decision of purpose was such, that notwithstanding his limited advantages, we find he was qualified for, and entered upon the duties of teacher at the early age of 15; and from that time forward continued in the same vocation during the winter months until he attained his majority, with uncommon success. He may well, we think, look back upon that era of his life, with peculiar pride and pleasure, as he now recognizes the names of many of his old pupils among the distinguished men, of the East and West. While thus engaged, then 18 years of age, he commenced the study of law, but soon found the sedentary habits of that profession not suited to his temperament, with the advice of his physicians he relinquished that idea and turned his attention to more active pursuits, we next hear of him riding through the country, during the summer months, making purchases of sheep and cattle for his father.

At twenty-one, his health being then much impaired, he resolved to enter the mercantile business, and to that end hired himself out to a friend as clerk for a short time, at the very moderate salary of eight dollars per month. It did not, however, require a long clerkship for him to become a complete master of that merchant's method of doing business, and in two months he had fully determined to start in business for himself the following spring.

In the spring of 1824, with \$1,850 aggregate capital, compiled of \$350 of his own private funds, \$500 given him by his father, being in fact his own earnings, and \$500 loaned of a neighboring farmer, he started for the city of New York, with no letters of credit, reference or recommendation; and the following May opened his store upon the economical plan of doing his own work, and soon after made his first purchase of grain. The next spring, when he went East to make his purchases, he made his first appearance at the Bull's Head Cattle Yard, New York, where the Bowery Theatre now

stands, with a fine drove of fat cattle. By close and judicious management business prospered till 1828. But shipping in the fall of that year a large amount of cheese, butter and pork, to a southern market, the cheese became damaged at sea, and through the mismanagement of agents, and the misapplication of funds, nearly all the accumulated fruits of four years laborious toil were swept away.

But by attending personally to the sales in New York, and the purchases at home, business flourished till '32, when a sudden decline in the price of provisions occasioned another heavy loss. But from 1833 to '34, large operations in all the leading products, attended by a steady and gradual rise, brought to a successful termination all his business operations. In the spring of '33, being in New York, he accidentally became a purchaser from a cargo of raw hides from Buenos Ayres, which he was enabled to obtain upon favorable terms; but upon getting them home, and finding they were somewhat injured and could not be turned into the New York market without serious loss, he hit upon the expedient of manufacturing them into boots and shoes, and disposing of them at the fall Indian payments at Chicago; in furtherance of which plan, his brother, Mr. ALMOND WALKER, was in due time sent on, who opened his assorted stock of guns, boots, shoes and leather, at Fort Dearborn, in the autumn of 1834.

By this adventure his attention was turned toward the West, where he soon saw and appreciated her undeveloped resources; and early the ensuing Spring—now twenty-one years ago—he was on his way to this city, with ready means, enlarged and liberal views, an extensive business experience and acquaintance, in the vigor of manhood, with a wide spread and favorable reputation at the East, to unite his fortunes with the destinies, and contribute his energies to the development of the unknown resources, of this, then lake shore village. Among his first operations here was the buying of several lots of real estate, among which was the purchase of JOHN S. WRIGHT, Esq. the corner of Clark, and South Water Street, in connection with Capt. BIGELOW, of Boston, and JONES, KING & Co., of Chicago, for the sum of \$15,000, cash; which was considered by many at that time, a most visionary speculation. Some days subsequent to making this purchase, after reconnoitering in the country, he publicly avowed the then bold opinion that Chicago was destined to be the great city of the inland seas, and in test of his faith in this prediction, immediately set about making this city the principal point for his future operations. In May, '35, while on his way to Chicago, being detained at St. Josephs, there being no regular means of conveyance across the lake at that time, he made several purchases of hides from the flat boats and butchers' stalls for the Eastern market, to which were subsequently added purchases made in and about Chicago; this shipment, it is believed, is the first ever made from the State of Illinois to any point as far east as Utica or Albany.

The next year he established business in Chicago with the late E. B. HURLBURY, Esq., under the firm of "WALKER & Co.," upon South Water street, for importing implements of husbandry and household utensils from the East, together with a store of general merchandise, taking in exchange the various products of the West. During this period he was much of the time riding through the country, on horseback, as far north as Green Bay, locating government lands at the Four Lakes, (now Madison) Beloit, and other points on the Rock and Milwaukee Rivers.

The next year came the terrible financial revolutions of '37, when ruin and desolation swept the whole country, those who sat in the high places of wealth and affluence were drawn irresistably into the maelstrom of utter insolvency. Banks, like business men, came down with a crash, and the depreciation of currency produced ruinous confusion in the mediums of exchange. But Mr. WALKER was one of the very few men, extensively engaged in business, who stood up against the storm; though he had to bring to bear his best energies and most expert financial skill, for maturing liabilities pressed hard upon him, and his name was largely endorsed upon the paper of other men; had not his reputation in Eastern commercial circles been of the best char-

acter, he would certainly have been swamped with thousands of others. But he found, in this emergency, that the relation he thus held as an important commercial medium between the merchant and artisan of the East, and the pioneer husbandman of the West, of immeasurable advantage. The extensive and favorable business reputation he enjoyed among the leading men and Banks of the East, as well as the confidence of the dealers of the West, enabled him to greatly enlarge his operations. To prevent the necessity of purchasing Eastern drafts at ruinous rates, he adopted the plan of purchasing the products of the country with the depreciated currency of the West, and made his extensive shipments of products the medium of exchange through which to meet his Eastern liabilities. Thus he was enabled to prevent the entire stagnation of business at home, preserve his reputation abroad, and in a few years of almost unprecedented vigilance and activity, to entirely overcome all his embarrassments.

The next year his firm purchased a few bags of grain of the surrounding farmers, which were sent to his mills in Otsego county, New York; this shipment of wheat, we believe, was the first ever made from Chicago to so Eastern a market.

During this period, though making Chicago the principal theatre of his labors, he was yet a resident of the State of New York, dividing his time nearly equally between this city, his home in Otsego Co.; New York City, and traveling on business. In '39 the famous struggle between the old Safety Fund, and the so-called Red Dog, or free banking system, was at its height. As a Representative from his native county he was sent to the Legislature. Carrying with him the same comprehensive and far-seeing views as a legislator, that ever characterized him as a business man, he was instrumental, in no small degree, in carrying through, though opposed by the great preponderance of the money power of the State, that deservedly popular system of redemption and exchange, which has since that time been in effect.

Each succeeding year his business in Chicago continued to increase, so that in 1840 his shipments had so much enlarged, that in the purchase of hides and skins alone, he not only exhausted his supply of merchandize, but was obliged to bring money from the East. In 1842, he established a partnership with CYRUS CLARK, Esq., of Utica, under the firm of WALKER & CLARK, for receiving Western produce; to bring himself nearer the chief point of business, he resolved to close out his affairs in Otsego County, and in May, 1845, he removed his family to our city.

In 1847 came the great crisis in the grain trade which carried down the oldest and best houses in the Union. Though not escaping without some most terrible losses that would have intimidated ordinary men; with a courage undaunted by reverses—with a nerve and will, equal to the emergency, his craft was guided to a safe anchorage from the fearful breakers that engulfed his less fortunate competitors; and his firm continued to hold its position as the leading grain and produce house in the West.

In 1851 it was found that C. WALKER & SON of Chicago, WALKER & KELLOG of Peoria, and WALKER & CLARK of Buffalo, were the largest purchasers of grain from the farmers in the United States. So that the few bags of grain, which in 1839 were sent on their eastern journey and the few bushels of 1824, had in 1851, grown to 1,500,000 bushels.

At this period a severe attack of that malignant disease, the cholera, destroyed his health and compelled him to leave the financial management of the business to his oldest son, who continued the same under the firm of C. WALKER & SON and C. WALKER & SONS till 1855, when he retired from the business altogether, leaving it to his two sons and others, who continue the same under the firm of WALKER, BRONSON & Co., prosecuting the business with all the vigor of its founder, this firm have, during the past year, handled over *five and a quarter millions* of bushels of grain, an amount, we think, which will bear comparison with that of any other establishment in our own country or in Europe. Mr. WALKER retires, we understand, the oldest grain merchant in the Union, having steadily remained in one of the most hazardous speculations in the world over thirty-one years. Acting upon the principle that he who can so cheapen and

make efficient the avenues of trade, as to bring the productions of the country so much nearer a market, that the farmer can receive but one penny more the bushel for his grain, brings millions to his country, he feels amply repaid for the great risks he has run; and whatever benefit may have accrued to himself, that he has rendered an ample equivalent to those whom he has served.

While thus engaged as a pioneer in his own peculiar business he has been none the less efficient in promoting works of public utility. Prominent in all those great schemes which do so much towards developing the resources of the country, he has ever been one of the foremost in opening up and turning to account those great thoroughfares which vein our broad prairies, and wind their deep channels through our hills and valleys, and which, with each throb of animated industry, quicken into life new avenues of trade, turning their accumulated wealth to swell the commercial tide that has so strongly set to the heart of our western metropolis.

When the Galena Rail Road was resuscitated, in 1847, Mr. WALKER was chosen one of its Directors. He entered into the project with all his heart. In its gloomiest days his faith never faltered; his confidence in the ability of the country to build the road, never failed. When it was found that more subscriptions were necessary, he, as one of a Committee for soliciting additional subscriptions, traversed the country westward, and as far north as Beloit. His courage never wavered. When, in its darkest days, at a meeting of the Board, all confidence seemed to have departed from a majority of the Directors, he, with two or three others, remained firm in his confidence that the work would go through without failure. "A Committee of the Believing" was appointed to take measures to prevent immediate disaster, composed of himself, J. Y. SCAMMON, Esq., and one other. Their measures were successful; and when, on the return of its President, Mr. OGDEN, from New York, it became necessary that the Directors should become individually liable for a large sum of money, to secure the iron to lay the first division of the Road; Mr. WALKER did not hesitate to be among the first to do so; and to the credit of the Board, be it said, that all the Chicago Directors, but one, pledged their individual liability for the progress of the work. Mr. WALKER has remained in the Directory from the first, taking an active part in the construction and management of the road.

In February, 1856, the enterprise of pushing forward, across Iowa the counterpart of the GALENA RAILROAD, was projected; and the CHICAGO, IOWA & NEBRASKA RAILROAD was organized, having its eastern termination at the young and growing town of Clinton, on the western bank of the Mississippi. Of this company Mr. WALKER is one of the main directors and its president, and if the work be prosecuted, and who doubts it will, with the same sound sense, and untiring vigor that has characterised the whole life of its President, what better guarantee could be given of its ultimate success?

Though now ostensibly retired from business, and impaired in health, he still stands foremost among the public-spirited men who seek to blend schemes for their own advantage with plans of the greatest public utility. During the past summer, he has, in connection with others, erected and put in operation at Beloit, Wis., an excellent paper mill and a large reaper manufactory, and from a superior quality of clay upon his own farm in Morris, Ill., he has commenced the manufacture of "Green Mountain Ware," expecting, in time, to supply Chicago and the North-West with a quality of stone ware equal to any in the United States. He is also largely engaged in farming in the interior.

Animated by the conviction, that he who does the most towards opening up and diffusing the great channels of trade, so that the poor man's labor will gain a level with the rich man's capital, is a practical philanthropist, he has been in theory and practice a thorough utilitarian. In private life a plain man and thoroughly democratic, he recites the incidents of his boyhood and early struggles with a degree of well-earned satisfaction, and none is more ready in every consistent way, with kind words or material countenance and aid, to cheer onward honest and persevering industry. From the first a

faithful and influential member of the Church and most exemplary man, we think we do no injustice to any other citizen to say, that while we are frank to concede there are others who have added to themselves greater wealth, to none is Chicago more indebted for her unexampled prosperity than to him.

In closing this brief notice of one so highly esteemed, we may fitly add the words of another: "In the internal improvements which have done so much to develop the exhaustless resources of the State—in Rail Road enterprises, which have poured a flood-tide of wealth and business into our commercial metropolis of the North West, in every public work, whose intention and effect was to build up and promote the healthful growth of the city, he has ever been in the foremost rank of public spirited men. In short, taking into consideration the varied incidents of his active life, his indomitable perseverance and industry, and the financial ability he has exhibited, Mr. CHARLES WALKER has had few equals and no superiors, as a skillful business man and a good citizen."

THE ASTROLOGER.

The blue waters of the great Michigan lay sparkling in the starlight, and myriads of lights were dancing to and fro on the wavelets, born of the soft embrace of the twilight breezes and the crystal flood. No sound broke the mighty silence, save the gentlest whisper of the zephyr in its wanton caress of its star-gemmed mistress, and the measured plash of a solitary oar. Far out upon the bosom of the lake in a frail bark the nightly watchers saw a human form, dark as the shades of night, but with an eye bright as their own burning fires, a reflex of the divinity within.

Now the birchen canoe became a thing of seeming life, as it shot like an arrow towards the shore; and anon it paused, and the oars lay idle. and the sable occupant looked up and counted the stars that blazed above him, and an invocation, chanted low and sweetly, rose from his parted lips—

"Oh! Anyone, mighty ruler among the spheres,
Look down with glorious radiance on thy child;
Wanderer from the islands of the sun-lit sea,
Through these Northern realms so broad, so wild.

All over earth I know there yet lie hidden
Gems of the mighty future not unfolded,
I come, as mightiest orbs my course had bidden
Ere this poor being was by nature moulded.

Point out the germ spot where the mighty nations,
Shall gather forces, as the heart rules being,
And call to life the infinite creations,
Shadowed by these starry eyes the future seeing."

Again he bowed himself to the oars, and arrow-like the frail bark sped to the shore.

A little river wound inward, inward; as though the lake had forgotten the great law of attraction which the ocean is continually enforcing. "It is going backward," said the Astrologer, as he suffered his little canoe to be drawn in by the sluggish current. "This seems like a reversion of nature's laws; and yet, it cannot be, for all move on in harmony. I will follow and see whither it may lead. Only a gentle sweep, as though the lake had gone out to meet the river; how strange! how deep! Ah! hither shall mighty ships come, I see it now; here shall the storm-winds be baffled; here shall commerce, the crimson life-tide of the nations, find a new and vigorous pulsation. O, thanks! thanks! ye infinite powers, I have been led hither by the mighty stars; the light of their eyes hath been my guide, and I have found one of the germinal spots of earth. Here will I cast the horoscope of a mighty city, I will fore-read the hidden destiny, that I may see in the far future, from the regions of the infinite read by page as it unfoldeth to my vision.

"Yes, blessed is he who readeth the future, for he shall join with the orbs of light to aid in its unfolding. He shall question destiny aright, and in that, lieth the secret of joy and sorrow. Blessed is he who is permitted to ask the first question from the Book of Fate, for all answers that follow must be shaped by that first interrogation."

"Thus geometry taught me—that he who first asked a question of a square, and took from it an angle, determined what remaining answers the square should be able to give. All reflex is only an answer to the first propulsion which becomes a question answered by the second. Would that men could read the law and apply it wisely. But to the stars; let me look up and read the mighty lore."

"Thus, thus! let me understand the confluence of light. Let me mark the angles at which the highest influxes will occur. Men little know the laws of light, nor why the stars have so long been questioned in regard to destiny. Light is the great interrogator of the universe, and we judge of the answers it will elicit by the angles of incidence. Thus the sun questions the earth at all angles less than a right angle, to call forth the answer of vegetation, the order of verdure, of flowers, of fruitage. It questions at obtuse angles, and cold and storm-winds answer, and fleecy clouds gather blackness, and snow, and the voice of a tempest answer back the interrogatory. Oh light! light! Thou great eye of the Infinite! Look kindly, beamingly, on this new germinal spot of earth, and let the life called forth here be only a reflex of thy direct and loving appeal, even as a mother's look of love blesses her child. Let the mighty city, which shall yet spring up here, I foresee, from the great confluence of the rays commingling here from countless orbs, bear fruits of the highest manifestation of the divine principle centered in man, the child of matter and of highest spiritual force."

"Man is the microcosm. In him center all the laws of the Universe, and hence he may question the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, while they also question him in return, and evoke the mysteries of his power. How significant the first question whether propounded by a star or an atom? The magi of old believed, and thus it hath come to me through long ages, that some star proposed the first question to humanity at the moment of birth; and hence, predetermined the infinite succession of answers that must follow."

He drew a square upon the sand with one of his oars, and cutting off the outer angles, arranged the twelve houses of fate, just as the astrologers of Egypt, his mighty ancestors, had done for the Pharaohs of old.

In the East he set the house of life, in the West the house of death, in the North the house of fortune, in the South the house of honors. "A star of the first magnitude among the nations!" exclaimed he, as he marked the concentration of lights in the celestial scheme. Lo! the sun from the East in the sign Taurus, marks the strength of life, I foresee the mighty forces of being, evolved, with a power and rapidity before unknown. Tides of life inflowing from distant orbs, foretell a mighty destiny; new lights which have not yet been absorbed by earth, are conspiring with the mighty ruler of the heavens, to bring into being, forces that man hath not hitherto controlled, and these shall minister to the myriads that shall gather here. This lake shall see ships walk its surface like things of life, breathing with iron lungs, which send the heated life-tide like the purple tide through human veins, to propel the almost conscious enginery, and those mighty leviathans of the deep, shall bring hither the people and the wealth of all nations as willing tribute.

All over the mighty prairies, that spread out like another ocean, gemmed with flowers, the foot-prints of angels, shall these myriads pass, but the city shall be the great palpitating heart, through which the life-tide shall incessantly pour, for renewed utility and force.

"Iron muscles shall yet bind it to the world around. The great lake shall be wedded to the ocean with an iron ring, and iron nerves shall thrill in sympathy with the remotest nations of the globe. Ships laden with the fruitage of every clime shall enter through thy portal, Oh! thou mighty water; and the children of the West shall bring hither their tribute, and the gateway shall yet be opened even to the Pacific shores.

"Gemini, in the house of thy children, over which the genial influence of Jupiter presides, indicates the multitudes of thy

offspring, and the wisdom which shall fall upon their heads. But let them beware, for the rays of Saturn also commingle, inciting to craft and to avarice, and the eyes of the star of pleasure look down upon thy sons and daughters with luring smile.

"Blessed shall they be who shall learn to question avarice aright, and make it yield a willing tribute to the infinite capacity of humanity. Oh, Jupiter! thou benign symbol of wisdom, look thou kindly upon the Saturnine children that may flow hither from among the nations of the earth and teach how their energies may be questioned aright.

"In the house of riches and honors and chief dignities, Arctus, from the northern heavens, looks down with strength on the nativity, and even Saturn lends his most benign rays to aid the influence which Jupiter sheds upon his favorite, while the Sun, ascending to the zenith, looks with eyes of love, that call forth all the wealth and power, and grandeur of being.

"And not until the great orb shall sink forever below the mighty deep shall thou, Oh, city of destiny! enter the house of death, and thy life shall cease only with the life-pulse of the nations."

The Astrologer bowed himself to the earth, and while the night-dews fell upon his crisped locks, a dreamy trance enfolded him as a mantle, and the centuries unrolled before his clearer vision.

He saw a rude cabin rise before him upon the soft, green turf, and rude implements supplied the means of life to one who appeared in outward guise like himself. He walked like a faint shadow of the past, and a dim dream of the future between the shores of the mighty ocean of prairie, and the dancing billows of the lake; but poor Au Sable knew not how to question their mighty energies. He stood there, a single interrogation point, able only to ask of the garden a little maize, and a few vegetables, and of the water a tribute from its finny tribes.

"Oh! for more powers with which to question nature!" sighed the entranced seer. At last a hunter came. He was a bolder, aye, and a more subtle interrogator. "Strange," whispered the Astrologer,

"how like a coiled serpent some of these interrogation points become. But they question, and they will be answered." A shudder, a groan of anguish escaped him as he watched the results of the questions, propounded to appetite and passion, by the serpent Cunning; the answer of fire, of ashes mingled with blood. He writhed in agony for a moment as he muttered, "yes, even so, when the reptile asks nature of her powers, it only obtains for answer, poison with which to envenom its sting—for thus only does it question."

The smouldering ashes drank up the blood, and the vision was again unrolled.

A man whom the higher necessities of being had taught to question nature more uprightly, at length pitched his tent upon the sands, and his household gods were in time gathered around him. In the old garden of the nation, where the choicest germs of humanity had been planted, and braced by northern winds, and inured to a sterile soil, that they might bear transplanting to the utmost ends of the earth, he had learned how to question nature, and to comprehend her answers. In him the seer beheld the human might that should endure through ages, for the answers that his questions should call forth, would place his posterity among the mighty.

Like a germinal spot in a seed, around him gathered more and more of the vital energies that encompassed him, and the shores of the lake resounded to the tread of human feet, and white winged ships, like huge birds, danced on the bosom of the deep.

On—on—rolled the vision. Homes rose in the green waste. The smoke of the daily household offering ascended to heaven. Temples arose—some consecrated to mammon, some to knowledge, some to the spirit of worship, and some to sensual pleasure. Nature was questioned by humanity in a myriad of ways; but too often the serpent, the prone creeping elements in man's nature, performed the interrogatory, and the answer corresponded to the question.

In the public mart, men bought and sold for greed more than for use. They did not

ask whether their commodities were demanded by the highest good of being, but whether they could question man's desire, and stimulate his energies to bring them gold. For, said they, "If we do not thus question their appetites and passions, others will, and get the golden answer."

Hence these sad victims, whose lower natures had been thus made to answer unlawful questioning, became unable to answer the nobler questions which science and art, ministering to true prosperity and virtue, had designed man to answer, as the first question proposed by hunger to all his productive energies. So the rich man's gold had to answer to questions of theft; and beggary, and prostitution, and sickness and prosecutions, and prisons, and poor-houses. He complained of the tax, but forgot that it was his first question to human passions, that had led to their subsequent questioning of his substance.

Perhaps he silenced the questions of his conscience by again repeating, "If I had not done it some others would."

He entered the schools and found that the teachers were little more skillful. They fed appetites before they were hungry; they gave answers before they were questioned; and the disciples sat before them like poor dyspeptics at a costly banquet. They were hungry, but they could not eat such viands as were set before them. They wanted to see forms; to know about things; to become familiar with the elements around them; every fibre of their young bodies yearned for symmetrical development; but books were thrust into their hands, and silence was enjoined when they longed to question, and their deep-loving sentiments were suppressed by stern rule. Oh! how hard, and formal, and unquestioning these poor disciples came from common schools and college halls. The sum of their learning consisted in having disciplined themselves to ignore nature, and to spurn her holiest teachings. So man, as the first interrogator, asked of woman, beauty as the outward symbol of health and love. Woman's answer became more feeble according to the falsities of the questioner, till at length, instead of clasping her to his bosom as a

companion, strong in her love, glorious in her self-abnegation, clear and cultivated in intellect, and beautiful as an appropriate outward answer to all questions of inward grace and harmony; he encountered a bundle of hoops and crinoline, beflounced with silks and laces, from the midst of which peeped out a painted face, decorated with artificials, and perfumed with the "odor of a thousand flowers." And of these, the great question of questions was to be asked; the life, the strength, the virtue, the glorious aspirations of the ages! Could it find incarnation through such as these?

"Just heavens!" groaned the Astrologer, as he turned in agony, "Oh! where is the primal word locked up, that shall ask of these poor gewgaws the mighty question that shall open their human souls, and fill them with a divine hunger."

He imagined himself wandering among the haunts of men, and seeking among all the schools for that primal word of power. Lawyers talked of equal rights, doctors told him that health was the magic word. He entered the charmed circle, and spoke with the voice of authority, but only a few responded to the question of rights. Rights involved duties, and they were too feeble to desire them; they should stagger and fall under the burthen.

Then he pronounced the mystic word Health. A few, and they, the children of toil, responded blushing to the invocation, but the rest turned away in disgust.

Then he entered the temples dedicated to the Most High. Surely in their sacred teaching, among their royal priesthood he should find the word of power which he sought. They were busy about creeds, and building churches whose spires should reach the skies, and they had begun to emulate the world in its pomp and pleasures, and worldliness sat in the seat of humility. Yet had they done more than all others to question humanity aright, but even they had forgotten the primal word, and could not answer his agonizing appeal.

"Oh! city of my desire," he cried, "where shall I find the mighty question which shall bring back health, peace and purity to my

beloved." A little child looked out of the window, and lisping said, "my mother!"

"Mary, mother of Jesus, pity us," repeated a poor crippled beggar, as he passed by on the opposite side.

Then he remembered that Jesus was the son of Mary, and that her answer to the angel of annunciation had been: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." And thus, through one mighty question proposed to woman, the Son of God came to earth. It was not a question proposed to the outward forces, not a question to health, nor to intellect, nor to power; but the sublime question was to her as mother, whether it should be her crown of suffering and glory to become the natural and spiritual parent of those who, like their elder brother, the gentle Nazarine, should be the spiritual children of the Lord Almighty.

He looked at the beautiful child, whose eyes of blue and curls of gold seem borrowed from the angels. "My mother," again lisped the child of beauty, and the Astrologer passed on with the primal word on his lips. "It was God's first question in the scheme of redemption; it must be the first question in all social institutions. He gave it to the lawyer, and bade him use it in remodeling laws; he gave it to the doctor, and bade him use it in restoring health; he gave it to the minister and bade him use it as a charm to drive out pride, and envy, and worldliness; he gave it to the State as a purifier from all unjust institutions.

Then came back glory and strength, and beauty to the children of earth. Then home became the sacred spot, the holy of holies to the life of man; the mother became the priestess through whom knowledge, purity and power descended to the earth. Intemperance, pollution and poverty were soon banished, for then society came to consider that she who had borne a child, whether in a manger, without any recognized legal paternity, or is the honored wife of the highest, was now, and henceforth must be held sacred from all profanation, because she was to be the mighty questioner of a human soul, and all its answers must there-

after accord with her first questionings. Society now for the first time understood the cost of questioning woman falsely. Then it was revealed to his interior comprehension, why Christ was not born after the manner prescribed by human law, else could not all the outcast children of humanity have been drawn to him by the bond of universal sympathy.

Slowly, slowly the glory of the fair city now unfolded. All occupations began to answer to the primal wants of man. A new splendor gathered around it, and he saw its golden glory like that of the new Jerusalem as it came down from God out of Heaven.

It was the sheen of the waters called forth by the rising sun, that thus glimmered upon his awakening senses, and the Astrologer awoke to ask the first humble question of the spot where now stands this mighty city.

* THE SALT LAKE VALLEY AND ITS PEOPLE.

"Visa est enim mihi res digna consultatione, maxime propter periculantium numerum, Multi enim omnis aetatis, omnis ordinis utriusque sexus etiam vocantur in periculum et vocabuntur."

C. Plini Caccili Secundi Epistulae xxvi.

During the last session of Congress while the attention both of government and people was engrossed by most serious political affairs, there arrived at Washington the bearers of a new State constitution, soliciting the admission into our union of the distant territory of Utah. The request then made was hardly noticed amid the

* 1. A Report of the Exploring Expedition to Oregon and North California in the year 1843-4 by Brevet Capt. J. C. Fremont; Washington 1845.

2. The Mormons; London, 1851.

3. The Great West (Vol. II. Arts. 44-5.) H. Howe: Cincinnati, 1853.

4. Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, by Howard Stansbury, U. S. A: Washington, 1853.

5. The History of the Mormons, by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison; Philadelphia, 1853.

6. Utah and the Mormons, by Benjamin G. Ferris. late Secretary of Utah; New York, 1854.

7. Die Mormonen, von Moritz Busch; Leipzig, 1855.

conflict of exciting events, but a question soon to be decided upon is, Shall Utah be admitted. The interest always felt in this strange region and its stranger people, becomes more intense as the hour of decision draws near, and may render not out of place some remarks upon the Country, History, Religion, and proper disposition of the Mormons.

Some two thousand miles directly west of New York and twelve hundred from the far inland St. Louis: separated by more than three hundred leagues from the advanced settlements of the States, and by near two hundred of loneliest travel from the nearest towns of Oregon, California, and New Mexico; high up in the valley of the Sierra Nevada and Wasatch mountains, lies the "Fremont Basin," now with some margin of surrounding country, better known as the Territory of Utah. It is a vast elevated plateau "of an extent," says Humboldt "scarcely to be met with in any part of the world,"* finding its parallel only in the heart of Asia, the country of the Azoff and Caspian and the Titicaca Basin in South America. Of an extent variously and vaguely estimated at 128 000, 137 000, and 250,000 square miles; walled in by snowy ramparts of mountains, and lying at its lowest elevation 4200 feet above the level of the sea, it is complete in itself, with its own systems of rivers flowing into central lakes, and having no communication with the ocean. In the north-east corner of this basin and at the western foot of the Wasatch mountains lies the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, if valley it may be called, isolated from isolation. Upon the north lies the easternmost of three sections or terraces of Oregon, a region of broken and barren mountain spurs, incapable of furnishing sufficient food for a sparse Indian population, and offering no inducements to the settlement of the industrious white man. To the eastward is the higher plateau of Inner California, lying 6000 feet above the level of the sea† between the Wasatch and the Rocky Mountains, with little exception, also sterile and untenable;

and the hundreds of miles of untimbered slope stretching from the foot of the Rocky Mountains to the Western settlements of the States and including the northern portion of the Great American Desert. Southward are vast tracts of mountainous arid and desert country, extending through the Territory of New Mexico and peopled by treacherous tribes; and on the west a salt plain whose hundreds of miles of absolute desolation, show only "a crow and a grasshopper" in a day's march.* Add to this, that for five months in the year accumulated snows fill the canons and elevated passes of the mountains and forbid all travel, and it is not wonderful that until late years little save vague and exaggerated rumor was heard of this lonely region.

Baron La Hontan, Captain Stansbury informs us, in 1689, during uncertain wanderings westward from the upper Mississippi, heard accounts of "a salt lake three hundred leagues in circumference," and more over of "six noble cities" of the Tahuglauk. Humboldt, in his Views of Nature, (page 207,) deems it probable that the *Great Salt Lake* of Fremont's map (Lake of Timpanogos as laid down on his "great map of Mexico, executed in 1804,") is identical with the Lake of Teguayo the ancestral seat of the Aztecs. It is possible that the etymological resemblance between the Tahuglauks of La Hontan's informants and Humboldt's Teguayo might lead to a final identification of both with the Great Salt Lake; but to return.

"Father Escalante," says Humboldt, "in his wanderings from Santa Fe, del Nuevo Mexico, to Monterey, in New California, discovered Fremont's 'Great Salt Lake' in 1776, and confounding together the river and the lake called it Laguna de Timpanogo." So it is named on the old maps.

There follow fifty years of silence. It was not until the year 1824 that Wm. H. Ashley, a fur trader, penetrated into this region and founded an Establishment one hundred miles south-east of the lake. This Establishment was, after the collection of many furs, abandoned about the year 1830. The imperfect and unscientific observations

* Views Nature; Bohn's edition, p. 34.
Guizot's Earth and Man.

* Captain Stansbury.

of superstitious trappers, however, rather increased the mystery, and the veteran hunter by the wilderness camp fire beguiled the evening hour and entertained his less experienced comrades with strange legends of the lonely and weird salt sea. It was said, among other things, that there was a fearful whirlpool in its midst, through which the else overflowing waters found a subterranean outlet—a belief by the way which Lieut. Gibbon found to prevail among the South American Indians in regard to Lake Titicaca as regards a subterranean outlet.*

It was not until the summer of 1843 when the daring and adventurous Fremont broke into the charmed circle with the appliances of modern science, and by subsequent travel, encircled the entire basin, that any definite idea was had of the appearance and character of this isolated region, which a peculiar people have since populated and made their own.

It was a day to remember, that bright autumn morning when the explorers launching their frail inflated bark, pushed out into the clear green waters,

"the first
That ever burst
Into that silent sea;"

If we except not the mythical La Hontan, Tahuglauka, who in old years clove the literally "barren foam" with boats, "in which two hundred men may row." A day to remember—with its clear blue above, and its rugged horizon peering over piled masses of mountains, white with eternal snows. A scene most impressive—that desolate lake—its bared shore of shelving beach or lofty promontory—its naked islands rising high above the heavy brine in austere grandeur of undraped and rugged gray rock, with no sign of life upon land or wave, save the scream of flocks of wild fowl seeking their secluded island fastnesses:

"Apricis stasis gratissima mergis."

The night brought a more fearful gloom. "The silence of the grave was around us, unrelieved by the slightest sound. Not the leaping of a fish, nor the solitary cry of a bird was to be heard, as in profound still-

ness the boat moved on, plunging her bows into the black and sullen waters. As we passed within the shadows of the obscure and frowning mountains, the eye was strained in vain to catch some evidence of life. The sense of isolation from everything living, was painfully oppressive. Even the chirp of a cricket would have formed some link with the world of life; but all was stillness and solitary desolation."*

Such we may conceive to be the appearance of the Great Salt Lake, a body of intensely salt water, 180 miles in length, and from 70 to 80 broad, according to Secretary Ferris, but 70 miles in length according to Lieut. Gunnison, whose figures are more probably correct. The length of the shore line (291 miles) given by Captain Stansbury, in his report accords better with this last statement as well as the dimensions by Humboldt of 60 miles in length by 40 in width. Owing to the shallows and flats, however, any exact estimate of the size of the lake seems exceedingly difficult.

The country surrounding the lake, is exceedingly diverse in its character. To the north swampy and low; on the east along the western foot of the Wasatch range for a length of three hundred miles, and a breadth of one or two, irrigated and highly productive; on the south above the "alkaline barrens," very fertile in the valleys of the Jordan and Tuilla. But on the west a traveler along the barren plain, might deem himself in some land of necromancy. Desolation broods alike over arid earth and dazzling sea. The gigantic shapes of the mirage stalk across the horizon in shadowy awfulness. Fairy islands of matchless beauty rise, cool and green before the distempered imagination and fancied lakes, float in the dim and unattainable distance. But of actual vegetable or animal life, there is scarce anything. The region seems accursed. There is but one like it, and that lies sunk deep in the bosom of old Asia, beside the cradle of the human race,—the dread site of the Cities of the Plain.

The Climate, Soil and Productions are scarcely less anomalous. For five months in the year, hardly a drop of rain falls, and

* Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon. Part II. Page 101.

* Captain Stansbury's Report.

for five more the snows lie thick upon the mountains. The great elevation of the valley—4200 feet, and the lofty and snow capped mountains of 8,000 and 10,000 feet high, which surround it, render the climate far from equable. Cold winds from the high snows bring down unseasonable frosts and chill midsummer. Capt. Fremont found ice every night through the month of August. The close approximation of hot and cold air frequently results in destructive hailstorms and violent winds, which as is said, sometimes bear the spray of the Lake into the city—a distance of twenty-two miles. Great diurnal variation of temperature is caused by the presence or absence of the sun's rays. The naked masses of rock reflect an intense heat whilst shone upon, but as suddenly lose it upon the withdrawal of the sun's rays. Captain Stansbury, during his survey, found that the cloudy days and nights of summer, required great-coats and fires for comfort. The atmosphere is light and during some parts of winter remarkably clear.

The soil of the valley is composed "chiefly from the disintegration of the feldspathic rock, mixed with detritus of the limestone," exceedingly productive when irrigated, but too porous to retain water through the long summer droughts. A narrow margin along the western foot of the Wasatch Mountains is sufficiently irrigated by streams from the melting snows, which presently disappear and leave a barren and dreary waste of shore. Volcanic products pervade the soil. Hot, warm, and cold springs, gaseous, alkaline, sulphurous and chalybeate are numerous along the base of the hills; often in such close proximity that one may thrust his hands, the one into a cold and the other into a hot spring. Near the Bear river there is said to be a hot sulphur, a tepid salt, and a cold fresh spring within a space of thirty feet in diameter. Alkaline salts pervade the regions, poisoning the waters of some springs to such an extent as to destroy cattle coming to drink, and even efflorescing upon the surface of cultivated lands, whitening the ground like hoar frost and destroying the crops.

From these facts it appears that Agricul-

ture will meet with some serious obstacles in Utah. The quantity of arable, that is, of irrigable land is small, and irrigation is expensive even under favorable conditions. Crops liable to injury by late frosts in spring and early ones in autumn, such as Indian corn cannot be raised with profit. The efflorescing alkalies burn up sometimes, and often injure the grain crops and deprive the pie plant of its acidity. On the other hand, this soil when irrigated yields readily sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, and by drilling a single bushel over three acres of land, "the enormous yield of one hundred and eighty bushels" was produced. Potatoes are produced in like quantities and of excellent quality. The same is true of melons, squashes, beets, and other roots which are improved by alkaline products in the soil.

As a grazing country, it can be more generally used. "The valleys" says Lieut. Gunnison, "furnish perennial pasturage." The hill-sides furnish the bunch grass only during the warm months of the year." But the "perennial pasturage" of new countries is seldom of long duration. The superfluous growth disappears as grazing increases and the winter supply fails. Whether this will be the case with the notable "Bunch Grass," remains to be seen. This germinates in autumn, grows under winter snows and drying on the stalk in spring, remains in that state a self-cured hay, nutritious and sweet through summer. A grass, similar to this as regards autumn germination, is said to be found on the bottom lands of Southern Illinois.

Of other indigenous productions, a few are worth of notice. The following edible roots and forest trees are mentioned by FREMONT: The "Sego" (*Calochortus Luteus*) a bulbous root about the size of a walnut, very palatable and nutritious and much sought for by Indian and White man:—the "Kooyah" or Tobacco Root, (*Valeriana Edulis*) "the principal edible root among the Indians inhabiting the upper part of the streams west of the mountains," of a bright yellow color, strong taste and odor, poisonous before being baked in the ground for two days, but then

..rull of nutriment ;"—the "Kamas" (*Camassia esculenta*) having somewhat the taste of preserved quince;—the Nut Pine, (*Pinus Monophyllus*) bearing a nut oily, agreeable, and very nutritious:—wild flax:—a large thistle (*Cirsium virginianum*) of edible root: together with limited quantities of cedar, pine, dwarf maple, oak, cotton wood and aspen, with great abundance of *Artemisia* or "Wild Sage." Wood, both for firing and building is very difficult to procure. It is found in the deep gorges and canons of the hills, and must often be transported from ten to twenty miles. The prevalent adobe of Spanish America is used, however, in the construction of houses, and rock and coal are abundant when made accessible by railway.

The animal life of this valley is even less various than its vegetable. Rabbits, Antelopes and Deer, Bears, and Panthers are found among the hills. Trout are caught in the swift running streams of the canons, and Pike, Bass, Perch, and Chub in the more quiet waters of the plains. No living thing is found beneath the waters of the lake; but innumerable wild fowl—Pelicans, Geese, Brandts, Teal Ducks, Cranes and Herons—abound upon the islands and furnish as yet game, and boat loads of eggs to the sporting saint. Numerous species of the lizard and locust tribe, swarm upon the land and furnish loathsome subsistence to the miserable "Digger;" whilst the atmosphere of the lake teems with minute and troublesome insects, and its shores are heaped with insectile exuvial accumulated in immense masses. But of all, most painfully curious, is the miserable Digger, the lowest type of the Indian race. "Dispersed," says Fremont, "in single families: without firearms, eating seeds and insects; digging roots (and hence their name):—such is the condition of the greater part." Devouring lizards and crickets—every reptile and worm they can lay hands upon—to appease hunger, without courage or reason sufficient for self preservation; hurrying away at the approach of man with side-long glance behind, like a wild animal; starving through winter in caves or miserable huts, and crawling out to banquet ra-

venously on the very grass of spring time, their whole faculties seem concentrated on the satisfaction of their immediate wants, and to range no higher. "Others are a degree higher and live in communities upon some lake or river that supplies fish and repulse the miserable Digger." But the whole aboriginal population is sparse, needy and degraded, almost below human conception of fellow man.

As regards its geological character, the country is made up of "metamorphic rocks, consisting of talcose, and mica slate of hornblende rocks, and a few specimens of granitic or sienitic character. These metamorphic rocks are "distinctly stratified and highly inclined." Upon these rests a coarse conglomerate or sandstone, which supports in turn a carboniferous limestone, abounding with fossils, especially corals. Iron and coal are found, though at some distance from the lake, and there is some gold near the California borders. Slate is found, suitable for roofing, upon an island of the lake. Alum and saleratus are natural products, and salt may be easily manufactured from the intensely briny lake, which furnishes 20 per cent. of pure chloride of sodium, while that of the New Well at Syracuse, contains but 17.35 per cent.

Such is the Salt Lake Valley into which the Mormon immigration began in 1847, now near ten years ago. Of their origin and the sequence of events, which led them thither, as well of their strange theology, more hereafter.

GETTING AHEAD.

Some people imagine that success in life is a lottery ticket that happened to draw the prize, or a good hand in a game cut by mere accident. But a peep into the chronicles which Time is constantly inditing, and which he sometimes employs me in writing out for him, will convince even the most skeptical, that there is method in success as well as in some people's madness.

Why! just look up the street, and read the signs on the shops, and every one would head a history full of romance, if all the incidents and ante-incidents connected with the struggles, the failures and the success e

of that business and its present manager could only be photographed in clear light.

Supposing we play clairvoyant for an hour, and read a page under the heading C. B. Dale & Co., Booksellers and stationers. May be we haven't read the name right, for our spectacles are a little blurred, but it doesn't matter about the name if we get the history. And if we should make a trifle of a mistake in dates and facts, its all the same if we get hold of the main plot of the story, and show in our moral (we shall be sure to have a moral and a good one,) that as the poet said,

"'Tis not in Fortune, not in rank,
'Tis not in wealth like London Bank,"

to give a man success. But we must not give our moral now for that would render the story quite needless, and the moral is sure to be needed as much as the name under some peoples' portraits.

As I was saying, (I may not read dates quite correctly, but if I see distinctly,) it was about eighteen years ago last summer, that Charley Dale used to be seen in the Capitol City of one of our then western states, engaged of a morning feeding poultry in the back yard of his Uncle's premises, milking cows or tending baby for his Aunt's especial benefit; though we fear baby sometimes found occasion for a sharp remonstrance when too long committed to his guardian care. For though Charley is to be our hero, we must admit he was just the least bit of a rogue. Charley was an adept in turning somersets, walking on the fence, hopping backwards on one foot, making kites and balloons with which he gratified the soaring aspirations of half the little boys in town, greatly to the inconvenience of the cook, who declared he used up oceans of paper. Occasionally he turned Jimner, and got up pictures of elephants, and other marvelous beasts, which he traded for pins, thus early developing the spirit of traffic which indicated a leading trait of character. Delineating the elephant too, is still a favorite game as some of his friends might testify. But you know the poet's declaration

"The child is father of the man."

He always managed to be on the best

terms with his teachers for, rogue though he was, and up to all sorts of current mischief, there were two leading traits of character that always brought him through a favorite. He would never tell a falsehood to secure favor or success; we hope our glasses will not lead us to think his moral sense is at all blurred. It would be just like them, and, there they shall be wiped clean on this silk pocket-handkerchief. Where were we? O I see now. He wouldn't tell a lie, on any account, and he would get his tasks just as thoroughly then as he attends to business now. That was what his mother had taught him, his gentle widowed mother, who had given up her youth and beauty as a holy offering to her children, laid upon the altar of daily toil. She had coined her life blood into bread for their sustenance; and her aspirations for personal success had all been forgotten in her prayers for her dear ones. The angels bear such holy worship to the Highest, as the purest oblation that mortals can offer.

She had been trained in New England, that primary school of American life, from which the candidates for success are pretty sure to graduate with honor. Mrs. Dale had left New England because she was poor and homeless, and the West held out fairer prospects of success in maintaining independence for herself and children. The bread of dependence, however generously offered, was too bitter for her to eat while her own energies could supply the means of subsistence. Teaching and sewing had been her resource till her eldest son and daughter were no longer dependent, and then an honorable and responsible station in one of the public Institutions was tendered her and her daughter. It was accepted, and Charley undertook to earn his board by assisting his Aunt in the nursery and assuming the responsibility of tending the chickens and milking the cow. He managed to secure a small revenue from several of the neighbors for driving up their cows which fed in the same pasture with his Uncle's. His performances in bringing them from the pasture, would have elicited the admiration of the best trained gymnastics in the land.

Sometimes he rolled over on his hands as though they were the spokes of a wheel, sometimes he turned a somerset in the grass, startling the old crumpled horn who seemed determined to have the last green spire by the wayside, and then coming to his feet, he would bring the cows all into file and then hop backward on one foot by way of variety. Every motion was faught with the grace of exuberant life, and touched with the nicest shade of character. He never soiled or tore his clothes by his tumbling; the last somerset being made on the last patch of green grass near the city, and his walking became exceedingly proper before he reached his Uncle's gate.

"There is character in that performance," remarked one gentleman to another as they followed him at a little distance. "That boy knows what he is about every time. He never soils his clothes nor tears them, but sport he will have in the cheapest way. I have watched him for a week and he never forgets himself. I am going to try and secure him for a clerk."

"What that morsel of humanity! He wouldn't lift Webster's Dictionary without endangering his toes."

"Never fear. He would invent some method of getting it in place if it were twice as large as himself. Depend upon it, he has that genuine yankee endowment *tact*, and that is the secret of success. He is the son of a poor New England widow who has come out west to earn her bread independently, and she has taught her boy his first lesson in self-reliance and propriety, with a thoroughness that none but a New England Mother attains. He brings the cows, tends the chickens, and nurses the children for his Uncle's folks—to pay his board, and I think he would prefer larger business. Here he comes. I am going to see what he will say for himself."

Mr. Howard was a bookseller who was just transplanting himself and his business to the West, and he knew full well the value of New England training; for his own energies had been developed through the necessities incident to that rigorous climate and ungenerous soil.

"Well Charley," said he, "how would you like to be a clerk in my store?"

The boys blue eyes glowed like flame as he looked up with surprise and joy mingled in his countenance.

"I should like it very much indeed sir," said he, his diminutive frame swelling to its utmost capacity. He was but little bigger even then than Tom Thumb. "Could you come to my room in the morning and get the key to the store, and unlock it and sweep it out and dust the counters before my breakfast time?"

"Yes sir," was Charley's decided answer. "Well then, ask your uncle and if he is willing you may come to-morrow morning and see what you can do."

"My uncle has nothing to do with me," was his emphatic reply. "I shall ask my mother and she will let me come I know. I am tired of tending cross babies," he added with a swell of importance.

Before sunrise the following morning Charley knocked at Howard's sleeping room and called for the key. When he came in he found his store swept and dusted and arranged in the most perfect order, and his clerk awaiting the advent of customers with all the importance of a man of business. At the sound of a footstep he was on the alert, and Howard amused himself by watching the tact and ready apprehension of the lad in finding out the secrets of trade without seeming to be ignorant of anything connected with his new avocation.

Arrangements were soon made with his mother and the boy commenced his apprenticeship with a determination to master every detail. Here was the beginning of his career, and that beginning would not have been made but for the New England energy imparted from his mother. He had early learned to be truthful, honest, and self-denying, and his mother's word was his law. The key to many a glorious career is simply early discipline through Toil and Want, angels that minister to us in sad disguise, but in the end we learn to know them and to bless their kindly ministrations.

The new business thrived well for the employer in the hands of his clerk, who seemed

to call about him a spirit of activity, and as people say to attract all sorts of fishes to his net. He never forgot a lacking book that was twice called for, nor failed to offer for sale those that had too long cumbered the shelves. Fortunately for after life, Howard was a man of thorough business habits himself, as well as a person of comprehensive judgement in reference to the world of trade, and Charley, from his indefatigable efforts to succeed, in a few years became a full confidant in all his operations.

The publishing business offered to Howard such inducements that he finally removed to a larger city and added this as a supplementary business to his already prosperous establishment. Charley was gradually inducted into all the details of publishing and selling at wholesale, and finally rendered himself so thoroughly master of every department of the business that at twenty-one, Howard made him general overseer in both departments whenever he found it necessary to be absent, and gave him a salary of a thousand dollars per annum.

He had never forgotten mother or sister, and his love of acquiring money had grown strong through his desire to relieve them from all hardships, though it had not eradicated his natural generosity. For them no sacrifice would have been too great had they required it, but now they were above want and he could lay the foundation of his own future.

Charley had a crony whose name too, was Dale, and he had a sister attending boarding school in an adjacent village. The rules forbade the young ladies receiving attentions from gentlemen, and none but their relations were allowed to visit them. So Harry, who had drawn largely upon the credulous fancy of his chum in regard to the angelic beauty of a certain "Blue eyed Mary," generously volunteered to smuggle him in as a cousin who had every right to see his sister. Mary was not aware of the plot, and had kindly yielded to the entreaties of her friend to stay and be just introduced to her brother, but when she saw a stranger, she darted away across the garden,

displaying a wealth of brown ringlets and blushes that forever sealed the fate of our hero. He caught a glimpse of her white muslin bonnet as he went out at the gate like Adam driven from Paradise. * Whether he wrote sonnets or not doth not appear quite clear to your Clairvoyant, but he became powerfully effected with the beauty of the scenery of the country, and often walked there of an evening for the benefit of the fresh air, so much more salubrious than in a populous city.

Sometimes he peeped into the paradise from which he was so unkindly barred, and sometimes his cousinly devotion proved a passport with Harry through the gates into what seemed to him a celestial city. At last by some magical incantation, or legerdemain of some sort, he got Mary to cast a kindly glance or two upon him, and then he grew so bold as to write. What a luxury to watch at twilight for a full half hour, by the wall that shut in the desire of his heart, just to throw over a dainty effusion, penned with the utmost care, and receive a little three cornered note in return.

Mary was an orphan, and that rendered her still more charming, and increased his indignation at the "ogress," as her most excellent teacher was so unjustly denominated. I trust he has long since repented of such flagrant injustice.

But Mary's imprisonment was relieved by one annual vacation, spent with her dear old grandmother a little out of the city, and this was duly improved by our hero. Here the vexed current of true love began to grow smooth under the kindly indulgent eye of the dear old grand mother, who looked with favorable eyes upon the youth, and permitted Mary to treat him with cordiality.

It is said that if matches are made in heaven, some people have few friends there. But Charley was evidently a favorite, for up to this time, there had scarcely been a ripple in the silvery tide of love on which he then embarked with Mary. She was the heiress of a small fortune, but that he held sacred, and refused to merge it in his own. She was little more than a child wife when he took her to the little cottage

ne had hired, so that they might enjoy the truest luxury of life, a home. But she had such womanly ways, and entered upon her new duties with such a desire to become a skillful housekeeper, that all went on harmoniously. He loved music, and birds and flowers, and these little graces of life shut out a multitude of temptations to evil.

Business was all the time promptly attended to. He never had to apologize for late hours on the score of a late breakfast, nor to stay at home and tend a sick wife, who had been made sad and heartsick by finding that her husband was no longer her lover. (Stick a pin there, for I have unintentionally torn a hole in the veil that covers society.)

After a few years he began to think of business on his own account. He was conscious of a capacity sufficiently matured to warrant such a step and spoke of it to his employer, who offered to raise his salary, which had already reached fifteen hundred, to two thousand a year, but he declined. An acquaintance had proposed a copartnership which he thought advantageous, and he resolved to test his own ability in the management of business. He removed to another city, rented a store; by a little forecast secured the whole building for a term of years, and by renting what his business would not require saved half the ordinary rent. He selected his stock of books carefully, secured the best clerks, established a system of perfect order, and then with his customary vigilance looked out for trade. He had been faithful to his employer, and it was an easy matter to serve himself as devotedly. Here is where some men have failed. They have served others with so little fidelity that they do not know how to serve even themselves.

Charley Dale had laid all his plans for opening correspondence with country merchants, and thus establishing a wholesale business, when the news suddenly came that his partner had died of cholera. This was for a time a sad recoil. He had but little capital for so large a business as he had opened, and he dreaded to involve himself in debt while there was the least shadow of uncertainty.

Gentlemen who apprehended his talents as a man of business, offered to loan him all that he might require, but he chose to remain independent of obligation. A friend with whom he opened a correspondence accepted a partnership on the terms proposed by his former partner, and his business went on without any interruption. At the close of the year, not a book remained upon the shelves which he brought on at the commencement of his business, so there was nothing to be deducted from the profits of the sales for dead books. The first dividend showed the partner's share equal to his investment.

The next year it was doubled by his untiring energy and ceaseless vigilance. Now, after the lapse of a little more than four years, the sales amount to more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

I suppose you think that by this time he has forgotten birds and flowers and music, and that Mary has quite forgotten her pride in her little domestic cares.

No such thing. He comes home and waltzes with his little daughter while mother plays on the piano, enjoys a game of horse with Charley junior, whistles to the mocking bird, crows to the baby, and stirs up as musical and agreeable a confusion generally, as though his business only amounted to a thousand a year.

I stopped in a few evenings since to make a friendly call. We sat in the parlor for a time, and I remarked that they kept the same neat unostentatious furniture that graced it four years ago, but they had added a few costly articles, as well as a multitude of little gems of art that looked wonderfully like love-tokens from Charley to his blue eyed Mary.

I had hardly examined and admired them all when he said, "Come, let's go to the nursery and see the babies." I followed, and there, all lapped in the arms of slumber lay the rich man's choicest treasures.

Bless me, I nearly forgot the moral, but may be you can make it out if you are good at guessing; if not, I will tell you the secret. His success was not accidental, but has resulted from thoroughness, energy, and a happy home.

A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

On one of the hottest days of last July, it was a great relief to leave behind the dusty, sweating and roaring city to enjoy the fresh bracing air of the lakes, snugly quartered in the apartments of good Lady Elgin, as noble a matron as orders her floating palace upon the inland seas. Happy the passenger who, as the receding city sinks down from his view, leaves buried there his feverish cares, and now surrenders himself to healthy recreation. That stranger party mutually survey each other's person, dress and general deportment, taking estimate of the character and social position of their fellow voyagers. Soon by

indirect address and mutual admiration of the scenery, the ice of ceremony is broken, and we feel almost like a family, and the trusty, courteous Captain seems already like a father. Now, pace the deck, expand your lungs, drink in the inspiring gas, as it presses upon you in the breeze. Now, the weather, the trip, the company, and now politics in its all engrossing relation to slavery are the topics of remark and discussion. What a little world we are, afloat out of sight of land, the bright blue sea all around; here are home, comfort, families, civilization, children, and good living, for the geese and turkeys below occasionally squawk to inform us they are on hand for many a good dinner.



STRAITS OF MACKINAW.

Thirty-six hours of sail have borne us over the mighty waters of Lake Michigan, and we now realize the wise Providence which has placed in the center of our Continent such fountains of purity and fertility, for without them this great internal basin would be a desert, dismal with barrenness and disease. And still the King of Lakes is before us, superior to all.

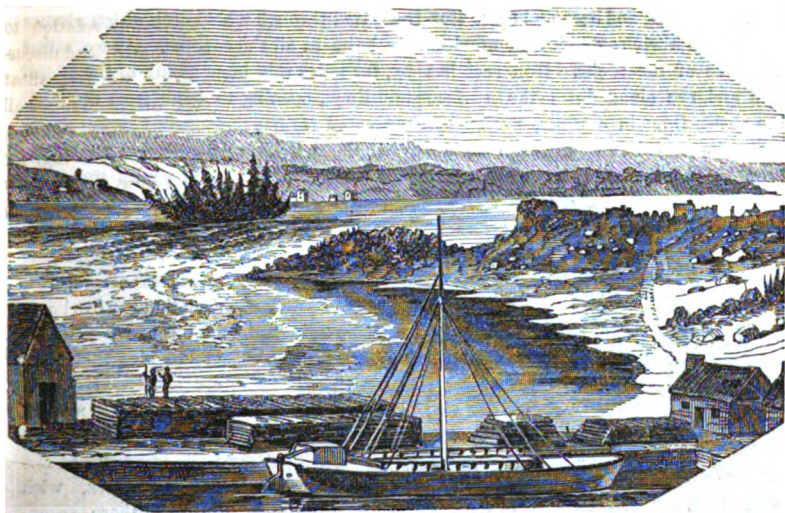
Passing through St. Mary's river we saw the necessity of the appropriation which President Pierce vetoed, and Congress passed over him, as we found the steamer Superior and two sail vessels aground upon the "Flats," a wide shallow expansion of

the stream. The rapids no longer forbid the entrance of vessels into the great lake above. A noble ship canal, one mile long, the workmanship of which is magnificent, has been constructed along the shore of the Falls, which now brings the vast region washed by the Superior into connection with the Ocean. Sault St. Mary, at the Rapids, is a curious, little, old, decayed village, that has been growing for two hundred years, since the Jesuits there planted a station, and gathered around them a motley group of Indians and half-breeds. This is most of the population now. The dress and physiognomy you see, and the language you hear

in the streets, seem to place you in a foreign country.

The making of the canal gave a temporary flush of building and business, but there is but very little thrift left. They have no lands under cultivation in the back country,

and no mines. On our return while the boat was locking through the canal, several of the passengers tried the hazardous experiment of going down the rapids in a canoe. They went down safely; but a short time before several persons had been drown-



SAULT ST. MARIE.

ed in the same undertaking. And lying by there a while, the natives gathered around the vessel, in fantastic costume, and had a regular Indian dance with singing and the banjo—a pow-wow indeed.

Fort Brady partakes of the spirit of the place, its houses dilapidated, the cannon-carriages rotting in their tracks, and a petty squad of foreigners for soldiers hardly deserving the name of a U. S. Garrison.

Here we saw as a specimen of the dignity of manhood; two soldiers mounted astride a huge cannon upon its wheels, facing each other, with their thick woollen over coats on under a burning sun, their feet and hands tied below and above with a paltry tow-string; and this was maintaining the discipline of the U. S. Army for leaving premises without permission, just as certain of the "Fustest families of Virginia," in delapidation, have to keep up appearances by the spang of gentility.

Opposite this place, on the Canada side, is an old trading fort in good repair, and also a Military post furnished with a few men,

who are upon no unfriendly terms with their brethren of the military post on this side of the river.

As you enter the Superior you are struck with the exceeding clearness of the water, such that you can see the bottom at great depth, every fissure in the rock, and every glittering pebble; and the reflection of the heavens from below seems not flat but concave, the apex resting upon the bottom of the lake.

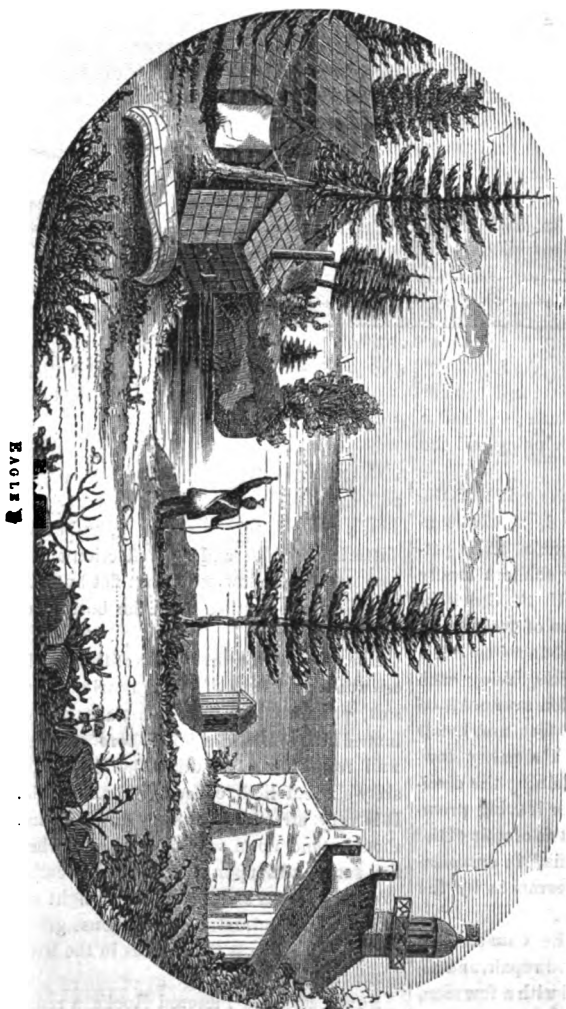
The first one hundred miles of the Southern shore is a drift of sand, nearly white, soft, perfectly bare, at some places rising immediately from the lake shore a naked wall from thirty to three hundred and sixty-six feet high, called the Grand Sable. It is very strange that such shifting sand should stand up in such a bank; and when the sun shines upon it there is a peculiar glow of richness and beauty, the bright silver sand in contrast with the dense green foliage of the forest that stands in the back ground.

Next came the Pictured Rocks, a range

of sand-stone wall, perpendicular from the waters edge, two hundred feet high, extending for many miles, the top of which is not a mountain or a ridge but a plateau, covered with thick woods and occasional swamps. Once in a while a ravine occurs, studded with trees, and here and there sturdy pines force their roots into the crevices on the face of the rocks. Iron rust has exuded and run along down the surface of the wall. Once in a while, avalanches of stone have slid down and been broken

into irregular shapes. An enormous cavern had been worn into the rock with a beautiful arched passage way, one hundred feet high, large enough to receive a schooner in full sail. As you look into the cave, rays of light are seen crossing it, admitted through a side arch which pierces the butment of the caverns. As we sailed by, for miles this huge mouth of the Mountain Rock, opening to drink from the lake, presented various magnificent appearances. With the sun shining upon these rocks, to-

gether with the effect of the iron rust and the trees, they present a great variety and gorgeousness of pictures, such that you can hardly dispossess yourself of the idea that they are reality. Here are the ruins of an old city with dilapidated walls and relics of former greatness, with here and there an antique house standing upon the debris, having windows, doors and chimneys and even the curling smoke. Then a Temple is seen in a receding portion of the shore, of immense proportions,—with colonades, gothic windows, doors, and towers, and on each side of the temple a massive tower stands with threatening port holes, looking upon the temple as if to guard it. And there a two-masted schooner, in full sail with fore-sail and main sail spread in due form and position, driving among the rocks. But a melancholy interest will hereafter attach



TABLE

to these beautiful rocks from the fact that a vessel, the staunch old Superior having parted her rudder in a furious storm in October last, was driven resistlessly upon them and broken to pieces, but very few on board being left to tell the story.

Marquette, named from the Romish Missionary, one hundred and fifty miles from the Sault, a pleasant flourishing village, embowered in native forests, with its neat church and school-house, is the shipping place for the iron mines. These are fifteen miles back, from which the ore is transported to the village by a horse railway. And here is iron enough to supply the world for thousands of years. Hills rise up two hundred feet above the adjacent land, which is several hundred feet above the lake. The process of mining is very simple. Just scrape off a few inches from the surface of the hills, and there is the iron, not in veins, not in drifts, not in shafts, but in a solid *mountain* of ore. Put in a single blast and tons of fragments are ready to be shoveled into barrows, to be wheeled a few feet and dumped into the rail car standing along side.

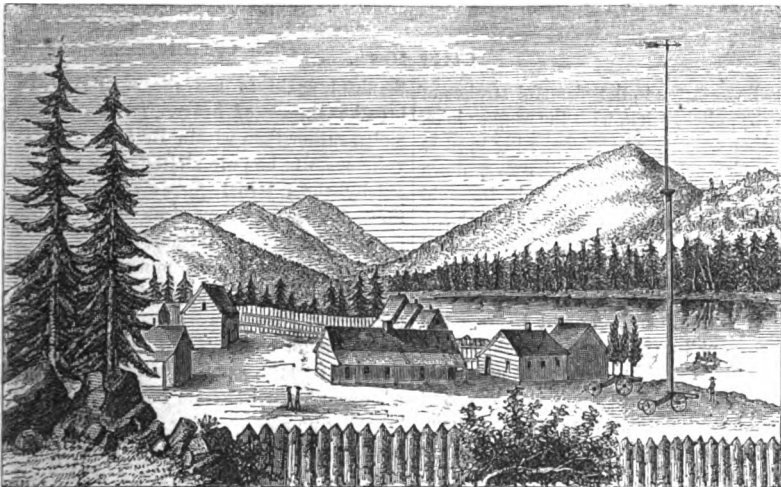
These hills extend forty or fifty miles, covered like other hills with drift and trees, literal mountains of iron, the immensity of whose wealth would stagger the loftiest imagination. Behold here the magnificent scale of the works of the great Creator. In

what gigantic laboratories were these metal hills prepared? This ore is of the purest kind, yielding 75 per cent of pure iron, and is of the very best quality, said to be tougher and stronger than iron from Russia. The ore is transported to Cleveland and Pittsburgh for smelting, as there is no coal here, and labor very high. And yet those mighty forests might furnish charcoal enough almost to smelt those solid mountains.

Upon the whole Southern shore of 500 miles there is one unbroken scene of rough hills, rising rarely above 200 feet, covered with pine timber in dark green foliage, in deep and solemn tranquility, undisturbed by the clearing of a single farm, and only spotted here and there with the little mining villages upon the water brink.

The northern shore is much more rough and jagged, cliffs sometimes rising in wild grandeur 600 to 700 hundred feet. Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor and Eagle river are small towns upon Keweenaw Point, each of them shipping places for copper. At Eagle Harbor is Fort Wilkins, now abandoned by the U. S., and used for a water-cure boarding house, which is very well managed.

Of the 200 copper mines that have been opened only 25 or 30 are now worked, and only *two* pay a dividend, but these have had splendid success, these are the Cliff mine at Eagle River and the Minnesota, 20 miles back from Ontonagon, the largest village



FORT WILKINS.

upon the lake, at the mouth of a river of the same name, upon which the copper is floated down for shipment.

Let us go into one as a sample of the rest, the Cliff Mine, at the South eastern and precipitous base of a range of hills running the whole length of Keweenaw Point, for miles back from Eagle River.

Now off with your nice garments and put on this dirty stiff, uncouth Miners' suit, and don't be afraid of soiling your dignity.— Follow the guide to the hole in the ground, and down after him by a ladder fifty feet. Now you have come to a drift, an excavation nearly level, and follow the vein which is four feet wide and five feet high, in some

places much larger. The rock is cut away and there lies the pure copper in masses from one to three feet thick, and from three to twenty feet long, which is cut into pieces, such as can be handled, by the cold-chisel driven by a pair of sledge hammers, and then run out on a real "under-ground rail road" to the shaft and there elevated to the surface by machinery alone. Now follow up this drift 700 feet, and then go down to another still lower, where you find the same appearances and operations, and then down to another, and another until you are 400 feet below the surface and have wandered for two hours in these dark deep paths. Behold the miner's lamp gleaming and



CLIFF MINE.

twinkling—listen to the cheerful strokes of industry, click, click, with the song or joke, and then stop your ears as the big blast is to thunder and split the solid rocks, down in these subterranean caverns! Does old Earth become vexed at these intrusions? No, this is the way she stimulates industry, and makes her treasurers appreciated. This work is carried on all the while by three sets of hands, each working eight hours. But now for a pull up perpendicular ladders, 400 feet, wet and muddy. You start up briskly but as you climb lifting yourself you find your avordupois seems to reverse the law of gravity, becoming heavier the farther you get from the center of the Earth, until you roll yourself over upon the upper surface,

thankful again to see the sun-light and breathe the air of heaven, on top of the globe, rather than within its jaws. These veins seem to be pure melted copper, injected by the internal forces of nature up through fissures or crevices made in the crust of the earth by volcanic throes.

In the two successful mines mentioned only is the "mass copper" found; all the others find "barrel-work," small pieces of copper found and barreled for transportation, and "stamp-work," minute particles of copper separated from the mass rock by breaking up and by being stamped in the great mortars of the stamping mill by machinery. The Cliff Mine alone will send 1800 tons of copper this year.

Again we steam towards the head of the Great Lake. We approach the Apostle Islands, so called by the Jesuits from their number. They look like green oases in the desert, and now as you pass among them, you look up through the long watery spaces which resemble splendid avenues well ornamented with shrubbery and shade-trees, for the Islands are all covered with dense pine. The sole occupant of one of them is a Scotch hermit who does not allow any one to land upon his isolated home, not even the tax-gatherer whom he drives away, unwilling to pay a small percentage upon his Royal Domain. On another lives an adopted son of the Indian Chief, Buffalo; and elect Vice President Breckenridge is said to have purchased one of them as a country seat—quite as pleasant as any villa upon the banks of the Saline River.

La Pointe is upon the lower part of the Southernmost Island, a beautiful location, selected two hundred years ago by the Jesuits as a site for a mission. A Catholic church with its Priest and its mummery yet attest to their work. But there is no thrift, little business but fishing—inhabitants, Indians and half-breeds, lazy and dirty. Broad acres, once cleared and cultivated lie open and idle for lack of enterprise to improve them. What a splendid plan had Popery early adopted for the subjugation of this country, with its line of posts across the North, Quebec, Detroit, Sault St. Mary, La Pointe, Prairie Du Chien, and across the West down to the Mississippi river, Dubuque, Kaskaskia and St. Louis! But Providence has signally defeated all those schemes, leaving their outposts far in the rear of advancement, or covering them up by the enterprise of Protestantism. At La Pointe stands a house built by John Jacob Astor, and used by him for a fur trading post, surrounded by an old traders' picket fort.

But now we approach the western end of the lake—the shore appears on both sides of us, and evidently is coming around to meet before us. Presently we espy the place where Superior City is. The end of the lake rounds up regularly, and the city stands at the extremity, 25 feet above the

lake, strung along upon the shore for two miles, set into the edge of the forest, which remains undisturbed in its primeval wildness back only the distance of two or three blocks, the mighty wilderness of the North West having crowded all civilization down upon the water's edge, and the waves having driven it back into the skirt of the woods. The sight is beautiful as you approach from the lake, and as you come nearer you see a point of land making down from the North shore, and a similar one from the South shore, right in front of the city, leaving just a proper space between their extremities for vessels to enter one of the most splendid Harbors in the world, safe from any winds, and of most ample dimensions, lying between the main shore and these points, which are called Wisconsin and Minnesota points, as they belong respectively to them.

On each side of the city comes in a fine river emptying into the harbor, and pouring their confluent streams through the one outlet to the lake, and thus by their combined action keeping the mouth of the harbor clear.

The city is only two years old and has a population of 1200, with as good a Hotel as there is North of Chicago, a Presbyterian and a Methodist Church, each with a Minister.

A Railroad is to connect this place and St. Paul's in two years, for which appropriations of land have been made, which will make all that vast and beautiful North West region tributary to Superior, and furnish one of the finest trips in the U. S.—up the lakes—across by Rail—and down the Mississippi. In time this place must be for Lake Superior what Chicago is for Lake Michigan. Proprietors there are sanguine or realizing the highest ideas at an early period, and if their present high rates do not prove an inflation, they may.

We cannot but express our high appreciation of the *Superior* advantages of this excursion, as a summer recreation. The bracing air, the stimulus of constant novelty and discovery, the freedom from the conventionalities of our fashionable watering places, all invite to this trip of the great inland lakes.

BELOIT.

WISCONSIN.*

In a literal sense no history of a great proportion of our Western cities can be written. They have none dating beyond the memory of scores of their living citizens. Of the change from the wild hunting grounds and quiet villages of the redmen to the bustle and noise of the great city and commercial mart, men among their inhabitants, yet in the full enjoyment of the prime and vigor of manhood, have been the observers. Of most, the history will be entirely written in the sentence which would say, "Here, around this garrison, or that hut, about 18—, commenced to be formed the settlement which, continually and rapidly increasing at a ratio unequalled in the history of any other part of the world save the West, now forms the city of —, now numbering — thousand souls within her precincts." Their memoirs may indeed be written, but they are entirely comprised, and would be more fully chronicled, in a biographical sketch of some individual prominent among her earlier citizens.

There are weighty reasons, having especial reference to the readiness for obtaining the necessary data, however, the tourist will find who visits them, sketch-book and pencil in hand, prepared to note those memoirs or that biography, why he should entitle his jottings the history of a certain city rather than the biographies of certain men.

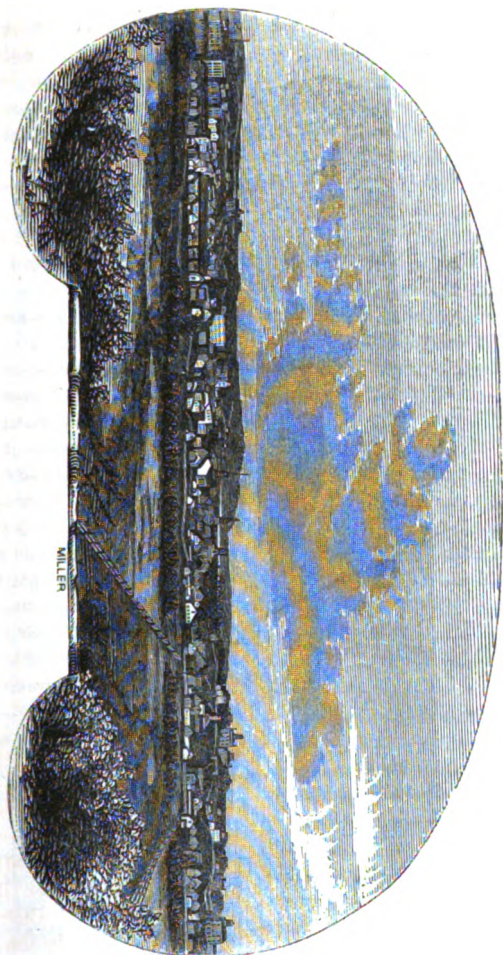
In a secluded portion of Dodge county, Wisconsin, embowered by protecting woods, sequestered from all but the over-arching heavens by their protecting shade, only to be reached by circuitous roads through a new and heavily timbered country, lies Lake Horicon—as lovely a sheet of water as that State even, with her thousand lochs and bays, distinguished for their quiet

grandeur and beauty, can boast. Forming its only outlet, from it flows Rock River: on, through the counties of Jefferson and Rock in Wisconsin, o'er the broad vales of Winnebago, Ogle, Lee, Whiteside and Henry counties, in Illinois, dividing them as with a silken band; it rolls in beauty, fertilizing its borders, forming throughout its course rapids which furnish the best water power in either State, gathering strength and volume from small tributaries as it pours forward with increased rapidity at every league, as in seeming haste to bury its murmuring current in the bosom of the "Father of Waters." On the western borders of Rock Island county, Ill., the parent stream receives the lovely wanderer, bearing its clear waters onward to their ocean home.

Upon either side of Rock River, in the extreme south of Rock county, Wis., just north of the line that separates that State from its elder sister, Illinois, is the young and growing city of Beloit, delightfully situated between two continuous bluffs which skirt its eastern and western border, marking the course of the river; upon the picturesque brows of which are situated the Seminary and College buildings, the Public Schools, and many fine private residences. A view, necessarily distant, of the city is given by our artist from a daguerreotype sketch, taken on the 15th of January last, from the top of the commanding and beautiful residence of Rev. Alex. MONTGOMERY, which occupies a high bluff about half a mile south of the city limits, upon the Illinois side,† from which point the whole city is spread out like a beautiful panorama before the observer, bringing into full view the churches and principal business blocks, the Bushnell House—one of the finest hotels in the whole country—relieved in the distance by the college buildings, public and high schools, also, the mills and machine shops which occupy a portion

*In gathering the facts from which our writer has compiled the sketch of Beloit, he feels to acknowledge with thankfulness the courtesies of many of her prominent citizens, who manifested a lively interest in giving him aid in his work: among whom he would specially mention A. B. CARPENTER, Esq., of the Exchange Bank, JOHN HACKETT and W. T. GOODRUM, Esqs., Messrs. WILSON & NEWCOMB, the gentlemanly agents of the Beloit Paper Mill Co., and the Editorial Fraternity.

†The view accompanying this does not do justice to the city, inasmuch as the point from which the daguerreotype copy was taken was distant, and the houses and grounds being covered with snow, caused a misty, indefinite appearance to the picture, which could not be obviated in the drawing. In our next number we shall present another view, which will do justice to this beautifully located city, and redeem our promise to its citizens.—Ede.



of the excellent and extensive water power formed by the rapids in the river.

Few inland towns can boast of better natural advantages, in point of location, or of citizens better calculated to turn these resources to account.

Beloit, doubtless, has a history far back of the era when her beautiful valley first charmed the eye of "Old Tebo," or Mr. BLODGETT and his associates; or even the early day when good FATHER MESNARD made his first mission tour to Che-goimegon and the region of Lake Superior; the old grass-covered mounds rising at intervals along her high bluffs, prominent yet tongueless and silent, tempting the inquisitive scholar and furnishing food for the speculations of the antiquarian, date far back to a nation and race of people long since mingled with the dust, whose chronicles and history live only in the wild legends of the tribes who occupied the territory made vacant by their removal. From their wild traditions some grains of truth might be sifted, which would serve as stand-points in the search for defined records of the builders of these tumuli. But they too have passed away. Slowly and sadly, their ears catching for the last time the ever-murmuring of their gentle river—glancing a last, long, eager gaze along its quiet borders, they turned away to trace o'er yon prairie a dreary way, to the strange homes and unknown hunting grounds apportioned them—beyond the Father of waters—under the setting sun.

In the year 1835, CALEB BLODGETT, bought for \$250 a tract of land some four miles square, of a certain Frenchman named THIEBEAU, or "TEBO," who not only laid claim to more wives than civilized usages tolerate, but the bounds of whose farming territory stretched to the complete compass of the more moderate demands of new adventurers, so that he was the nominal owner, in common phrase, of "all the land adjoining him." Considering the extent of TEBO's "claim" in territory, the consideration demanded by him was very willingly paid by BLODGETT, whose enterprise could not rest within the narrow limits of 320 acres, prescribed in those days by gen-

eral consent as the amount one individual could hold in his own name. Having satisfied TEBO, the next work was to make his claim stand the scrutiny of those who were less in favor of land monopoly, which was accomplished by bringing upon the land ignorant and shiftless men and minors, who ostensibly made claims for themselves but in fact for Blodgett, so that by this means, in process of time, he became the acknowledged proprietor of the four mile purchase; and the first land sale we find on record was that of a quarter section which he sold an adventurous pioneer for a span of horses.

In August, 1836, Messrs. MOORE & GOODHUE purchased of BLODGETT one-half of his claim in Beloit and commenced building on the property a saw-mill; the following year Mr. MOORE added a grist-mill to the works. These, it is believed, were the first mills of the kind in the State; which, attracting to themselves at once, customers from the territory for more than a hundred miles around them, aided in no small degree to build up the settlement.

In January, 1837, Dr. HORACE WHITE, as agent for the New England Company, bought of MOORE & GOODHUE one-third of their purchase. The accessions made that year, through this agency, to the new settlement were of a nature to establish permanently the character of the place. To this source, more, perhaps, than any other, is the eminent social position Beloit now holds among the thriving towns of the West to be attributed. About this time the name of the village, which had for a few months been called New Albany, was changed to the more euphonious one of Beloit, which, notwithstanding its classical sound, has neither the merit of being significant of anything, like ancient names, or of following the more ruling passion of fastening some pompous quotation from antiquity to most incongruous and inapt transitions from time past to time present. It was, as we are informed, purely the product of accident, or we should rather say perhaps, an "inspiration" of one of the "seers" who were on a certain day convened together in the capacity of a "com-

mittee" for a christening, making sorry attempts to jumble English and French together.

On the 6th of November of the same year, underact of Congress passed in April, 1836, was convened the second session of the territorial legislature of Wisconsin, which included the territory west of the Mississippi and north of Missouri, this session was, by proclamation of Gov. Dodge, convened at Burlington, on the Mississippi, in the present State of Iowa, at which session Madison was designated as the future seat of Government. To obtain an act of incorporation or a seminary and serve the interests of the youthful settlement, which otherwise might have been overlooked, where the claims of so large a territory were to be adjusted—two of her citizens were sent to the Legislature as lobby members, who passed down the river to Rock Island in a "dug out," or wood canoe, taking from thence the steamboat to Burlington.

During the earlier years of the settlement, the people of Beloit bought and sold claims while yet but squatter sovereigns of the territory of their embryo city. During these years all those peculiarly vexatious proceedings which attend settling upon government lands without any legal title, were experienced. The simple process of turning a furrow round an eighty acre lot was the manner of "making a claim" in those days; this process entitling the claimant to all the rights of an actual purchaser, enabling him to dispose of it as a bona fide owner, or if he remained on his "claim" as an actual settler, or made some such improvements as indicated a design to become one, such as throwing up a few logs, poles, or boards in the shape of a shanty, plowing a few acres, or fencing a lot, the neighboring settlers, if they did not prevent the *jumping* of his claim, were frequently of great service in assisting him to recover it. If no improvements were made, the settler run the risk of losing his claim while absent preparing to occupy it; as some other adventurer might take possession of his contemplated property, without saying as much as "by your leave, sir!" This proceeding

was called *jumping a claim*; from it the settlers had no remedy, except that of forcible ejectment, the person in possession having decidedly the advantage. The settlers, forced by the necessities of the case, had, in the time intervening between the occupation of the territory and the bringing of the land into market by the Government, so perfected among themselves a certain system of entry and title to claims, based upon public opinion and generally conceded principles of law, in anticipation of the action of the general Government, which so facilitated subsequent operations that when the public land sales came off, one man was found sufficient to represent the interests of the many settlers.

Not unlike other towns in their early days, the people of Beloit had their days of fullness and scarcity: their post-office and principal market being Chicago—a distance of ninety miles, over broken and unfrequented roads, a week and even fortnight being often consumed in going to and from this point of trade. As a consequence, much of the time flour was worth from eighteen to twenty dollars per barrel and pork from thirty to forty dollars. But like the chosen people in the wilderness, they were not without some token of a bountiful Providence in the days of the greatest scarcity. When from any cause a great scarcity prevailed, recourse was had to the river, and MOORE & GOODHUE's mill-race was caused to overflow its banks, when the receding water left the shores thickly covered with fish, which were gathered up in baskets. This "manna," together with the deservedly famous hoe-cake, formed no inconsiderable portion of the "daily food" of the early settlers. In such a land, with such a people, scarcity could not long remain. Within three years corn was sold for ten cents, and a bushel of wheat was refused for a pound of saleratus.

In the winter of '38 the first church was organized by five individuals of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion. About the same time one of the Congregational order was also established, sustained by mission aid.

Now there are no less than six of the



BELOIT, WISCONSIN.—(See note at foot of Page 74.)

different denominations of the Christian Church represented by from fifty to four hundred members each, and those who, not many years since, worshipped in a barn or other uncomfortable shelter, now meet in costly and elegant temples consecrated to the service of the Most High.

Till 1839 the postal advantages of Beloit were exceedingly limited, their first post-office being Chicago, next Belvidere, and then Roscoe, Illinois. It is now the termini of no less than ten mail routes, five of them being daily; the office yielding an annual revenue of about \$4,000 to the postal department.

No western towns, forward as they are in improvements, have seemed more deeply solicitous to blend with their rapid industrial growth the elements of religious and social elevation, and we early find interwoven with its history the means tending to the educational advancement of the young of both sexes.

As early as 1844, only two years after the town of Beloit had been recognised by the Territorial Legislature, the idea of establishing a college for the northwest in Beloit, was agitated. Three years afterwards, in 1847, the corner stone of the first college edifice was laid under the auspices of the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations. Since 1850 the institution has been under the charge of a competent faculty, headed by Rev. A. L. CHAPIN, D. D., as President. The college grounds are situated on the east side of Rock River upon a high bluff, commanding a beautiful view of the city and adjacent country, near the former site of "Turtle Village," which, prior to the Black Hawk war, was a considerable town of the Winnebago Indians, the site and building being a donation from the citizens of Beloit. The institution has received some slight endowments from its friends at the East. It has a fine cabinet, large library, good apparatus, and the reputation of graduating as thorough classes as any that go forth from eastern schools.

As late as 1854, a new Female Seminary was established here, occupying grounds contiguous to the college. Though but a

short time since its organization its success has far exceeded the expectation of its founders, and realized the most flattering hopes of its patrons and friends.

In addition to the foregoing her citizens, determined, that in educational advantages she shall not be behind any rival, have perfected and put in successful operation her common school system, and within the past year substantial and beautiful structures have been built upon either bank of the river to accommodate its requirements.

Though it was not until 1848, Wisconsin came into the Union as a State, not one of her older sisters has made better provision for their schools; she having, for a population of about 600,000, made appropriations in lands and other ways to an amount equivalent to \$5,000,000, which is a perpetual sinking fund, the interest of which is expended annually for the benefit of the youth of the State, about one sixteenth of whom belong to Rock county.

The population of Beloit in 1838, numbered some 115 souls in the present city limits; in 1850, 2,753; in 1853, 3,017, and now in 1857, there cannot be less than 6,000 people within her precincts. Around her is one of the finest agricultural regions in the Northwest. Unlike the pioneers of the Atlantic States, whose hardy sons were compelled to brave not only the tempest, the prowling savage and wild beast, but rough, barren and stony lands, which, before they were fit to till, had first to be chopped, burnt, cleared, and then for years annoying the toiling yeoman with stumps and stones, impeding the progress of the plow, and diminishing the productions of the soil: the early settlers of Rock county saw broad, unexplored, and almost boundless fields before them, whose luxuriant soil only waited to receive the plow of the husbandman, to yield him a rich reward—gently undulating, bounded by high bluffs, covered with excellent timber—a beautiful stream flowing through the midst.

The farmers of the town of Beloit—whose territory is mostly embraced within the city limits, bounded by the State line on the South, now have upwards of two thousand acres of land under the plow, from

which the past year they have returned not far from 80,000 bushels of grain, and some 4,000 bush of potatoes, which is but a moiety of the products in the immediate vicinity of the city.

In 1853, the Chicago and Galena Railroad Company pushed a branch of their road to this point, until which time her resources remained to a great degree undeveloped. Now there are three railroads centering here, which have greatly enhanced its property value; as a consequence many of her oldest settlers, who a few years since, would gladly have sold out their interests for comparatively trifling sums, now find themselves enormously wealthy. There are now upwards of \$200,000 of capital invested upon her water-power, which a few years since would not have sold for half the number of hundreds, besides leaving a large amount of power unimproved. Upon Rock River is the large Foundry Establishment and Machine Shop and Mower and Reaper Works of D. S. WARNER & Co., which give employment to over one hundred hands. Adjacent is the extensive Reaper and Mower Establishment of LOVE, OTIS & Co., who yearly turn off to the Western farmer thousands of their deservedly popular machines. The BELOIT PAPER MILL COMPANY have also erected during the past year, a large and commodious building and furnished it with beautiful machinery, where they will produce, yearly, hundreds of tons of print and wrapping papers of a superior quality, giving employment to a large number of both sexes, and furnishing a market for all the rags and straw in the surrounding country, it being the only establishment of the kind in the country. Mr. HACKETT, one of the oldest citizens here, has also a fine flouring mill upon the same stream which is capable of grinding 125 barrels of flour per day, while there are also a large number of other establishments devoted to various branches of labor, which, in the aggregate, turn out tens of thousands of dollars worth of the products of mechanical skill annually, furnishing a continued quota to the prosperity and commercial growth of the city.—Upon Turtle Creek still stands MOORE &

GOODHUE's mill, the oldest in the State, also a new flouring mill, recently erected, capable of grinding two hundred and fifty barrels of flour per day. To attempt to mention all the manufacturing establishments located along the borders of the stream, in the city limits, would require more space than we can devote in this sketch; we can merely point, also, to her new bridges and public works, her steam-mills and extensive business establishments, the plans of improvement now in prospect, as evidences of her enterprise and resources. Within a very few years property here has doubled and trebled in value, and the end is not yet. We do not wish to be understood as saying Beloit has made more rapid progress than many other places, or that the stranger who unites with her his destinies and locates here his habitation, will become rich without effort, or that she is entirely exempt from the vices while possessing all the virtues of fast growing towns, but we do mean to say that there is no city in the circle of our acquaintance, where its business facilities, educational advantages and the high moral tone of her citizens has made us feel more in love with it and its people than this. The busy streets, thronged hotels, the tone of her press, the well filled ships upon the Sabbath day, all indicate to the stranger that he is among a people who, while they are "diligent in business" and rapidly gaining in material prosperity, do not lose sight of the great truths of religion, good sense and sound morals.

As known to the earliest white settlers, her history scarcely traces back more than a score of years, yet in that time the valley of the Rock River, once the favorite hunting grounds of the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes and Sauk Indians, now echoes the busy hum of the steam mill, the water-wheel and the anvil, while the wild game following to the haunts of its wild pursuers, has fled at the approach of the pale-faces. Seminaries of learning look forth upon the past abode of the wild son of forest, and the steam horse sweeps with his train along the valley where the footprints of the red man have not faded away.

THE OCEANIC TELEGRAPH.

Grand results generally originate in small beginnings. Thousands of familiar facts prove this proposition. The dim dawns of the first gray light of the morning precede the blaze of the meridian. The diminutive acorn springs up and becomes an oak, monarch of the forest. The majestic Amazon first issues as a little rill on the eastern declivity of the Andes. A neglected spark kindles a conflagration, and millions of wealth are laid in ashes. So with a thousand other facts. Their origin is simple, but their ultimate results are grand, and often sublimely so.

Familiarity with such facts should never be allowed to lessen their interest, nor should we overlook the simplest truths; for a thorough knowledge of those simplest truths often leads to the discovery of the grandest and most sublime; while he that "despises the day of small things" will probably never live to experience the day of large things.

These reflections are forcibly suggested by the remarkable history of the discovery and wondrous developments of electricity.

For three thousand five hundred years the giant of untold energy had slept, except when he occasionally hurled the red and scathing bolt from the storm-cloud. During this long period no human agency had disturbed the slumber of this Hercules, or attempted to awaken him.

Two thousand four hundred and fifty seven years ago, however, that slumber was partially disturbed by one THALES, a celebrated citizen of Miletus, in Grecian Ionia. To speak without a figure, he discovered, that amber when rubbed, acquired the power, unknown to it in its unexcited state, of attracting to itself certain light bodies in its immediate vicinity.

No wonder THALES stood for a while in mute astonishment at the discovery. No wonder he thought the amber animated with the principle of vitality. The emotions of the mind when a grand fundamental or elementary truth first breaks upon it, are unutterable, and cannot be apprehended or appreciated by the dull phlegmatic, who plods along contentedly, in the path of

his forefathers. Such emotions often find vent in exclamations similar to those of Archimedes, who, after having studied upon an important problem seven years, when the solution came suddenly to his mind, ran through the streets of ancient Syracuse, almost like a maniac, exclaiming frantically—"Eureka! Eureka!! I have found it! I have found it!!"

Who knows but that THALES, when witnessing, in entranced astonishment, the first developments of electricity, might, in prophetic vision have seen the dim foreshadowings of the operations of that wondrous agent, at the noontide of the nineteenth century, and the social revolutions and reorganizations produced by it.

Passing by its various developments from the days of THALES to those of Professor MORSE, the facts of which are familiar to most well informed minds, let us contemplate the climax of its developments, and the grand crowning wonder of the world, compared with which the seven ancient wonders are dwarfish pigmies.

We have all heard in our youthful days the wild and exaggerated nursery tales of giants taller and stronger than "the Anakims," who could draw on their "half-league boots," and outstrip the wind in the chase of their enemies, or in the pursuit of some luckless fugitives escaping from the bondage of their castle. But wild, exaggerated and fabulous as they were, they would have been regarded as *tame and every day realities*, hardly worthy of notice, compared with a sober statement of the wonders of telegraphic communication, at the high noon of the present century.

When Ariel talked of putting "a girdle round the world in forty minutes," neither the speaker nor his hearers considered the expression as anything more than a rhetorical flourish.

Yet in our own times something more extraordinary by far than that rhetorical flourish has become *sober reality*: and what is that something—that sober reality—stranger than fiction—wilder than romance—more extravagant than hyperboles and rhetorical flourishes? It is this? The subtle elemental fires of the storm-cloud, upon whose destructive and fearful energy

in tearing asunder the tough heart of the gnarled oak of five hundred summers, past ages have looked with shivering dread; have been tamed to docility by the inventive powers of man—have been harnessed into the viewless and ethereal mail car of the skies, and sent on friendly and commercial errands from city to city—from sea-coast to sea-coast and from nation to nation, with the combined speed of more than fifty millions of winged winds.

Electricity moves with the velocity of light, if the conductors are good; and light moves with the inconceivable rapidity of more than *two hundred thousand miles per second*.

If then, you could belt the earth with good conductors, perfectly insulated through sea and land, the extravagant conceit and Shakespearean rhodomontade of putting a "girdle round the earth in forty minutes," would be eclipsed completely by the far more wonderful and splendid reality. Instead of going round the world at the snail like pace of 25,000 miles in "forty minutes," it would dart in *less than one second*, eight times round the globe.

And that it *MAY* be thus belted is by no means an improbability.

In Great Britain, St. George's Channel has been traversed with the insulated electric cable to Dublin, the North Channel to Carrickfergus, the Straits of Dover to Calais and Ostend, and the North Sea from Orfordness to the Hague.

Sweden has been connected with the rest of Europe by a submarine cable through the Great Belt, the Little Belt and the Sound to Karlskrona.

France has been linked to her Algerine possessions by a sub-Mediterranean line from Spezia to Cape Corso, and over Corsica and Sardinia to Tunis and thence by land to Algeria.

Before the Crimean War closed Balaklava was connected with Varna by an electric cable, traversing the bed of the stormy Euxine.

Several other submarine lines of telegraph have been projected, connecting different parts of Europe with each other, and Europe with Asia.

These are all significant indices, pointing

prominently and reliably to one grand ultimate result—the precursors of a telegraph belted world.

The incipient conception of such an event was evinced by the project of connecting the main land of the North American Continent with New Foundland, in 1854, by a submarine electric cable, and the attempt to lay that cable in 1855; which, although frustrated temporarily by its loss in a storm; yet, although a failure, proved the impelling motive to still grander conceptions and attempts. The very fact of the loss of that cable aroused to this subject, more thoroughly than ever before, the attention of the whole civilized world, and the dim, doubtful, uncertain idea, which had previously floated like a hazy mist, before the mental eye of a few sanguine and daring souls, that the bed of the wide Atlantic, itself, could be traversed, assumed a more compact definiteness, and clearness of outline, and the magnificent vision began so generally to be considered possible, that incipient preparations were made to test its practicability, made, too, with a zeal and earnestness and an expenditure, that indicated unequivocally that the plan was considered feasible.

That indefatigable experimenter Professor Morse, accomplished the remarkable and conclusive feat of transmitting through an unbroken circuit of 2,000 miles in length, 270 telegraphic signals in a minute, and the ascertained distance across the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Valentia in Ireland is only 1640 miles.

By the luminous and interesting report made some time since to the Navy Department by Lieut. Maury, it appears that a minute survey has been made of the bed of the proposed route, and that there is a remarkable plateau, or submarine tableland, extending the whole distance, the greatest depth of which is only a little over 12,000 feet. •

By numerous soundings made for the purpose, not only of ascertaining its depth, but of bringing to light the composition of the ocean bed, it was found to consist of a soft, fleecy, calcareous earth, unmixed with drift sand, which showed that there was no abrasion, and indicated that the storms

and currents and tides, which agitate the surface of the ocean, do not disturb the leaden silence of its bed, but that the stillness of the grave ever reigns there. This being the case, when once the cable is sunk, it will never be disturbed or abraded by the violent action of currents.

After these satisfactory surveys and experiments, the next question to be answered was—"Can the stock of the Atlantic Telegraph be sold?"—for however magnificent the project, unless money could be procured to execute it, no trans-atlantic electric cable could ever be laid. There were opposing obstacles and influences, which, it was surmised, might make the attempt abortive. One cable had been lost by attempting to lay it between the main land and an island: the effect of that failure might prevent the subscription from being filled. Expectation was, therefore, at its height and thousands waited with feverish suspense to know the result of opening the subscription books in the London stock market.

So stood the enterprise, to our knowledge on this side the ocean up to the tenth day of November, 1856. At noon of that day, simultaneously with the reported arrival of the English steamship at Sandy Hook, another sentence quivered along the wires, and the bulletins of the "associated press" in Wall and Nassau streets, announced to the new world the fact that—"The stock of the Atlantic Telegraph is all taken!" Yes, the three hundred and fifty thousand pounds or one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is all subscribed! This showed conclusively the confidence of capitalists in the feasibility of the project.

Not only is the stock all taken but *twenty per cent* is paid in, and Messrs. Kupper, Glass & Co., of London, have contracted to manufacture the cable which is to connect the old and new world, and have given security that it shall be completed by the 31st of May 1857.

It is further announced that immediately after its completion, two steamers each with one half of the cable on board, will meet in mid-ocean, join the electric band, and then move, one towards the eastern and

the other towards the western continent, running it off into the sea behind them, until they land the two ends on the opposite shores of Ireland and Newfoundland.

But one sentence freighted with deeper and more thrilling meaning than—"the stock of the Atlantic Telegraph is all taken"—can be transmitted along its wires, that sentence will be, when, some time next June, after the cable is sunk in its ocean bed, and connected with its batteries on either continent this message shall be announced to the expectant nations of the world—"The Atlantic Telegraph is a verity—a splendid reality."

And that will be a splendid reality—a reality so intensely splendid—splendid in its accomplishment, and more still in its results—that human language is altogether too beggarly to portray or give suitable vividness to the event—so dazzlingly brilliant that no finite conception can present it in hues of light sufficiently graphic.

Regarded merely in a commercial and business aspect, the event will be inconceivably grand and important. Vast changes and re-organizations will almost immediately be made in the transactions of mercantile and financial circles and in the monetary policy of nations.

Still, to its political, social and moral effect are we to look for the great prodigy of the age—the crowning wonder of time.

In its political effects it will completely eclipse all precedents, and will speedily revolutionize the world. Like a powerful galvanic shock it will electrify, and startle into new, sudden and vigorous life and activity the universal mind of the globe; for its lightning flash will dart every where and pervade all lands.

Soathed and blasted, as with the stroke of the "red levin brand of heaven," old systems of political abuse and corruption will be dashed into ruins; no proud and mail-clad arm of kingly power can save them; and the oppressed nations of the earth will be "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled" from those shackles of barbarous absolutism, which have so long bowed down the free soul, and crippled the energies of those nations.

The Spirit of Enterprise, the Energy, the Free Thoughts, the Independence and

Manliness, the National Democratic Sentiments and Republican sympathies of America—the great doctrines of Inalienable and Equal Rights will be whispered startlingly in the dull ear of the Siberian exile, and light up a smile of hope on his careworn face—will arrest the attention of the roving Tartar and tame and civilize him—will pulsate with new life the sluggish mental atmosphere hanging over the tea-clad hills of China—will send an electrifying thrill along “India’s coral strand”—will resurrect to a new, a brighter and a more enduring life the old republics of Greece and Rome—will harmonize the warring elements, where “Africa’s sunny fountains roll down their golden sands,” and forever banish the inhuman man-stealer from “the broad palmetto’s shade”—will even stimulate the drowsy, dreaming Hottentot in his mud-built cabin—will in short, infuse new life, and hope, and manliness, and activity, and high aspiration into the decayed and degenerated humanities of all Europe, Asia, and Africa—awakening, despite the myrmidons of power and place among their dynasties, all of real manhood remaining; producing a feeling in the heart of the masses of antagonism to arbitrary enactment and tyrannic rule, forerunning or contemporary with resistance to their dictations.

The social and moral effect of that great event will usher in that bright era, foreshadowed by the presentiments of ages—of which poets have sung in extatic measure—which floated sublimely on a sea of glory before the rapt vision of Isaiah—an era, “when many shall run to and fro,” dragged by the winged and thundering locomotive, and “knowledge shall increase and cover the earth;” when Free Thoughts, in all their innate and unshackled independence shall fly, on the pinions of lightning over all the earth, pervading even its darkest corners—when “swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks”—when “nation shall no more rise against nation,” but when all mankind shall be linked together in the endearing bond of an unselfish and glorious brotherhood, and when, uniting their voices

in a grand and swelling chorus, the happy millions of earth shall join with the sympathising and beatified hosts of the universe in rolling through the vaulted arch of the skies the anthem of “PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MAN!”

As the first flash comes over the continent-connecting cable, from the old world to the new, let us flash back to its teeming millions *A Hearty World’s Greeting*. Let Heaven’s most subtle and powerful agent bear, in its first sub-atlantic journey, a message, freighted with the best wishes of this young and giant republic to the nations of the old world, to the farthest realms of Asia, to the swarming population of China, to the sunny vales of Farther India, on, over the sterile wastes of Siberia, to the bright meadows of Persia, across the wheat fields of Russia, to the swarthy dwellers upon the ancient Nile, to the minarets of the city of the Golden Horn, to the classic regions of Italy, to the swarming hordes of Germany, to the vine clad hills of France, to the gray cliffs of old England; and indeed, to the inhabitants of every clime upon which looks the sun in his diurnal round, exciting the responsive and glad shouts to that anthem of every nation of the old world—commingling in one harmonious song with the joyful Peans of the children of the realms of the new, for fraternal brotherhood—PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MAN.

American genius invented the means, American enterprise secured its application to this world union: let American sympathy, and American brotherly tendencies take the initiatory in consecrating for all time, as a GALA DAY FOR THE WHOLE WORLD—a gala day, “which shall, on account of its superior importance, take the precedence of all other holidays—even of our own venerated fourth of July, that, on which, for the first time, the obedient current carrying the glad tidings of its own success, exchanges the warm and cordial greetings of a fraternizing world.

The fastest people under the whole heavens, can with manifest propriety, not only set the example to the more plodding portions of the globe, of thus consecrating that

day, but urge them to imitate that example. Those who travel with locomotive speed under a full head of steam may, without any violation of courteous etiquette, invite to a pause in the race the travelers by the stage.

CHICAGO, the City of that people, which has by universal acknowledgment outstripped in its wonderful progress, in all the elements of abiding success, all competitors, may with *particular* propriety, in a national matter of this moment, take the initiatory, and invite her sister cities of the new world, that, laying aside for a day, all rivalry, all jealousies, all business cares, all ideas of progress or supremacy, we unite and together tender to the cities and people of the whole globe our congratulations—together invite the world to join with us, in consecrating that day to joyous and appropriate festivities, so that on each succeeding anniversary of it, throughout all coming time, the people of every tribe, and nation, and kindred under the whole Heaven, joined in an ANNUAL WORLD'S COMMERCIAL AND PEACE CONVENTION; shall be, with the added wisdom and experience of its return, seeking how best they may cultivate with each other, more strictly, the amicable relations of fraternal and commercial intercourse.

Humorous.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

We were once an Editor, therefore a general receiver of the written whims, freaks and 'productions of everybody. Many of these "on account of the press of other matter," we did not print, and have on hand yet. In that capacity we often used the shears, also, and, as a consequence, facts, fancies, stories paragraphs and passages on all subjects 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' are still in our drawer, promiscuously commingled with the aforesaid productions. Often, to while away an hour we overhaul its mysteries—never without amusement and profit. It was while prying into its secrets a few days since that the History of the First Locomotive came to light. With wonder we read it, and regret; wonder, that for so long a

period the world had accorded honor to whom honor was not due. On the instant, we determined to do what we could to bring before the public prominently JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Conn., and accordingly handed the following account of his efforts to the editor of the CHICAGO MAGAZINE, who remarked, "Certainly, in this Locomotive City and Country the memory of the successful inventor of the first steam carriage should be rescued from oblivion. Gladly will we give place to a record of his doings." Accordingly we spread before its readers the facts of the case, on which—ponder—and reflect—another case where a prophet was not honored among his people, is presented.



JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Conn.

"It is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steamboat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; were we still to find ourselves on board sloops, making a passage of a hundred miles a week, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downscomer," and discomfort of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel boat, pushed every inch of the way against its mighty current with long poles, at the rate of "fourteen miles in sixteen hours."

It is now nearly fifty years since the first steamboat ascended the Hudson, being the first practical application of a steam engine to water conveyance. Then, no other river had ever seen a steamboat; and now, what river, capable of any kind of navigation, has not been bepaddled with them? It is not my purpose to enter the lists of disputants, lately sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal Fulton was not the first successful projector of a steamboat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any previous successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear development of that important agent. But all I can say now is, that I never heard of a steamboat before the "North River" moved her paddles on the Hudson; and very soon after that period, when it was contemplated to send a steamboat to Southern Russia, a distinguished author of that day, in an address before the Historical Society of New York, eloquently said, in direct allusion to the steamboat: "The hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening as he glances over the destruction of Palmyra and Persepolis, of Jerusalem and of Babylon, will bend with respectful deference, to the inventive spirit of this western world," thus proving conclusively, that the invention was not only of this country, but that no other country yet knew of it. In fact, the invention had not yet even reached the Mississippi; for it was not until a year after, that a long armed, high-shouldered keel boatman, who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river, by dint of hard pushing, and run his boat in a quiet eddy for a resting spell, saw a steamboat gallantly paddling up against the centre current of that "Father of Rivers; and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstasy, exclaimed: "Well done, old Mississippi! May I be eternally smashed if you ha'n't got your match at last!"

But, as before hinted, it is not my design to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steamboats. My text stands at the head of this article; and I purpose here to record

for the information of all future time, a faithful history of "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE." I am determined, at least, that that branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat-traps;" and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work he was then on a journey through the State of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious, as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one end where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department as an appendage to the sub-treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the patent office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam engine, because, perhaps, I could more easily under-

stand its mystery. To me, the steam engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so tarnal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you had not got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land, one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well Jabez," said I, "what do you think of this mighty machine?"

"Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on't;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up the invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling grey eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "loco-foco." When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "near Wallingford." The din of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the

show and "pomp and circumstances of glorious war," had, in the meantime, entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion?—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that steam wagon I told you about a spell ago; but it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet iron, and old stove pipes, and mill wheels, and trunnel heads in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of those "cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet, I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know, but some say it is a thrashing machine, some a distillery; and, of late, they begin to think it's a shingle splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning along past the stage coaches," added he with a knowing chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "No Admittance." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." I could occupy pages in a description of it, for every part exhibited evidences of its use. The patent office at Washington, like your magazine, Mr. Editor, may exhibit "finished productions" of "inventive genius;" but if you could look into the port folios of your contributors, in every quarter of the Union, and see there

the sketches of half finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which "but breathed and died," you might form some notion of the accumulation of notions that were presented to me on entering the workshop of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again—"The First Locomotive." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions—rat traps, churns, apple parers, pill rollers, cooking stoves and shingle splitters, which hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood,
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous rays of inventive genius—"The First Locomotive."

An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven shaped mass, of double rivetted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws and valves, all firmly based on four strongly made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the boiler," says he, "after I stopped working her yesterday, and it hasn't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first-rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when by pushing one slide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and pistons was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent. 'You see,' he added, crouching down, "that trunnel head, there—that small cog wheel? Well that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear, by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main traveling wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a little slower than chain lightnin', and a darned leetle too! But it won't do

to give it a try, afore I get the patent.—There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I han't contrived—but that is a simple matter—the shortest mode of stopping on her. 'My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you —."

And with that, he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soft soap in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed abuz.

"It is nigh about perfection, aint it?" says Jabez.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confessed I could not fully understand; and hence with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine, on four good sturdy, well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent, to authorize that small connecting cog wheel or trunnel head to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse shoes, and distance the mail coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me, when I saw the machine put in motion, and was now full orb'd above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the key-hole' while Jabez was at work, and catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may at least divide the honors with my friend."

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above

the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" says he eagerly.

"Immortality!" says I; "and you shall have it, patent or no patent!" And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel head into the traveling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge.—The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the



"first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it did go, it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain lightning, and a darned leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeing,
Like an arrow," he flew away!

But a moment and he was here, in a moment he was there, and now where is he? or, rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."

The vile Moslem ridiculed the belief so religiously cherished by the Christian Don, that in all the bloody conflicts that laid the crescent low in the dust, St. Iago, on a white horse, led on to battle and secured triumph to the cross; but as this has now become matter of history, confirmed by the fact that on numerous occasions this identical "warrior saint" was distinctively seen pounding the Moors successfully and simultaneously, in battle scenes remote from each other, thus proving his identity by saintly ubiquity; so we may safely indulge the belief that the spirit, if not the actual body and bones of Jabez Doolittle, stands perched on every locomotive that may now be seen in every direction, threading its way at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to the total annihilation of space and time. The incredulous, like the Moors of old, may indulge their unbelief; but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action, that I do not also see Jabez there directing its course, as plain as I see the immortal Clinton in every canal boat, or the equally immortal Fulton in every steam boat.

Unfortunately, however, these, like Jabez Doolittle, started upon their career of glory without a patent; trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and now the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) indulge in the luxury that the "inventive genius" of their ancestors has secured to the age.

But my task is done. All I now ask is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by "back track" and "turn out," through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the projector and contriver of "the first locomotive," the immortal progenitor, "JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq.," nigh Wallingford, Connecticut.

Editor's Table.

SIDE GLANCE AT THE NATION.—Simultaneous with the advent of this Magazine before the public, will be ushered in a new political decade of the nation, in the inauguration of JAMES BUCHANAN as President of the United States. It is no purpose of ours to discuss political questions with a partisan bias. If this Magazine shall have any influence, it will have the effect to allay political animosities, and to lead men to look upon great schemes of national policy and sectional improvement, through an enlarged and liberal comprehension of duties and future destiny. Our hope is, that while people shall learn to be vigilant in watching the trust committed to them as citizens, they will recognise the hand of Providence shaping the destiny of the Republic, and with wise counsel, and intelligent independent exercise of the rights of franchise, acquiesce with cheerfulness, and a hopeful spirit, in the expressed will of the majority.

President BUCHANAN has been elected to the office which he is about to fill, by the choice of a plurality of the votes of the nation, through a contest of much excitement, mingled with much bitterness of sectional feeling. He will of course be surrounded with many difficulties, with intriguing influences of professed friends and open opponents, and with such snares as entrap the feet of public men, and which heretofore have caused some in his position to stumble and fall. We may hope that he will live above these influences—that he will be truly what has been the vain boast of partisans, that he will not be the president of a party, nor of the North or the South, or the East or the West, but of the whole people. A President of the people is what the country needs. A noble career is open before him in a free path. With his inauguration he can inaugurate a new order in the political character of the nation, and as a consequence, a new direction to its apparent destiny. We know that the people of this country, those who vote upon both sides of the party line, long for a higher order of political action, and more exalted character to the Presidential line of policy. Honor present and prospective will be awarded to that independent President who will spurn all sectional and narrow-minded, personal scheming advisers, and restore the administration of government to the policy of the better days of the Republic. The

Republic needs a Napoleon in Peace—a leader whose ambition shall be to distinguish himself before the world as a man of the age, of great and original projects for the public good, and for the true glory of the nation. That glory consists in its development and enlargement in accordance with the commercial and fraternal spirit of the age. Napoleon was a great man, and his greatness consisted in understanding the character of the age in which he lived, its wants and its tastes. His warlike character was the transcript of that age and its condition. Had he lived to-day, and in this republic, if he were as truly great, he would have been the projector and the executor of great plans of improvement. The Pacific Railroad would have been a Napoleonic idea. The valley of the West would be to him the theatre of his continental power. Every river made navigable, every railroad completed, every harbor made a sure haven—would have been great achievements to have magnified his glory. The Republic needs a man for its President who can fully comprehend the destiny of this nation, and the place that it will fill in the future ages—and who can read the estimate which those ages shall put upon the principles and the actions of the present; and whose greatness shall be the garnered hopes and aspirations of the far-seeing men of to-day. President BUCHANAN holds such a destiny in his hands. Will he be the man of the hour? the fated man of good to this Republic! Every patriot will cherish the hope. If he is not the man, that man liveth, and it is not the order of Providence, that this generation shall pass away and not find out the leader of its destiny.

THE CHICAGO MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—This Institution for the past year has enjoyed a great degree of prosperity. By the report of the Board of Directors made at the close of the year, it is shown that the Institute has received in funds from all sources, the amount of \$9,380 00, and expended in the same period \$7,977 00, leaving in the treasury \$1,303 00. The expenditures on account of the Fair exceeded the gross receipts; yet the Fair was a creditable exhibition to the city and country. The public will undoubtedly sustain these exhibitions, though it may be by con-

tributions outside of the ordinary receipts of the Society. Over \$1,800 was expended for new books and library expenses. Eleven hundred and eighty-three volumes were added to the library by purchase, and about one thousand volumes by donation.

The Board acknowledge valuable donations of books from the following gentlemen and societies. Hon. J. H. Woodworth, for Congressional documents, and Com. Perry's Expedition to Japan. Hon. John Wentworth, for volumes of State papers, and Congressional documents, for the terms which he served in Congress, also the Iconographic Encyclopedia, &c. John S. Wright, Esq., for a set of volumes of the Prairie Farmer, and a complete set of the Journal of the Franklin Institute—not yet delivered. Hon B. P. Johnson, for the Transactions of the State Agricultural Society of New York; and Hon. C. C. Flint, of the Agricultural Department of the State of Massachusetts, for books from his department. Volumes, also, from the Smithsonian Institute, and the United States Coast Survey and Indian Department.

They also acknowledge, with special gratitude, the receipt of several hundred volumes, in the French and German languages, on the subjects of Fine Arts, Science and Mechanics, from Mons. Vattremare, of the International Exchange, Paris.

In December last a very interesting and valuable course of lectures was delivered before the Institute by Dr. Boynton, on the science of Geology and Natural History. At the annual meeting, which occurred at the close of the course, the following resolutions, commendatory of Dr. Boynton's course, were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Chicago Mechanics' Institute is under great obligations to Dr. Boynton for his excellent course of lectures, on the subject of Geology, delivered before this Institute during the past month.

Resolved, That lectures before the public, upon the subjects of Geology, and other departments of Natural History, and Science, are demanded by the wants of the age; and the public should therefore encourage and patronize lectures upon these topics as well as those which are styled popular; and that as Dr. Boynton's style of treating his subject is clear, concise and interesting, doing full justice to the subject, and sustaining the expectations of his audience, we do most cheerfully recommend him to the public and to all kindred Societies, as an able and popular lecturer, whose services they will do well to secure.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston: published by E. LITTELL, Son & Co. Price \$3.00 per annum.

Standing upon the shelves of the Library of the Chicago Mechanics' Institute are nearly fifty large and magnificently bound volumes, which attract universal attention. These are a complete set of Littell's Living Age. They are undoubtedly the most valuable set of books in this collection.

The Living Age is a very significant title. The publication which bears this name is a faithful daguerreotype of the times, in literature, politics and history—a transcript of the living age. It is more a compilation than an original production. Indeed, making it very much an original work would defeat the evident intent of the editor and the object of the work. It is, therefore, a selection of all the best articles which appear in every publication in England or America, on every topic which forms a part of the history of the times.—It contains the cream of the foreign magazines and all of the best articles which appear in the Quarterly Reviews. Indeed the Living Age is a substitute for the whole round of English monthly and quarterly publications, besides containing much other very interesting and valuable matter from other sources.

The back volumes of this work can now be purchased of the publishers, complete, bound in elegant and durable style for families and public libraries. As a large amount of capital is locked up in the stereotype plates they will very soon be melted up for type metal, when it will be impossible to procure perfect sets of these volumes. Every public library should have them. Money for reading matter could not be more economically expended, for in the volumes already printed there are probably more reprints of standard works, which must be obtained for every library of character, than could be purchased separately for double the amount of money that will purchase this work. We believe the copy in the Library of the Institute, and one other in a private library, are the only complete sets in this city. There are a number of colleges in the West, as well as other public libraries, which ought at once to obtain the Living Age, before it shall be forever too late from the destruction of its plates. All the assistance we can render to these institutions in procuring the work we will render cheerfully.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, by Wm. ROBERTSON, D. D., with an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by Wm. H. Prescott. In three volumes.

Wm. H. Prescott has acquired great celebrity as a historian. He has selected the fantastic subject of Spanish history and conquests for his field of literary labor, and he has clothed his subjects with all the charms with which fancy has surrounded them. The present history is only made his by revision and editorship. Robertson is also a historian of very similar romantic qualifications. The appearance of these volumes in connection with Prescott's name gives them a new claim to public attention. His connection with the present edition is explained by himself as follows

"The life of Charles the Fifth subsequently to his abdication is disposed of by Dr. Robertson in some six or seven pages. It did not, in truth, come strictly within the author's plan, which proposed only a history of the reign of the Emperor. But unfortunately these few pages contain many inaccuracies, and among others, a very erroneous view of the interest which Charles, in his retirement, took in the concerns of the government. Yet it would be unjust to impute these inaccuracies to want of care in the historian, since he had no access to such authentic sources of information as would have enabled him to correct them. Such information was to be derived from documents in the archives of Simancas, consisting, among other things, of the original correspondence of the Emperor and his household, and showing conclusively that the monarch, instead of remaining dead to the world in his retreat, took not merely an interest, but a decided part, in the management of affairs. It was the knowledge of this fact which led the publishers of the present edition of Robertson's "Charles the Fifth" to request me to prepare such an account of his monastic life as might place before the reader the results of the recent researches in Simancas, and that in a more concise form—as better suited to the purpose for which it was designed—than had been adopted by preceding writers."

WIELAND, OR THE TRANSFORMATION—By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, with a Memoir of the Author. Philadelphia: M. POLLOCK.

This is the first novel written by Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist—who wrote an American book, and was a popular author, long before the British critic contemptuously asked, "Who reads an American book?" Wieland was first published in 1798, and gained for the author such a reputation as to encourage him to pursue the profession of a novelist, and within a few years after he wrote "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntley," "Clara Howard," "Jane Talbott," &c.

This publication, we understand, is the first of the series of his complete works. We hope it will be continued and the publisher sufficiently rewarded by a liberal patronage. In this reading age, the men of mind, of the early days of American literature, and their works, should hold their place against the trashy publications of the day. Mr. Brown's works, soon after their appearance in this country, attracted the attention of the British public, and he is as well known to-day in that country as in his own. His works are not without their merits, although deficient in unity and artistic finish. They are characterised by richness of language, force of expression, varied incidents, powerful emotion, and

great invention. They must always be regarded as the initiatory of American fictitious literature.

CURRENT WESTERN EVENTS.

The two most important events of the past few weeks, to be entered upon record, are the intense cold and the great rains and floods which have extended throughout the West. These events are not sectional but have been prevalent throughout the whole country. The extreme cold weather which has been so general the past winter has attracted the attention of scientific men, and by comparison of the records of the degrees of temperature, it has been ascertained that, for a number of years, the winters in the aggregate have grown regularly colder. Facts are given, demonstrating this conclusion and various causes assigned. The railroads of the West were much interrupted in their business, as they have been two or three seasons past, by the deep snows, drifts, and intense cold.—In the first part of the month of February the weather changed from this low degree to one most decidedly in the melting mood, accompanied with warm showers and days of drenching rain, rapidly dissolving the large body of snow lying upon the ground and flooding all the country. Every water course was filled to overflowing, and much damage was done by the sweeping off of dams, bridges and other property. This flood was general in all parts of the country. Our railroads suffered considerably, and travel for some weeks was interrupted on some of the lines by the washing away of culverts and bridges. Chicago was threatened with another disaster to its shipping, like that which occurred in 1849. The river, however, soon cleared itself of the ice, happily without damage. The harbors on all the lake shore being thus free from obstruction, we have the promise of an early opening of navigation.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—A matter of no little importance to the development of the West, and the prosperity of the nation, is the proposed formation of a new State, on the shore of Lake Superior, to be called Superior. This idea was suggested several years ago by the writer of this article, in communications to the New York Tribune, and some other newspapers. At the last session of the Legislature of Michigan, Mr. Sherman, the member from Ontonagon, presented a memorial from his constituents, praying for the cession of the Upper Peninsula, as the Lake Superior country is called, to the Government of the United States, for the purpose of forming a new State. Since then we understand that both the Legislatures of Wisconsin and Michigan have approved of and agreed to

the surrender of their respective shares of the territory required for the new State.—The matter will probably come before the next Congress, as a memorial on the subject is to be forwarded to Washington.—This inchoate State will comprise all the American territory bordering on Lake Superior in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It will include all the upper peninsula of Michigan, with its immense mineral resources, the northern part of Wisconsin and the northern corner of Minnesota. Some of the Wisconsin papers are so enthusiastic in favor of the project as to propose to cede all the northern part of the State from the forty-fifth parallel up. They say, very truly, that, if this territory were to be erected into a State, it would result in building up a great commercial emporium on the shores of the lake; that the present capitol of Michigan and Wisconsin are entirely too far from the remote settlers of the North, who, as they are thus shut up by themselves for four months in the year, should be allowed the privilege of adapting their political institutions to their circumstances. At present the territory referred to has not sufficient population to form a State, as it numbers only some 28,000; but it would be proper to erect it into a national territory, to be left to grow at its leisure into adult proportions.

Lake Superior, it is thought, will be open for navigation earlier than usual this season. The Superior Chronicle, of January 13th, says there was but little ice at that end of the lake, owing to the heavy gales, which destroyed the ice as fast as it was made.

Ontonagon is said to be improving very rapidly and the Miner thinks it destined to become the most important point on the lake shore. During 1856 some forty new buildings were erected—various streets graded and planked, and a large amount of real estate sold to actual settlers.

The Minnesota mine—fifteen miles from Ontonagon—shipped during the year ending January 1st, 1857, 3,718,403 pounds of copper. Of this amount only 255,854 lbs. was stamp work. The copper will probably be found of a high purity. There are now employed on the location, above and below ground, some five hundred and thirty-seven persons.

The Rockland, National, Nebraska, and other mines are also reported as raising large quantities of copper.

Great improvements have been made on the Ontonagon Harbor, and several new docks and piers erected.

All the mines are making preparations to ship copper largely during the coming season, when "lively times" are expected.

MINNESOTA AND NEBRASKA.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Omaha, says that a memorial has been circulated by the people of the West, praying for the organization of a new territory from that portion of Minnesota lying on the Missouri river, to be called Jefferson. The friends of the measure were preparing their petitions and other documents preparatory to presenting them to the next session of Congress, but an attempt is being made, as we apprehend, to forestall public attention on this subject. General Jones, senator from Iowa, is endeavoring to carry through, at the present session of Congress, a bill to cede that portion of Minnesota lying south of 43½ degrees of latitude and west of Iowa, to the State of Iowa. This the friends of the proposed new Territory are equally desirous of preventing. They wish to be heard before Congress by petition or otherwise. They are proposing a great national measure, no less than the erection of an embryo State.

Congress has taken the initiatory step for the admission of Minnesota as a State, which may conflict with the designs of the above memorial. The policy of Congress seems to be to make of the new territories States too large in extent, lest the power of the West shall be too greatly extended.

The question of removing the capitol of Minnesota from St. Paul to St. Peter is being agitated. A bill to this effect has already passed to a third reading in the Territorial Council. The latest report is that the bill has passed.

A correspondent of the Dubuque Tribune, writing from Nebraska, says: "Venison is plenty here at present, and sells for five cents a pound. I saw two or three in our door yard last Sunday, three on Monday and two on Tuesday. Yesterday the Otoes came in from a successful buffalo hunt. They have tons upon tons of the meat cured and preserved for future use.—They report the buffalo very fat this winter, and plenty."

The amount and value of trade and emigration to Minnesota may be learned from the following statements of the profits of the Mississippi river boats in that business. The Iowa Register says: "The Northern Belle, a Galena and St. Paul packet, cleared the past season \$56,000—cost, new, \$40,000. The Galena cleared \$35,000—worth about \$20,000, and other boats of the line in proportion."

KANSAS.—This Territory yet continues to be the center point of general interest. Friends of free labor are sanguine of the ultimate success of free principles, and its admission as a Free State. There is every

prospect of a largely increased amount of emigration, this spring, from the free States.

Mr. Army, from our city, connected with the National Free Kansas Committee, has resigned his position as agent and has removed to Kansas. To facilitate emigration, Thaddeus Hyatt, of the Kansas Committee, has determined to place two steamers upon the Kansas river, on the opening of navigation, to ply between Lawrence and Quindaro.

The Governor has fallen into collision with the so-called Border Ruffian agitators. He recommended a conciliatory course, and the repeal of the odious laws. But the Legislature paid no heed to his recommendations. Laws are passed of similar character, which meet with his veto, and then are passed over his head.

ILLINOIS.—The events of this State relate to the proceedings of the Legislature. We give a synopsis of the most important bills passed:

"Illinois River Improvement Bill."—This Bill provides for the incorporation of a company whose object shall be the building of locks and dams, so as to produce slack water navigation in the Illinois River.—The company is to have a capital stock of \$3,000,000 to be divided into shares of \$100 each. They are to begin the work within two years, and have seven years to complete it. There are to be six feet of water in the channel and locks must be 300 feet long. Not more than fifteen per cent. of tolls on the cost of the work are to be levied.

"Amendment to the Banking Law."—This Bill provides that all bonds shall be received at ten per cent. less than the New York value, as the basis of banking in the State; that when notes are presented to a bank for redemption, the redemption shall be instant, and in gold; that bank notes may be protested in the aggregate; that banks shall do business at the places where they are established, and that no bank shall be established at any place not having at least 500 inhabitants; that no bank shall be organized without an actual cash capital of \$50,000 paid up; and that banking capital be taxed the same as other capital.

"Bill to Fund the Interest of the State Debt."—This Bill makes Illinois an interest paying State. It provides that the unpaid interest of the State debt, wherever it amounts to one thousand dollars, that bonds shall be issued to the parties to whom it is due—these bonds paying interest. The amount of the interest thus funded is \$3,000,000.

"Bill Legalising Ten Per Centum Interest."—This Bill provides that ten per centum may be legally demanded as interest.

"State Normal University Bill."—This Bill provides for the establishment of a State Normal University, to be permanently located by a Board appointed by the Senate, for the purpose of qualifying teachers for the Common Schools of our State; that the students are to be selected by the School Commissioners and County Judges, one from each county and one in addition from each representative district—said students to receive instructions gratuitously.

WISCONSIN.—Hon. James R. Doolittle has been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin by a more than two-thirds vote of the Legislature. He is a native of New York, being born and bred at Warsaw, Wyoming county. Until 1848 he was a Democrat. In that year he joined the Free Soil party. In 1850 he emigrated to Wisconsin, and was shortly called to the bench of that State. He is a strong Republican, an eloquent speaker, and a man of talent.

Wisconsin is one of the most prosperous States of the Union. Its people are not undmindful of their responsibilities and opportunities. Our brief record will not allow us to particularise the events of the past few months. The impulse of the State is onward. It will receive, the coming season, its share of emigration, and its present citizens will do justice to themselves by increasing zeal for permanent improvement, both of a private and public character.

MICHIGAN.—The Legislature has passed a general banking law, on the stock security system. It has elected Mr. Chandler, of Detroit, United States Senator in place of Gen. Cass. Congress, at a late day, has at last moved in the matter of improving the navigation over the St. Clair Flats. In a letter from Gen. Cass, dated February 15th, it is stated that an arrangement is about to be made which will ensure the opening of a channel over the St. Clair Flats, in the course of the coming season. A proposition has been made to the War Department to excavate a channel 250 feet broad and thirteen feet deep. The Secretary of War has accepted of the plan proposed, and \$45,000 are appropriated for the purpose.

The Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad paid, in February, a semi-annual dividend of five per cent.

The net profits for the half year are equal to 6½ per cent. on the entire capital. After paying the above dividend the company have a surplus of over one hundred thousand dollars.

Gross Earnings in 1855,	\$2,592,950
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" " " 1856,	2,700,000
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Net earnings, 16 per cent. for the year.

CHICAGO—HER POPULATION—POSITION—COMMERCE—MANUFACTURES AND BUILDING.

From 1840 to 1880 Chicago increased from 4,479 to 29,968. This is nearly equal to a duplication each three and a half years. From 1850, to July, 1854, she increased (in round numbers) from 30,000 to 66,000, showing about the same rate of increase as before; which continued to 1869, would give this city over a million inhabitants. Her population now, at the beginning of 1887, is estimated at 110,000. This result would seem incredible to those who have not looked well into the elements which have produced it. Look at her location. An old writer on political economy has said, that a great city must be founded on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures. Chicago has all these elements, the first two in a remarkable degree. In Commerce she has not a rival in the West, and in the manufacture of some articles, as wagons, reapers, and other fabrics mostly of wooden manufacture, she is outdone by no other city. And as machinery for one branch of manufactures flourishes best, near to machinery for other and different branches, there being needful co-operation which requires proximity, the great aggregate of branches of manufacture will also flourish here, and are already swelling this commercial city to an unwonted growth.

The Agricultural resources of Chicago can not be disputed; she has the advantage of all other Lake cities in position with regard to the centre of fertile territory, and having an easier connection with the Mississippi river. It has been said that 700,000 square miles of Western territory is or will be partially tributary to her. At present, or until recently, only an average of one hundred and fifty miles South, and an equal amount North by some three hundred West, has been calculated on as agricultural resources to feed this city; but though not much over one acre in a hundred of even this territory is yet cultivated; its numerous farmers are more than sufficient for the production of food and raw material for the supply of its towns and cities, and even the whole world scarcely affords a sufficient market. The chief city of the Lakes must be where the commerce of water channels is greatest, and where railroads concentrate; for the cost of transportation by water is but a fraction of that by the best railroad. For long distances, on the lakes, it scarcely exceeds one-eighth, and on good canals, one-third. Chicago possesses these advantages above every other city—she unites the greatest length of Lake commerce, with the convergence of the greatest number and extent of railroads; while the Illinois and Michigan

Canal, one hundred miles long, gives her a cheap water connection with the Illinois river navigation, and by that channel with the Mississippi. By means of this canal, and numerous railroads parallel with it, Chicago holds the keys of the commerce, soon to become immense, between the "Father of Waters," the rich country beyond it, and the Great Lakes of the continent. By this, she commands the heavy freights exchanged between the great river region below the mouth of the Illinois and the two greatest lakes, Michigan and Superior, with Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. This, too, is the point of convergence for the railroads that, from the gulf cities seek exchanges with the cities of the lakes. She possesses more than any other city, the passage traffic to and from the East.

Already is Chicago the greatest primary gathering and distributing port on the lakes or in the world. The products of the vast country tributary to her are poured by canal, railroad and lake into the warehouses of our merchants, and the factories of her mechanics, as we shall demonstrate. Her receipts of FISH for 1886, mostly of the lakes, amount to some 16,000 barrels; these are equaled in delicacy of flavor by none other, and will yet form a far more considerable article of commerce, and be distributed from this point over all the Mississippi plains. But LUMBER is the item of greatest importance of Chicago's lake receipts. South of Chicago the white pine does not grow; North of it, on all the great lakes, bays and rivers, the pineries are sufficient for all time. The receipts of lumber here for the past season, according to the custom house books, is near five hundred millions of feet, and shingles, laths, posts and square timber have been received in proportion. The extensive building carried on here last season, required a large portion of this; but Chicago possesses, by means of her canals and railroads, the best of channels for carrying it to the country and towns South and West on the grand prairies, where it is most needed. No large amount is now in the yards, prices are firmly maintained, and the prospects for an increased trade next season are good, large supplies being expected from here, for St. Louis, Northern Indiana and a large portion of Illinois, Iowa and portions of Missouri and Kansas. COAL is also received here by lake from Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo and other lake ports, derived from Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, for use in Chicago, and to some extent for distribution inland. The receipts yet for any season have not quite reached 100,000 tons, but are likely to increase to millions. Her permanent and principal supply of bituminous coal must come from Illinois coal beds. The surface of this State underlain with coal is

greater than that of any other State, and the eastern out-crop of this coal field is only about sixty miles by railroad and canal from Chicago. It is, consequently, brought to this city both by canal and railroad directly from the bed. We are only beginning to realize the true importance of this feature of the mineral wealth of Chicago and of Illinois. And although an inadequate supply of this article has been experienced this season, as compared to the demand, and, in consequence, extra high prices prevail at present; and though, owing to the rapidly increasing consumption, we cannot expect any material reduction in prices until the coal fields on the canal and railroads are more extensively worked, it is a settled point that Chicago will in time be supplied with fuel at a rate about as cheap as cities on the rivers, South or on the Atlantic. The best quality of bituminous coal, known as Bryer Hill and Erie, is now selling at \$10 per ton at the yards; these qualities are usually sold here at \$6 to \$8; Illinois coal is retailing at \$6 50 to \$7 50 per ton at the yards; half this sum, with capital and good management, would be remunerating to dealers. The business of coal mining in Illinois is yet in its infancy, but the proprietors of the coal lands are now fast becoming aware of their great value and importance. SALT is also a considerable item among the imports by lake. Foreign salt, for packing is brought here in large quantities through Canada; and fine, coarse and dairy salt in great abundance reach here from Syracuse, in vessels which seek this port for grain freights down the lakes. Less Beef and Pork being packed here this season than was anticipated, an over supply of coarse and foreign salt is on the market. New York coarse salt can be had at from \$2, to \$2.25c per package of 320 pounds, depending on the quantity. Fine salt varies but little during the year from \$2 per barrel, and is always abundant. The St. Yubas and Lisbon salt, for packing, costs now about 45c for 78 pounds, and the Cadiz 40 to 45c, while the Liverpool is \$1 60 per bag of 200 pounds; dairy is 16c per 14 pound sack. Receipts of SUGAR, MOLASSES, COFFEE and other groceries at this point from the East by lake, and from the South by the Mississippi river, and thence by the Illinois river and Rock Island railroad, or by the Central railroad from Cairo, for the last year were very great; but statistical tables of their value or amount cannot be given with any accuracy, nor have we any room for them if they could be formed. But Dry Goods and general merchandise comprise the far greater portion of our imports; the quantity of this, however, is very indefinite, being given on the custom house books in "packages," gen-

erally, not specified in any definite manner.

Of the numerous valuable commodities embraced under the general head of Western produce, exported from this city, we have space only for a brief notice. The statistics for the season show the exports of Flour for 1856 from this port to be 206,481 barrels; of wheat 8,262,475 bushels, and 10,032,403 bushels of corn, or in all, (reducing flour to its equivalent in wheat) over 20,000,000 bushels. All this immense quantity of breadstuffs, too, was of good quality, and disposed of at prices highly remunerative to the farmer. That there will be a material increase of the exports next season there is not a doubt. The capacity of the elevators for storing grain in this city is about four and a half millions of bushels. At present only some half a million of bushels of grain is stored here, and some 10,000 barrels of flour. During the first month of the present year prices ruled low, and receipts and sales were unusually light. Thus far in February, WHEAT receipts have gradually increased, prices closing at 87 to 88c per bushel for spring wheat in store, and \$1 to \$1 13c for red winter, while the range of superfine and extra spring and winter wheat FLOUR is from \$4 75 to \$6 per barrel; very choice and city mills extra bringing \$6 75. The average price for the past year has been very high; that for CORN was low, but prospects are fair for full prices the coming season; sales of a few cargoes of corn have already been made for spring delivery at 43 to 45c per bushel, half cash down, and 43c is the lowest at which it could be had now on board. BARLEY ranged at between 75c and \$1 55c per bushel, closing at the latter figure, with a good demand, the increased consumption of this article calling for considerable imports from New York and Canada. OATS also have had a wide range, closing with a scarcity at 37½c per bushel. As a BEEF and PORK market Chicago is excelled by no other city. Neither the supply nor the demand for beef, usual in this market was experienced the past packing season; light stocks of barreled beef consequently exist, at \$12 to \$14 per barrel. Pork has been well maintained, and rates for hogs have ruled high throughout the country, but higher here than at any western mart at the close. The total receipts at this point for the season will not be ascertained for a month yet. The quantity of Mess Pork in the country is small, and in but few hands, held at \$20 to \$21 per barrel; prime \$17, and Lard scarce at 11½ to 12c per pound. All agree that the Hog crop is short of the wants of the country.

By way of summing up the few facts

presented, in regard to our city's commerce; we will remark that everything is encouraging; the few individual reverses that have been experienced among grain, pork and beef dealers and shippers have served to lead to the correction of abuses, which in due time will insure a more healthy action. The basis of our great interests is strong. The agricultural and mechanical interests are prosperous. For several successive years good crops and full prices have been realized, and the prospect is good for fine crops, and, at least remunerative prices for the coming season. This will insure a fair trade in general merchandise and groceries.

Chicago, more than any other city, by the late reciprocity treaty, has had opened to her, the new and great source of prosperity; in a free trade with the Canadas and an unobstructed navigation to the ocean. Her harbor has at all times the Flag of the Canadas floating in it, and the shipments from here of flour and grain in Canadian bottoms, alone, is very considerable, while last season upwards of seventeen millions of feet of lumber, besides salt and other articles were received here in the same vessels from Canada, and both these exports and imports are constantly increasing.

The MANUFACTURES of Chicago, so far as made known, for the past season, show clearly the tendency of this branch to concentrate where commerce has fixed its seat. How stands Chicago as to raw materials for manufacture? Stone, timber, iron, copper, lead, cotton, wool, &c., will abound and be easily centered here. Beautiful marble, and easily wrought free-stone, are found in extensive quarries on the canal near this, and so is every other essential raw material, of good quality, near at hand, and deliverable at our wharves at a low price. It is not within the province of this reviewing article to enter minutely into the various departments of industry followed here; sufficiently accurate statistics of the amount of capital invested, the number of men employed, the value of manufactures turned out, and the quantity of raw material used in their production, cannot be obtained; but it may be stated in general terms that the increase in the last year is highly favorable, and that an energy is exhibited worthy of the importance of this arm of our resources. The machinists of Chicago, in the department of steam works, enjoy a high and enviable reputation throughout the West. The same may be said of manufactures in the department of agricultural implements, carriage, omnibus and wagon making, stoves and castings, wooden-ware, and of other branches. The manufacture of chairs and cabinet ware of all descriptions has long been a great feature of the

industrial department of Chicago, and the value of the furniture manufactured here is very large, although the eastern cities still find a market here for a great deal of work in this line. The manufacture of Sash, Doors and Blinds has many establishments engaged in it, and recently steam planing machines have wonderfully increased in number.

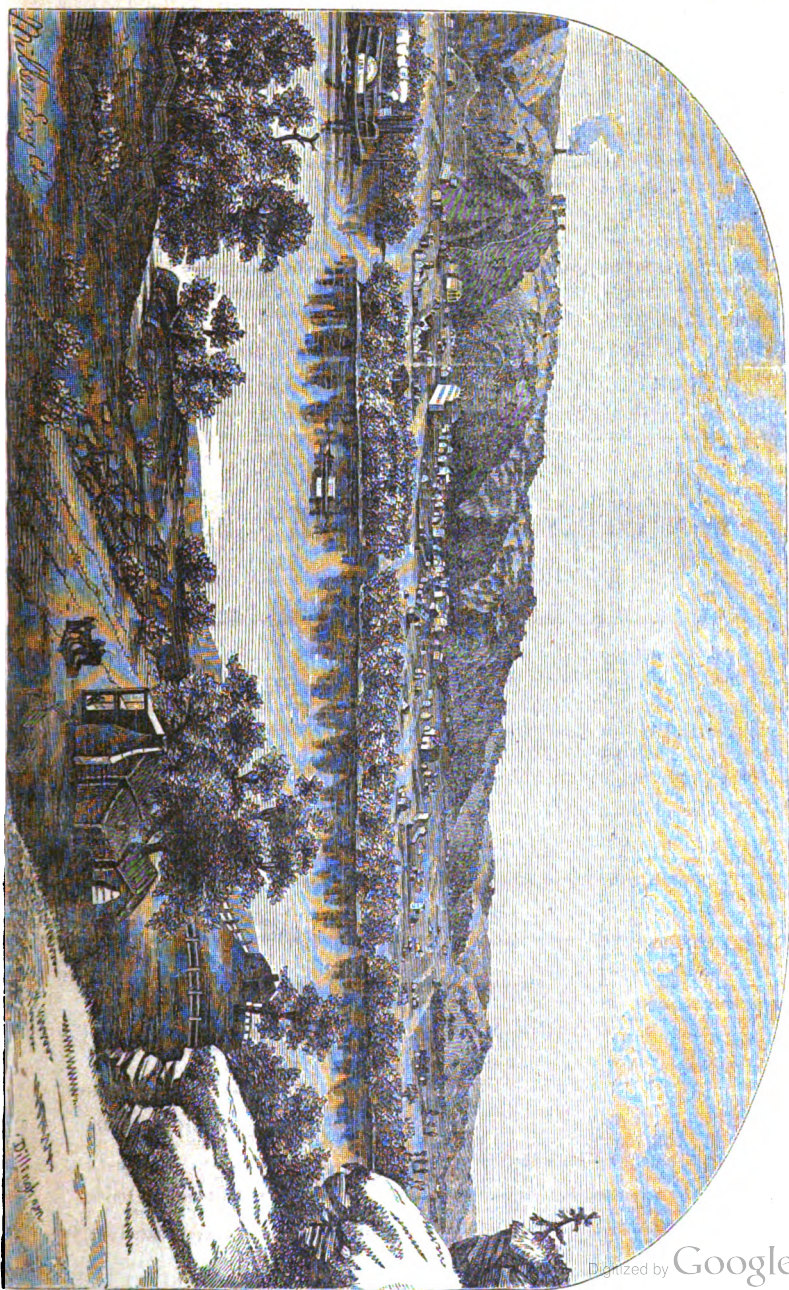
New branches of manufactures, too, are continually arising. The further and future development of the mineral region with which Chicago is connected by lake, and will be by railroad, will cause the establishment here of other and heavier branches of industry, as glass and nail factories, smelting and rolling mills, etc. And what Chicago is, as a manufacturing city, is nothing to what she must become, when railroads penetrating the copper and iron districts of the North, and coal of the South, will have made coal, iron, copper and zinc as common and accessible as lumber has been heretofore. Already, with her vigor-giving climate, abundant food and cheap channels of transport, Chicago is a perfect hive of commercial and manufacturing industry.

No other city in the world, probably, can show the amount of building which was carried on in Chicago in 1856. Notwithstanding the great activity in this line in 1855, the demand for dwellings and business houses last season was far in advance of that activity. And as the busy season of spring opens, every building will be occupied, and "To Rent" will seldom ever be seen upon doors, or in the advertising columns of the papers, but much oftener the words "Wanted to Rent." The requisite materials, too, was found quite sufficient; and notwithstanding the very heavy demand that existed throughout the whole building season last year, the stock of lumber was equally heavy, brick were manufactured almost by the hundred million, and stone, iron, lime, slate and other materials were furnished in abundance. A marked improvement in the style, finish, and extent of dwellings, store-houses and public edifices, was observable; the residences are palatial, the churches extensive and highly architectural, while some of the iron-front storehouses are unequalled in beauty and extent of frontage by any iron buildings on the continent, and they are built as if to last for ever. The aggregate value of the buildings for 1856 is between eight and ten million of dollars.

The foregoing speculations have not the unity of design nor the completeness of execution which is desirable; but they will be suggestive, and it is hoped will show what Chicago is—whither she is going, and, imperfectly, what she is to be.

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To carry out the terms of its Charter, for Founding a Free Public Library, have commenced the publication of this Magazine, expecting that through its Exchange List, they will be enabled to secure to their Library and Reading Rooms, all the important Literary, Scientific and Miscellaneous Periodicals of the World, together with the productions of the Newspaper Press. They earnestly trust, also, that the PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA, WILLING TO AID the *Mechanics of the West* in securing for themselves a large, well selected and free Library, will favor them with copies of their publications. Of such works, we shall prepare a list, monthly, which will be published in the pages of this Magazine as donations, to the library from the party sending them, so entered on the books of the Institute, besides receiving such a review in our "BOOK NOTICES" as the work may deserve.

Donations of Books of interest from individuals are also solicited, which also will be noticed as above.

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Vol. 1.

APRIL, 1857.

No. 2.



CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

THE WEST AS IT IS.

ILLUSTRATED

PRESENTED BY
MARIA G. CARR.
JULY, 1856.

CHICAGO:
JOHN GAGER & CO.
FOR
CHICAGO MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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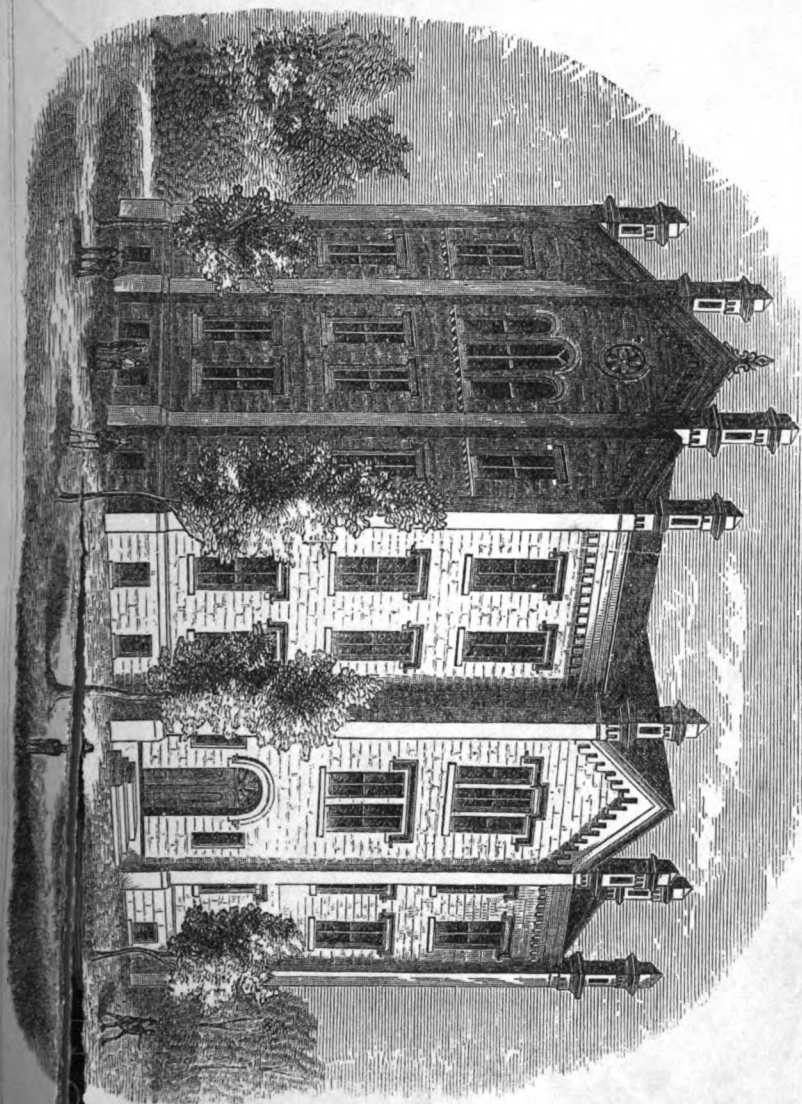
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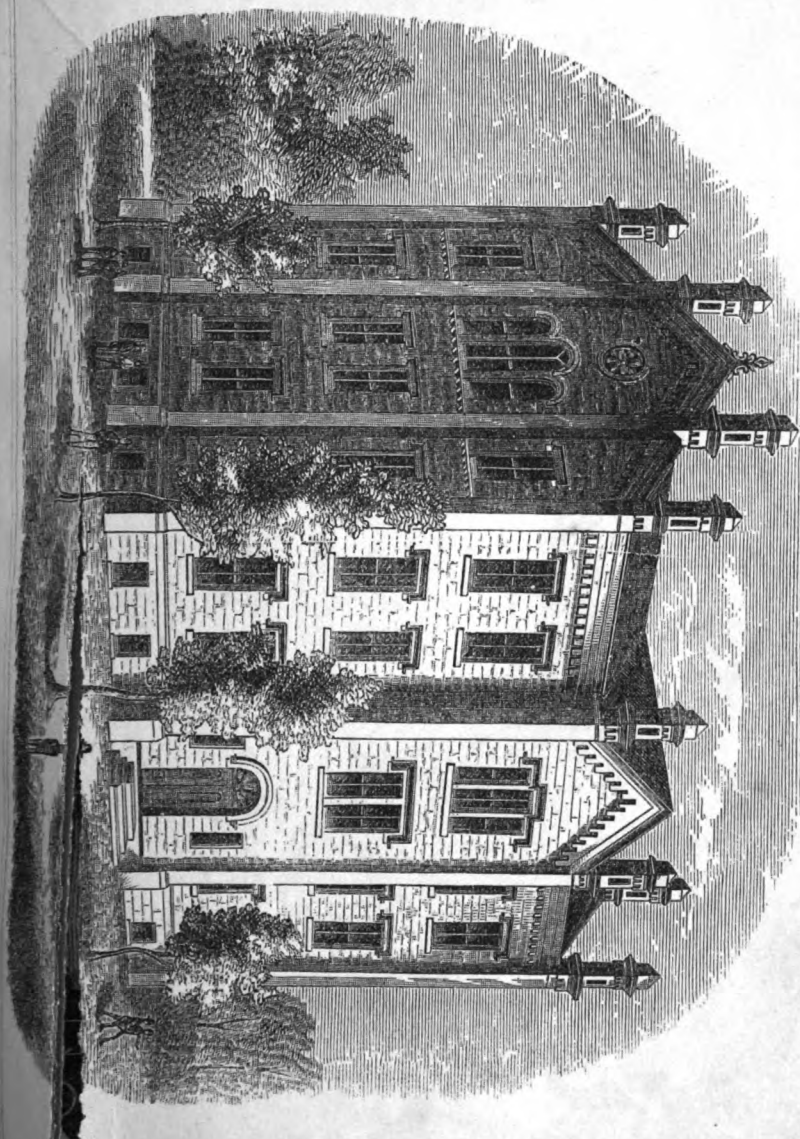
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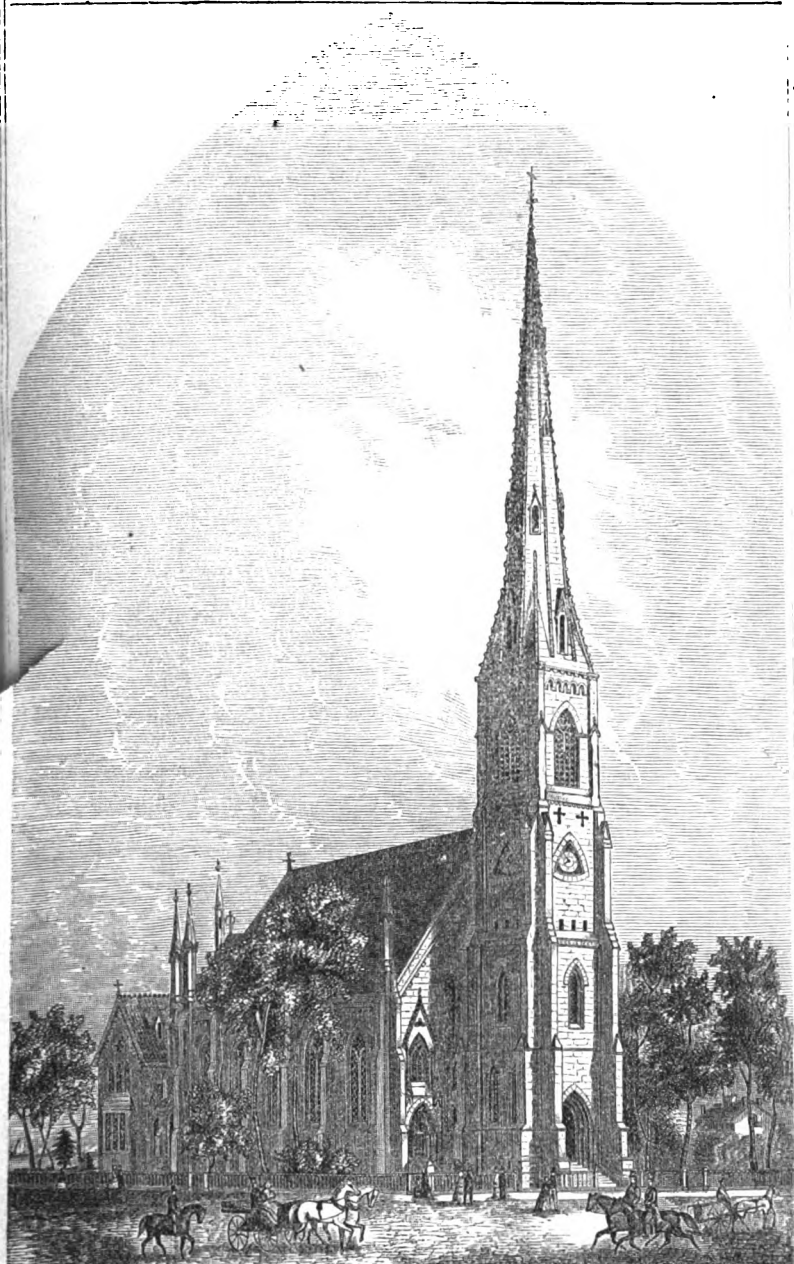
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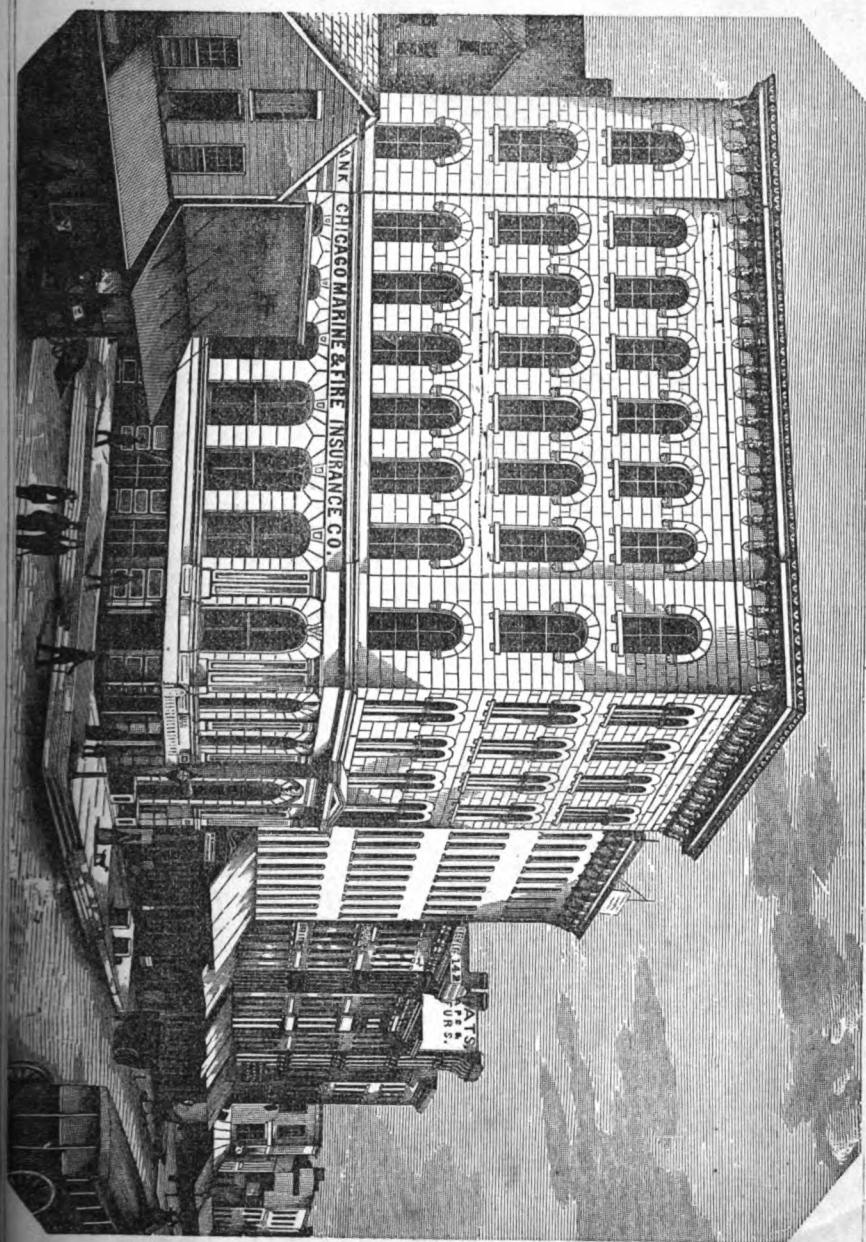


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LAKE SREET, FROM LASALLE TO CLARK.
 (The Marine Bank Building in the foreground.)



CHICAGO, FROM THE LAKE.

[A VIEW TAKEN IN 1852.]

NOTE.—We are collecting and shall publish all of the Old Views of our City, worthy a place in our pages, preparatory to the publication of an entire New View of the City as it is.

of mankind, are not filled. Such is the first response from the public to the CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

It has conquered for itself, a place in the literary omnibus, spoken of in the introductory, and has taken per choice, an outside passage. The extent of the circulation, thus far, exceeds our expectation. The public have done for us, all that we hoped. We have done for the public, we trust, all we promised. Here the responsibilities, as well as honors are even, or equalized. Something more we have here to say about the future.

People of Chicago and the West! You have seen a specimen of this Magazine. Some of you have flattered us, by saying that you liked it, and that it ought to be sustained. Others of you have said it was such a work as the West needed, because it reflected its ideas, and daguerreotyped upon its pages, its spirit and enterprise. These declarations of what ought to be, and the "wants" and "needs," are the basis on which we rest. We have printed this Magazine because we believed it is wanted.

At the same time, we fear that those who most feel this want—the generous public, we mean—but partially understand what is *wanted* on the other side. The chemical affinity of these two wants furnishes the desideratum. The engravings we print, are all made expressly for *this* magazine, and all illustrate new and local subjects. To obtain these, including the taking of the views, engraving, and procuring the descriptive and biographical matter pertaining to them, involves great outlay. This is all in addition to the expense incurred by the mere letter press periodical. Then, we use the best of paper on which to print the Magazine, and employ the most skillful mechanics to do the work, adding another large item to the aggregate expense. To meet this, we confess, we need a large amount of prompt public patronage. A few thousand dollars more than mere economical cost, could be advantageously expended on embellishments, and will be, if furnished. So our friends, all who feel a desire that this magazine shall command every element of prosperity, will understand the importance of purchasing a large edition of each issue. This should be done by the citizens of Chicago each month, forwarding it liberally to their distant friends. This manner of distribution will furnish prompt patronage, and at the same time by extending its circulation and a knowledge of its character, will help very much to make up a permanent subscription list. Of course, a new enterprise, like ours, can have no benefit from the substantial share of patronage, possessed by long established periodicals. This subscription list, a subscription for the year, paid in advance, according to terms, to us, as well as to any other publisher, is an indispensable aid—for it is a public guarantee of confidence, and a recompense for costs advanced upon the work. The plans for obtaining illustrations of our city, and of the inland towns and cities, can be made the means of support, when responded to with a liberal disposition. They will, of course, enlarge the claims of public patronage. In the proper form and place, our plans of business will be brought frankly before the public. All we ask is, that they shall be considered, and responded to on the principles of mutual benefits. Our advertising department is also another medium of income which may be made of great avail in achieving success. We respond to the wish of a cotemporary, that we might be able to dispense with this avenue to public patronage. But at present, the law of necessity must over-rule the law of taste. If, then, the business interests of Chicago will liberally extend their patronage to this department, it will furnish one of the surest means of support which any enterprise in its infancy, like ours, requires; its pages need not be confined to Chicago business men; the Dubuque merchant or the Minneapolis land-dealer, can as well as our home dealers reap benefit from its use.

We trust Western men will appreciate the fact, that on them we rely for support; if our enterprise is a worthy one—if it fills a corner in our Western literature which, until its appearance, was vacant; if its improvement, and enlargement would be a source of pleasure and profit to the man of the West, *aid it with prompt subscriptions.*

HISTORY OF CHICAGO.

ANTECEDENT—CONTINUED.

THE MASSACRE OF CHICAGO.*



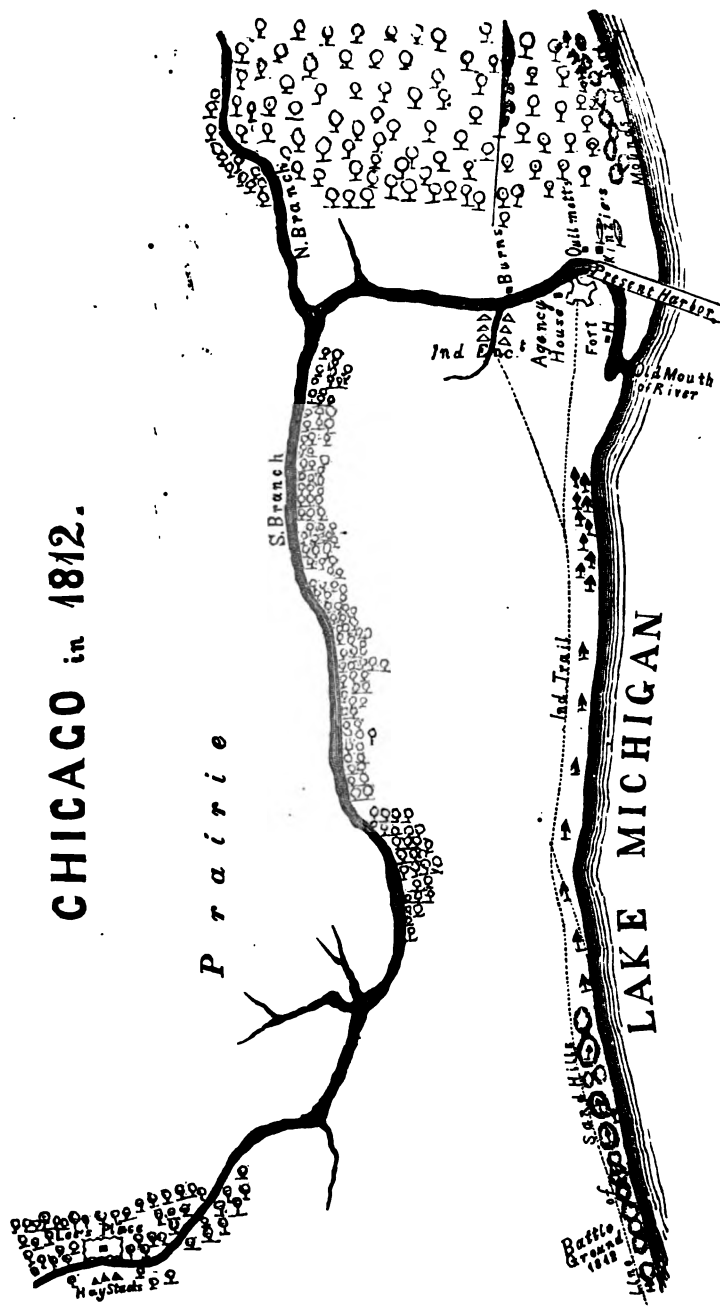
URING the period of eight years, from the erection of the United States Fort, in 1804, to 1812, when it was destroyed, there are but few incidents to attract our attention. JOHN KINZIE kept up his trading station, and a company of United States troops continued to occupy the Fort. Indians, a few Canadians and Americans,—traders and soldiers, constituted the mass of population. The trading station made it at all times the resort of the Indians. There were but five houses outside of the fort. One of these was that belonging to Mr. KINZIE, upon the north side, opposite the fort, the first house

in Chicago, the view of which we have already published. On the same side of the river, west of this, was the residence of Ouilmette, a Frenchman in the employ of Mr. KINZIE. And further up the river, on the present locality of the east end of the Chicago and Galena Railroad Freight House, on Wolcott Street, was a small log cabin, the residence of BURNS, a discharged soldier. On the south side of the river, in addition to the Fort, was the United States Factory, the place for conducting the business of the fort, the intercourse with the Indians, and the storage of goods, and was also called the Indian Agency House. This building is seen in the view of the old Fort of 1804, at the right of the picture and west of the fort. There was, also, a small house on the lake shore, south of the fort, occupied by Mr. LEE, the owner of the South Branch farm, called Lee's Place, where the first massacre of the whites occurred on the 7th of April, 1812.

To understand properly the history of these times, it is necessary that we also understand the location and condition of the Indian population in this vicinity. It should be remembered that Chicago then was far removed from the American settlements. Ohio was the most western State, and contained but little over two hundred thousand inhabitants. White settlements west of Ohio, properly, there were none, other than those clustering about a fort or an Indian trading post, such as Fort Wayne, Detroit, or Chicago. Scattered over this section of the country, of which Chicago would then have represented the center, were different tribes of Indians, occupying the same territory they had occupied for ages before any white man had set his foot upon their shores. We have before given the locality of the tribes of the North West. It should be remembered that the Pottawatomies were the Chicago Indians. The Miamis were their near neighbors at the south. The Winnebagoes joined them on the north, and occupied the

* The history of the Massacre of Chicago, which makes up the main part of this chapter, was published in 1836 in the Narrative by Mrs. JOHN H. KINZIE, and the same was transferred to her work entitled "Wau-bun," which was published, in 1856. Wau-bun is an interesting book of nearly five hundred pages, devoted to the Early Day in the North West—Wau-bun being the Indian term for early day. It contains many lively and graphic sketches of Western incidents and pioneer life, with minute sketches of family history connected with Mr. KINZIE's residence in Chicago. One of the important features of this work is the full history of the Massacre and the preceding events. We are of course indebted to the narrative in Wau-bun for most of the facts which we have used as public history. Much of the contents of the book relating to these events are intensely interesting, but as they are the property of the authoress, it would be improper for us to extract from it for these pages. The Narrative, with little variation, has been transferred into BROWN's "History of Illinois," and to the "Western Annals," and has also been made the ground work of the popular tales by Major RICHARDSON, entitled "Hardscrabble," and "Wau-non-gee."

CHICAGO in 1812.



region of the Rock river. The Sauks and Foxes on the north and west, and the Kickapoos at the south, were known as the Indians with whom communication was had by the trade of the station at Chicago. The villages or bands of the Pottawatomies were at the Calumet, Des Plaines, Geneva Lake (since called Big Foot Prairie) on Fox River, near Aurora; Au Sable, on the Au Sable creek west of Joliet; on the Kankakee, and in the St. Joseph country, east of the lake. At points convenient for hunting and fishing, the Indian bands congregated, and made what local habitations they had.

As the leaders or representatives of the Indian population, there have been handed down to us, the names of many prominent chiefs, and other Indian characters, associated with the names of our localities and towns, and perpetuated in their historical sketches. While they had every characteristic of the wild native, many of whom were treacherous, and debased in every sense to the level of the savage life, and spurned all attempts at civilization; there were among them, and especially the chiefs, some of the best specimens of uncultivated men. They were men of native integrity, whose word and honor might be trusted to any extent. They were strong and unchangeable in their attachments, and perhaps as implacable in their resentments. They were finely formed physically, tall, straight, muscular, good featured, and fine specimens intellectually and outwardly; keen and quick to perceive, and sound in their judgments, yet wild as the native deer. Among the distinguished Indian characters of these primitive days, were a number, who in some way were connected with the events of the massacre. They had met Mr. KINZIE in social and business relations, and their intercourse had always been of the most agreeable nature. Their rank and native dignity had always been respected, and their laws of integrity, hospitality and intercourse observed. Therefore, the leading Indians were strongly attached to Mr. KINZIE and his family.

Perhaps at the head of these prominent Indian characters, we should place the name of *Black Partridge*. His Indian name was *Muck-ke-tay Pen-ay*. He was the head chief of the Pottawatomies, and the leader of the Au Sable band, whose village was upon the Au Sable creek. He was a conspicuous character, naturally constituted for a leader, finely formed and dignified in his bearing. He was a man of excellent qualities, and fully deserved the term applied to him by one who had reason to measure well his kindness—a "good Indian." He was ever the friend of the Americans, and as far as he could, influenced his tribe accordingly. From the Americans he received a medal as a token of respect and friendship. He was, of course, the friend of Mr. KINZIE, and it was through his influence, mainly, and personal vigilance, that the family of Mr. KINZIE were saved from destruction. He was the friend in disguise who, at the time of the massacre, saved the life of Mrs. HELM, Mr. KINZIE's step daughter, rescuing her from the hands of a young savage, who was about to plunge a tomahawk into her skull. He is the chief mentioned by Captain HEALD, as the negotiator at the surrender after the battle at the sand-hills.

Wau-ban-see, chief of the Fox river band, located near Aurora, was another "good Indian," and every way a fine specimen of the race. He assisted *Black Partridge* after the massacre, in restraining the hostilities of the Indians, and in preserving Mr. KINZIE's family. An addition to the city of Chicago, in the north-western division, is named from him, *Wau-ban-see*.

Win-ne-meg, or *Catfish*, was also another distinguished Pottawatomie chief. He was the bearer of dispatches from Gen. HULL, ordering Capt. HEALD to evacuate the fort. He felt great solicitude for the safety of the garrison, and the protection of Mr. KINZIE, with whom he was on the best of terms. The suggestions which he made, had they been heeded, might have saved the garrison.

To-pe-ne-be was the head chief of the St. Joseph band. Among this band there had been for a long time a trading station, and an old French trader. Mr. KINZIE had been a resident among them before his removal to Chicago. Therefore, when these friendly Indians learned of the peril of the settlement at Chicago, *To-pe-ne-be*, with his band

hastened to the relief of his friends, and under their charge Mr. KINZIE was removed to St. Joseph.

Ke-po-tah was another of the St. Joseph chiefs, who was also here as the friend of the Americans, at the time of the massacre. He, too, was a "good Indian." To his "friends in need," he proved himself a "friend indeed." He was the chief protector of Mr. KINZIE's family, on their removal from Chicago to St. Joseph, and from there to Detroit. After their arrival at this latter place, he continued to manifest the same friendly interest in their welfare. He was on a visit to Mrs. KINZIE when Gen. HARRISON arrived and re-occupied Detroit. Gen. HARRISON and *Ke-po-tah* were guests of Mrs. KINZIE at the same time.

Some other Indian characters of that day should be mentioned in this connection. One was *Mamuk-suck*, Big Foot, whose home was at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; after whom a tract of land near by, called Big Foot Prairie, was named. He was not associated with the events of the massacre. *Pe-so-tum*, a chief of the Calumet band, the murderer of Capt. WELLS, was a hostile Indian; and of the same class were *Wau-bone-mah*, of the Illinois River; *Wau-non-gee*, a Calumet chief, and others, whose participation in the massacre will be found fully detailed in "Wau-bun." There are two others well deserving of an honorable mention here: *Alexander Robinson* and *Billy Caldwell*. They were half breeds living with Indian wives, and fully recognized as members of the Indian tribes. *Robinson* was not at Chicago at the time of the massacre, being employed by Mr. BURNETT, the trader of St. Joseph. When Capt. HEALD was in danger of being taken from St. Joseph by the Indians, he and his lady were conveyed to Mackinaw in a canoe paddled by *Robinson* and his wife. At *Robinson's* home in St. Joseph, Mrs. HELM and her parents were kindly cared for many months. *Robinson* afterwards became a chief. He is well known to the citizens of Chicago, and now resides on the Des-Plaines, on a tract of land reserved for him by the government. *Billy Caldwell* was a noted character in the early times of Chicago. He was a chief of the Pottawatomie tribe. He it was whose tact and timely presence on the day after the massacre, saved the lives of the KINZIE family. He was called *Sau-ga-nash*, or *Englishman*, and through his influence, and that of *Robinson*, and *Shau-bee-nay*, it is supposed that the Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes were kept from another outbreak, at the close of the war, in 1816. *Billy Caldwell* remained in Chicago after it became a town. The *Sau-ga-nash* Hotel, a popular public house, for a number of years, from 1832, was named from him. A large tract of land north-west of the city, designated on the maps as Caldwell's Reservation, is land reserved by government for him. He is described as a natural gentleman, well educated, fine looking, witty. He lived after the style of civilized life. He was also in the employment of Mr. KINZIE, as a trader. His family are now residents of Canada. Both *Billy Caldwell* and *Robinson* will require further notice in the progress of our history.

The garrison stationed here in 1812, numbered about seventy-five men, many of whom were inefficient soldiers. The officers in command were Capt. HEALD, Lieut. HELM, son-in-law of Mr. KINZIE, and Ensign ROMAN, the two latter young men, and Dr. VAN VOORHEES, surgeon.

Between the Indians and the troops there had usually been a good understanding. Hostilities had been prevalent for a year or two among the western Indians. It was also known that some of the Indians near Chicago had been with TECUMTHE, and been engaged in the battle of Tippecanoe. The Pottawatomie Chiefs went yearly to Malden, Canada, where they were accustomed to receive presents from the British Government, as rewards for their friendship. Both the Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies, however, were supposed to be on the most amicable terms with the Americans, and with the troops at this station.

For a short time previous to the declaration of war with Great Britain, which was

made on the 19th of June, 1812, there were signs of dissatisfaction apparent to all who were not lulled into security.

The first transaction to break the repose of years, and the first scene of bloodshed to be recorded on the pages of this history, is the murder of the family of Mr. WHITE, on Lee's Place. This occurred on the 7th of April, 1812, four months previous to the massacre of the soldiers. Lee's place was a farm lying on both sides of the South Branch of the Chicago River, about four miles from its mouth, and a little above the present outlet of the canal. It was afterward known as Hard-scrabble, and under this name described in one of Major RICHARDSON's novels. The house stood upon the western bank of the river. It was occupied by Mr. WHITE and three other persons, two men and a boy, employed to cultivate the farm. In the afternoon of the 7th of April, a company of ten or twelve Indians, painted and dressed as warriors, entered the house, and, according to their custom, silently seated themselves. Their appearance aroused the suspicion of a Frenchman, one of the hired men, who declared that he "did not like their looks, that they were none of their Indians, for he knew by their paint that they were not Pottawatomies." Another of the men, a discharged soldier, told the boy that they "had better try to get away," and advised him to follow, and "do what he saw him do."

Towards night, the soldier, for the purpose of stealing away, walked leisurely to the river, where were two canoes. To one of the Indians, who inquired where he was going, he pointed towards the haystack, and made signs as if he was going to feed the cattle. The boy took one of the canoes, and he the other, and crossed the river. Making a show of gathering up the cattle and feeding them, until they gained a circuit, and were screened by the stacks, they ran for the woods, which were near by, and then hastened to the Fort as fast as possible. They had gone but a short distance, when they heard the report of two guns, discharged, as they supposed, at their two remaining companions. They hastened on through the belt of timber skirting the east side of the South Branch, until they came to the river opposite the residence of Mr. BURNS. This stood on the north side, near where Wolcott street now is. Here they halted to give the alarm, and then ran to the Fort. Learning that the BURNS' family were in peril, the gallant young Ensign, ROMAN, volunteered with a party of five or six soldiers, to remove them to the Fort. They ascended the river, from the Fort to Mr. BURNS' residence in a scow, and taking Mrs. BURNS and an infant child, but two days old, on a bed, they conveyed her and the other members of the family safely to the Fort.*

In the afternoon of the same day, a party of soldiers and a corporal had left the Fort for the purpose of hunting and fishing. They had gone up the South Branch, and were about two miles above Lee's place, when the intelligence of the attack reached the Fort. The commanding officer ordered a cannon to be fired to warn them of their danger. They understood the signal—the ominous meaning of that gun booming over the prairies in the darkness of night. They put out their torches, and in their canoes passed down the river as silently as possible. At Lee's place they stopped to warn the supposed inmates of their danger, as indicated by the signal-gun from the Fort. Truly, the stillness of death reigned around. Groping their way toward the house, and leaping over the enclosure, the corporal accidentally placed his hands upon the dead body of a man, and though startled by the discovery, he soon ascertained by the sense of touch, that the man had been killed and scalped.

This was conclusive evidence that Indians had done the deed. A faithful dog guarded the lifeless remains of his master. Quickly and silently the corporal and his soldiers returned to their canoes and embarked, proceeding cautiously down the river. They were unmolested, and reached the Fort about eleven o'clock at night. The next morning a volunteer company of soldiers and citizens started for Lee's place to ascertain the fate of those who remained there. The bodies of Mr. WHITE and the Frenchman were

found. Mr. W. had been shot twice, and stabbed in eleven places. The Frenchman lay, scalped and mutilated, as the corporal had discovered him, the dog still guarding his remains. The bodies were conveyed to the Fort and buried in its vicinity.

It was ascertained soon after, that the murderers belonged to a party of Winnebagoes from Rock river, who came into the neighborhood, with the savage design of "taking some white scalps." It seems their intention had been, after killing the people at Lee's, to proceed down the river, and coming upon the settlers unawares, murder all outside of the Fort. These consisted of a few discharged soldiers, and some families of half-breeds. The warning gun from the Fort admonished the savages that they were discovered, and they forthwith retreated. This enabled the soldiers to escape and pass down the river unmolested.

After this the little settlement lived in a constant state of alarm. The inhabitants took possession of the Agency house, where they entrenched themselves. This is the building seen at the right, in the view of the Fort of 1804. It stood on the plain west of the Fort, near the present site of the light-house. It was a log building, having a hall through the middle, and a room on each side. Piazzas in front and rear, extended the whole length of the house. These were planked up for protection, port-holes cut through, and a watch kept nightly. They supposed the Indians were still lurking about. On one occasion, two soldiers on patrol surprised a party of Indians in the pasture adjoining the esplanade. One of the soldiers fired upon the Indians, who threw a tomahawk which struck a wagon near by. The sentinel from the block house fired, and with effect, as appeared from the marks of blood left upon the trail.

Soon after, the Indians broke into the enclosure to steal horses but finding none, they commenced slaughtering the sheep; which being frightened, fled toward the Fort. This alarmed the garrison, who pursued the Indians, but they succeeded in making their escape. Thus was the way prepared for the great calamity which came speedily upon them.

On the 7th of August, 1812, *Win-ne-meg*, or Catfish, as he was called, a distinguished Pottawatomie Chief, arrived at this port from Detroit, bringing despatches from Gen. HULL, for Capt. HEALD. These despatches contained the first announcement they had received of war being declared between the United States and Great Britain; of HULL's arrival with his army at Detroit; and the capture of the post at Mackinaw by the British. This dispatch contained unconditional orders to Capt. HEALD to evacuate the fort; and in that event to distribute all the United States property in the fort and factory among the Indians in the neighborhood. Having delivered these despatches, *Win-ne-meg* sought an interview with Mr. JOHN KINZIE, who was residing at the fort. He informed Mr. KINZIE that he was acquainted with the contents of the despatches, and wished to know if it was the intention of the commander, to evacuate the fort. *Win-ne-meg* also counseled against such a step, believing that as the garrison was well supplied with provisions and ammunition, it would be better to remain until they could receive reinforcements. If, however, they determined to leave, he hoped they would do so immediately, before the Indians, whose hostile feelings were apparent, and through whose territory they must pass, should be aware of their design, and prepare to attack them. Capt. HEALD was immediately informed of the old Indian's advice. He replied that he intended to evacuate the fort, according to the orders received; and did not feel justified in leaving until he had collected the Indians and distributed the property as directed. *Winnemeg* suggested that they should march out and leave the property to be taken possession of by the Indians, and thus they would be able to make their retreat while the Indians were engaged in dividing the spoils. Mr. KINZIE seconded this advice, but, unhappily, it met with no favor from the commanding officer. Thus, through the soldierly pride of the Commander, and his religiously adhering to the military rule to obey orders, was the garrison and unprotected inhabitants doomed to destruction.

Without holding a council of war, as was expected, the order for evacuation was read the next morning on parade. There had been some ill feeling between the Captain and one of his junior officers, Ensign RONAN. This officer was a young man, but high spirited and overbearing, though brave and generous. As no council of war was called, the junior officers waited upon the Captain, and remonstrated with him. They told him it was not probable the command would be permitted to pass to Fort Wayne without molestation, that the Indians were known to be hostile, manifesting their friendly feelings to one family only, that of Mr. KINZIE, who had gained their friendship in intercourse with them as a trader. That as the detachment was encumbered by women and children, their progress would necessarily be slow. That among the troops were many who were superannuated and invalids, and therefore incapable of proper defence in open field. They therefore advised that the garrison remain, and fortify themselves as strongly as possible. Capt. HEALD urged in response his special orders, general instructions, want of provisions, and his confidence in the friendly professions of the Indians. The officers sullenly acquiesced in the decision of their Commander, viewing the removal as almost certain destruction. Dissatisfaction was also manifested by the soldiers, amounting to little less than insubordination; some of them even venturing to remonstrate with the Captain.

Among the Indians were increasing indications of hostility. Sometimes they entered the fort in defiance of the sentinels, and made their way even to the quarters of the officers. One of them fired his gun in the parlor of the Commander, as an expression of defiance. It is supposed by this that an attack upon the fort had been contemplated; for outside, the greatest agitation prevailed. Crowds of Indians were rapidly assembling, and old chiefs moved around with the utmost concern, as if striving to stay the impetuosity of the young men. The squaws and children rushed madly about, screaming and yelling, as if conscious of some impending evil. But disturbance for the time was suppressed. Yet Capt. HEALD continued to have faith in the friendliness of the natives, and still believed he had gained their good will, so as to insure the safety of his command on their march to Fort Wayne. With the inhabitants clustering about the fort for protection, and with those stationed there as protectors, there were sad forebodings. Gloom was spread over every countenance. Each night they sought rest with a cloud upon their spirits darker than the shades of night—the shadow of the coming events. Each morn they rose to find that daylight only revealed more vividly the reality of their dreadful condition—a condition from which they could not be shielded by the darkness of night, nor be relieved by the cheerful light of day, nor balmy influence of a summer morn. We who know how blessed it is, in a calm August morning, to sit by the shore of our beautiful Lake, and gaze upon its waters, grand and sublime in repose, as well as when rolling in conflict with the storms, can only imagine how terribly sad was the condition and the hearts of our predecessors, when, in those calm mornings of August, 1812, weighed down by fearful forebodings of butchery and massacre from the savage foe, they could find neither hope nor consolation from the benign influences of nature.

On the 12th a council was held with the Indians who had assembled from the neighboring villages. Capt. HEALD was the only person representing the military, who attended the council. The other officers declined accompanying him. Mr. KINZIE, whom all the Indians regarded with favor, participated with Capt. HEALD in the council. When they had assembled with crowds of savages, upon the esplanade, the young officers in the fort having learned that the Indians intended to murder the whites in council, and then rush upon the fort—took command of the block houses, which raked the ground where the council was held, opened the port holes, and pointed the loaded cannon upon the assembly. This, it is supposed, saved the lives of the whites who were then assembled.

The Commander informed the Indians of his intention to distribute among them, or

the following day, the goods stored in the Factory, with the ammunition and provisions of the garrison. He requested an escort of Pottawatomies, to Fort Wayne, promising them a liberal reward on arriving there, in addition to the presents they were about to receive. The savages assented to these propositions with much promptness and apparent sincerity.

Mr. KINZIE, who well understood the Indian character, informed Capt. HEALD of the treacherous state of affairs, and of the dangerous ground on which he stood, and of the impolicy of furnishing arms for the enemy to use against him in a murderous attack. On the next day (the 13th) the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, &c., were distributed according to promise. At night the liquor was carried through the sally-port on the north side of the palisades. The heads of the barrels were knocked in and the liquor poured into the river. The ammunition was also destroyed, the extra muskets broken, the shot, flints and the fragments thrown into the well. The liquor and ammunition in the possession of Mr. KINZIE was deposited in the same manner. While this work of destruction was going on, the Indians, suspecting it, crept up, serpent-like, near the scene, and along the opposite shore; became aware of the deception that was being practised upon them. So large was the quantity of liquor poured into the river, that the water tasted of it, and the atmosphere was redolent with its odor. They had reasonably supposed this distribution of property to include the arms, ammunition and liquors; the last being more highly prized by them than all the other presents they hoped to receive. This artifice very much enraged them, deepening still further the hostile state of feeling.

On the 14th Capt. WELLS, a relative of Capt. HEALD, arrived from Fort Wayne with an escort of fifteen friendly Miami Indians. At Fort Wayne he had heard of the order for the evacuation of the fort, and realizing the danger of the command in marching through the territory of the hostile Pottawatomies, he had hastened to the relief of his relative, and to dissuade him from leaving the fort. But he arrived too late. Steps had been taken which could not be retrieved, and which rendered the future occupancy of the fort as dangerous and impracticable as their removal.

Another council with the Indians held on the day of Capt. WELLS' arrival, left no doubt as to the determined hostility of the Indians. They were loud in their murmurs and threats. They expressed great indignation at the destruction of the liquor and ammunition. In the evening after this council, *Black Patridge*, a conspicuous chief, who had ever been the friend of the Americans—entered the quarters of the Commander, and delivering a medal he had received for his faithfulness, said, "I have long worn this medal as a token of mutual friendship. Our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace, while I am compelled to act as an enemy." Evidence was not wanting to show that the little band of whites were doomed to destruction. But there was no way for retreat. Therefore they prepared to leave the fortification which had sheltered them thus far, but which at best could protect them only a few days longer. Encumbered as they were with women and children, and sick and enfeebled soldiers, their march must necessarily be a fatiguing one, even if unmolested. Everything not deemed an absolute necessity had been given to the Indians or destroyed. Of ammunition they had but twenty-five rounds, and a small box of cartridges in one of the baggage wagons.

The fifteenth of August was the day fixed upon for leaving the post. The day dawned with all the beauty of an August morn, and the rising sun never shone more brightly upon the placid waters of Lake Michigan.

Early in the morning, Mr. KINZIE received a dispatch from *To-pe-ne-be*, saying that the promised escorts were already plotting for the destruction of the troops. He advised Mr. KINZIE, who had resolved upon accompanying the detachment, to remain with his family. They were placed by *To-pe-ne-be* in a boat, under the charge of some friendly Indians, with a view of their thus being conveyed to St. Josephs. This party consisted

of Mrs. KINZIE, four children, their nurse,* a clerk of Mr. KINZIE's, two servants and the boatman or *voyageurs*, with Indians as protectors. They were to proceed along the southern shore of the lake to St. Joseph's. Mr. KINZIE declined accompanying them, as he hoped his presence might afford some protection to the detachment, and *To-pe-ne-be* assured him that the Indians would not molest his boat. But hardly had the family reached the lake before the friendly *To-pe-ne-be* sent another message requesting them to remain. JOHN H. KINZIE, one of the old residents, but at that time between seven and eight years of age, was of one the four children in this boat. He recollects very distinctly every incident of the terrible massacre. He saw the troops as they left the fort in martial array, and watched their course along the sands of the beach. He witnessed the first discharge of the murderous volley from the treacherous Indians, which was poured into the ranks of the troops. It was a simultaneous discharge, the flash, like a ball of fire, and the smoke rolling up a murky cloud in the clear air. The conflict, which followed, the confusion and alarm, the prancing and flight of horses, the whooping of the Indians, and the yells of their women and children, are parts of the scene yet distinctly remembered, after a period of forty-five years.

At nine o'clock the troops left the fort to the solemn notes of the dead march. They were hardly without the enclosure when the Indians commenced shooting and butchering the cattle.

The troops proceeded without molestation until they came to a range of sand hills, about half a mile south of the present location of the Round House, belonging to the Illinois Central Railroad. Here the Pottawatomies defiled to the right, leaving the sand hills between them and the Americans. Suddenly, a volley from the Indian muskets behind the sandy barricades was poured upon them. The troops instantly formed and charged up the bank, an aged soldier of seventy falling just as they reached its height. The conflict soon became general. The Miamis fled at the first fire, notwithstanding the efforts of Captain WELLS to prevent it. Their chief riding up to the Pottawatomies, brandished his tomahawk, charged them with treachery, and declared he would be the first to head a party to return and punish them. He then turned his horse and galloped away.

The Americans fought with desperation, but were obliged to surrender after the loss of nearly two-thirds of their number. The Indians agreed to spare their lives, and the women and children, and to deliver them up at some British post, unless they were ransomed by the traders. After the capitulation, however, the Indians pretended that this arrangement did not include the sick and wounded, and a terrible scene ensued. Twelve children, belonging to the whites were tomahawked by one young savage. Capt. WELLS seeing this, determined to avenge their death, and rode off rapidly for the encampment of the Indians on the Chicago river, west of the fort, where they had left their squaws and children. He was pursued by several Indians, who killed his horse and disabled him. *Win-ne-meg* and *Wau-ban-see*, endeavored to save his life, but were unsuccessful. *Pee-so-tum*, stabbed him in the back. The heart of Capt. WELLS was taken out and cut in pieces and distributed among the tribes.† Mr. J. H. KINZIE remembers seeing the head of Capt. WELLS carried about among the Indians, and his mutilated remains lying in a most horrible condition upon the lake shore.

Mrs. HELM, a step daughter of Mr. KINZIE, was wounded in the shoulder by a tomahawk which had been aimed at her head. While struggling with the savage, she was rescued by an unknown friend, who in disguise conveyed her to the lake as if he would drown her, and whom she then discovered to be *Black Partridge*. Supported by him and another Indian, who held the scalp of Captain WELLS in his other hand, she was

* This person's name was Josette, who was afterwards Mrs. Jean Baptiste Beaubien, wife of Major General Beaubien, of this city.

† Brown's History of Illinois.

led toward the Pottawatomie encampment on the Chicago river. Here she was treated with great kindness by the wife of *Wau-bee-nee-mah*. While here, an infuriated squaw seized a stable fork and commenced torturing one of the wounded prisoners. "With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected, under such circumstances, *Wau-bee-nee-mah* stretched a mat across two poles, between her and this dreadful scene," but it could not shut out the groans and cries of the sufferers.*

Many of the women displayed uncommon bravery and presence of mind. The wife, of Sergeant *HOLT* was mounted on a fine horse. The Indians wished to obtain it, and pursued her, striking at her with the butt of their guns, in order to dismount her. She, however, defended herself with a sword, and not only injured their guns by her blows but also wounded them. Coming up to her the second time, they captured her, but so pleased were they with her warrior deportment, that they treated her with great kindness, until she was restored to her friends by an Indian trader.

Mrs. *HEALD* received seven wounds. The Indians, desirous of obtaining the horse she rode, aimed so as to disable the rider without injuring the animal. She was saved from instant death by the interposition of one of Mr. *KINZIE*'s clerks, directed by Mrs. *KINZIE*. He gave a mule for her ransom, and promised ten bottles of whiskey when they should reach their village.

Lieutenant *HELM* was twice wounded and taken prisoner, but was afterwards removed by some friendly Indian to the *Au Sable*, and from thence to St. Louis, where he was liberated through the agency of the late *THOMAS FORSYTH*, Esq., a half brother of Mr. *KINZIE*.

Ensign *RONAN* and Doctor *VAN VOORHEES* fell in the early part of the battle.

Mr. *KINZIE*'s family, who remained in the boat, were carefully guarded by *Kee-po-tah*, and another Indian. On the third day after the massacre, they were sent to St. Joseph's in a boat. Here they remained under the protection of *To-pe-ne-be*, until the next November. They were then taken to Detroit, and delivered to the British commander as prisoners of war.

Captain *HEALD*, and his wife, were sent to St. Joseph's the day following the engagement. The remainder of the prisoners were distributed among the various Pottawatomie settlements along the banks of the Illinois, Wabash, Rock River and Milwaukee. Most of them, remained in captivity until the following year, but were treated with far more kindness than they expected.

The official report of Capt. *Heald*, dated Pittsburgh, October 23d, 1812, is contained in *Niles' Weekly Register*, of November 7th, volume iii., p. 155. It varies in some particulars, though in nothing material from the documents used for the sketch. Probably, he wrote in part from memory.

"On the 9th of August, I received orders from General *Hull*, to evacuate the post, and proceed with my command to Detroit, leaving it at my discretion to dispose of the public property as I thought proper. The neighboring Indians got the information as early as I did, and came from all quarters to receive the goods in the factory store, which they understood was to be given to them. On the 13th, Captain *Wells*, of Fort Wayne, arrived with about thirty *Miamies* for the purpose of escorting us in by the request of General *Hull*. On the 14th, I delivered the Indians all the goods in the factory store, and a considerable quantity of provisions, which we could not take away with us.

"The surplus arms and ammunition, I thought proper to destroy, fearing they would make bad use of it, if put in their possession.

"I also destroyed all the liquor on hand, soon after they began to assemble. The collection was unusually large for that place, but they conducted with the strictest propriety, till after I left the fort.

* *Wau-bun*.

"On the 15th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., we commenced our march—a part of the Miamis were detached in front, the remainder in our rear as guards, under the direction of Captain Wells. The situation of the country rendered it necessary for us to take the beach, with the lake on our left, and a high bank on our right, at about one hundred yards distance. We proceeded about a mile and a half, when it was discovered the Indians were prepared to attack us from behind the bank.

"I immediately marched up the company to the top of the bank, when the action commenced; after firing one round, recharged, and the Indians gave way in front, and joined those on our flanks. In about fifteen minute they got possession of all our horses, provisions and baggage of every description, and finding the Miamis did not assist us, I drew off the few men that I had left, and took possession of a small elevation in the open prairie out of shot of the bank or any other cover. The Indians did not follow me, but assembled in a body on the top of the bank, and, after some consultation among themselves, made signs to me to approach them. I advanced towards them alone, and was met by one of the Pottawatomie chiefs called the *Blackbird*, with an interpreter.

"After shaking hands, he requested me to surrender, promising to spare the lives of all the prisoners. On a few moments consideration, I concluded it would be the most prudent to comply with his request, although I did not put entire confidence in his promise. After delivering up our arms, we were taken back to their encampment near the fort, and distributed among the different tribes.

"The next morning they set fire to the fort, and left the place, taking the prisoners with them. Their number of warriors was between four and five hundred, mostly of the Pottawatomie nation, and their loss, from the best information I could get was about fifteen. Our strength was fifty-four regulars and twelve militia, out of which twenty-six regulars and all the militia, were killed in the action, two women and twelve children.

"Ensign George Ronan and Doctor Isaac Van Voorhees, of my company, with Captain Wells of Fort Wayne, are, to my great sorrow, numbered among the dead. Lieutenant Lina T. Helm, with twenty-five non-commissioned offices and privates, and eleven women and children, were prisoners, when we separated.

"Mrs. Heald and myself were taken to the mouth of the river St. Joseph, and being both badly wounded, were permitted to reside with Mr. Burnet, an Indian trader. In a few days after our arrival there, the Indians all went off to take Fort Wayne, and in their absence I engaged a Frenchman to take us to Macinaw, by water, where I gave myself up as a prisoner of war, with one of my sergeants. The commanding officer Capt. Roberts, offered me every assistance in his power to render our situation comfortable while we remained there, and to enable us to proceed on our journey. To him I gave my parole of honor, and reported myself to Colonel Proctor, who gave us a passage to Buffalo; from that place I came by the way of Presqu' Isle and arrived here yesterday."

"Captain (subsequently Major) Heald, his wife and family, settled in the county of St. Charles, Mo., after the war, about 1817, where he died about fifteen years since. He was respected and beloved by his acquaintance. His health was impaired from the wounds he received.

Mrs. Heald, who survived him, was a daughter of the late Colonel Samuel Wells, of the same county, one of the prominent men in Kentucky, previous to, and during the war.

Captain William Wayne Wells, who was killed in the battle, we suppose to have been a brother of Colonel Samuel Wells, for some years a prisoner and adopted amongst the Miami Indians. Consequently he was uncle to Mrs. Heald, though in Indian fashion he called her sister.*

Niles' Register, of a later date, also contains a letter from **WALTER JORDAN**, a non-commissioned officer of the regular troops stationed at Fort Wayne, who, it seems, accompanied Capt. **WELLS** to Chicago; though we find no mention made by any other authority, of any white person being with him. It is addressed to his wife, in Alleghany county, New York, and dated Fort Wayne, October 19, 1812—two months after the massacre. As a relic of those times, and having some interest peculiar to itself, and not for any reliable contribution made by it to history, we publish the letter in the language of the pioneer soldier.

"I take my pen to inform you that I am well, after a long and perilous journey through the Indian country. Capt. **WELLS**, myself, and an hundred friendly Indians left Fort Wayne the 1st of August, to escort Capt. **HEALD** from Fort Chicago; as he was in danger of being captured by the British. Orders had been given to abandon that fort and retreat to Fort Wayne, a distance of 150 miles. We reached Fort Chicago on the 14th of August, and on the 15th we prepared for an immediate march, burning all that we could not fetch with us. On the 15th, at 8 o'clock, we commenced our march with our small force, which consisted of Capt. **WELLS**, myself, and one hundred Confute Indians; Captain **HEALD**'s one hundred men, ten women, and twenty children; in all two hundred and thirty-two. We had marched half a mile when we were attacked by six hundred Kickapoo and Winnebago Indians. In the moment of trial our Confute escort joined the savage enemy. Our contest lasted ten minutes, when every man, woman, and child, was killed, except fifteen. Thanks be to God, I was one of those who escaped. First they shot the feather off my cap, next the epaulet from my shoulder, and then the handle from my sword. I then surrendered to four savage rascals. The Confute Chief, taking me by the hand, and speaking English, said: 'Jordan, I know you. You gave me tobacco at Fort Wayne. We wont kill you; but come and see what we will do with your Captain.' So, leading me to where **WELLS** lay, they cut off his head, and put it on a long pole, while another took out his heart, and divided it among the chiefs, and ate it up raw. Then they scalped the slain and stripped the prisoners, and gathered in a ring, with us fifteen poor wretches in the middle. They had nearly fell out about the divide, but my old chief, the White Raccoon, holding me fast, they made the divide and departed to their towns. They tied me hard and fast the first night, and placed a guard over me. I laid down and slept soundly until morning, for I was tired. In the morning they untied me and set me parching corn, at which I worked attentively until night. They said if I would stay and not run-away, that they would make a chief of me, but if I would attempt to runaway they would catch me and burn me alive. I amused them with a fine story, in order to gain their confidence; and fortunately made my escape from them on the 19th of August, and took one of their best horses to carry me, being seven days in the wilderness, I was joyfully received on the 26th, at Wayne. On the 28th they attacked the fort, and blockaded it until the 16th of September, when we were relieved by Gen Harrison."

Nearly two years after the massacre, there was a statement made in Niles' Register, of the fate of the soldiers captured by the Indians, giving their names, and by whom and at what time ransomed. According to this statement, the persons were treated with great barbarity, having been allowed scarce sufficient food to sustain life. Several of them died in captivity, some from privation and hardship, and others by the scalping knife and tomahawk.

The Massacre of Chicago was among the earliest important events in the West, connected with the last war with Great Britain. While the Indians were preparing for the destruction of the garrison, and the little settlements around the Fort at Chicago, the British were at the same time investing Detroit. Gen. **BROCK**, the British Commander, had arrived at Malden on the 13th of August, joining Gen. **PROCTOR**, who had previously commanded the little squad of British in that part of the then western frontier. On the 14th they appeared at Sandwich, opposite Detroit, and erected their

batteries overlooking the latter place. On the 15th, the day of the massacre at Chicago, the British commander summoned Gen. HULL to surrender, which he absolutely refused to do. But on the next day, the 16th, without striking a blow, the American Commander in Chief surrendered the town of Detroit and the Territory of Michigan, with fourteen hundred American troops. The judgment which the American people passed upon that transaction, is well known. It should be remembered, in justification of Gen. HULL, that he had not been sustained by the War Department of the Government, as a General in that situation should have been. The department took no steps to inform him of the declaration of war, and his vessels and army supplies were exposed, and captured by the Canadians, before he had knowledge that war had been declared. In consequence of these informalities, he felt himself too feebly sustained to risk a conflict, even on the defensive. Thus fell, simultaneously, into the hands of the enemy, and to some extent, to the revengeful savages, these two important points in the West, Detroit and Chicago.

The little band who had surrendered to the Indians, at Chicago, found no release from captivity, except to be delivered as prisoners of war, to the conquering British, at Mackinaw or Detroit. Fort Wayne was yet held by the garrison of American troops. Had Capt HEALD, by an earlier movement, been enabled to gain that post in safety, he would have been safe, and would have considerably strengthened the command there. The whole North-West was in the hands of the British, except Fort Wayne, and Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, a little above Vincennes. The Indians who had been engaged in the fight at Chicago, were soon drawn off, in company with other hostile tribes, for an attack on Fort Wayne. They invested that Fort on the 28th of August, closing it against all intercourse till the 16th of September, when it was relieved by the force under Gen. HARRISON, by his line of operations from the Maumee.

Gen. HARRISON, then Governor of the North-West Territory, had been appointed Brigadier General in the army of the United States, in August. The fall of these posts had roused the people throughout the West to the most effective resistance. Their most formidable foes were the Indians, excited to hostilities by British intrigues and bribes. Engaged in efforts to wipe out the disgrace of the first defeats were Col. R. M. JOHNSON, Gen. HOPKINS, Capt. Z. TAYLOR, and Gov. EDWARDS of Illinois.

On the 10th of September following, an attack was made on Fort Harrison, which was then commanded by Capt. TAYLOR, afterwards General, the Hero of the Mexican War, and late President. The Fort was gallantly defended, though the garrison was very weak, and the Indians withdrew. Gov. EDWARDS, of Illinois, was engaged in raising troops for operations along the the Illinois River, who were to co-operate with the forces on the Wabash. The white population of this State was then in the south-western part, clustering around the old settlements of Kaaskaskia, Cahokia, Edwardsville, &c. The troops raised for this purpose were called Rangers. Some of the "Illinois Heroes" were engaged in this expedition, among them Hon. JOHN REYNOLDS, of Belleville, styled the "Old Ranger." Col. RUSSEL was the Commander of the United States Division of the troops in this detachment. It was not the lot of this part of the army to reap much from the field of glory. The Indians had the prudence to keep out of the way. The most that was accomplished was the destruction of some Indian villages and their stores of provisions, along the Illinois and Sangamon Rivers. Failing to meet with the expedition under Gen. HOPKINS, from the Wabash, this party returned and were disbanded.

Gen. HARRISON prosecuted the war on the Maumee, and the region around Lake Erie, with vigor. In Sept. of 1813, Com. PERRY gained his celebrated victory on Lake Erie, and soon after, the American forces crossed the Lake, and landed at Malden, which had been deserted by the British army. On the 29th, HARRISON arrived at Sandwich, and Gen. MCARTHUR took possession of Detroit, as the British army had done more than a year before, without firing a gun. Thus was the North-West restored again to the

possession of the Americans. Soon after, at the battle of the Thames, *Tecumthe* was killed, and the Indians were completely subdued.

Mr. KINZIE and his family, who have had a leading place in the interest of the reader, through this sketch, were removed from St. Joseph to Detroit, and, Mr. KINZIE being surrendered to the Commander as a prisoner of war, his family were permitted to reside there. For much of the time he was separated from his family, kept in confinement, in the eastern part of Canada, with a view of sending him to England. When the British were conquered, he was released.

Of what was passing at Chicago during the war, we know but little. The Indians had destroyed all the buildings that were previously erected here, excepting Mr. KINZIE'S house. This was occupied by a Frenchman, who kept up the Indian trade at this point. When Mr. KINZIE returned, in 1816, he re-entered upon possession of his homestead, and re-opened his trade with the Indians. It was not until four years after the massacre, when the troops returned to this post, that the bones of those who had fallen on August 15th, 1812, were collected and buried.

CHICAGO.

Thou askest, stranger, of our home—our home in other days;
 What of the City of the Lakes, before it met thy gaze:
 We proudly point unto the past, as to a beacon star;
 Behold us, small as we have been; behold us as we are.
 Deem not that through enchanted land, it is thine hap to roam,
 But hail the Mecca of the West—thine own adopted home.

We love the vista of the past, its softened shadows seem
 Too beautiful for waking thought—too real for a dream;
 And tenderly Affection twines around that "Early Day,"
 Whose relic, one by one, are swept from tearful eyes away.
 We kneel upon the shore of Time, to catch the passing flowers;
 To rescue from Oblivion's gulf, what was, and may be, ours.

Forget the busy streets of care—the princely domes, and spires,
 And led by Fancy, wander back unto the council fires.
 Forget the mad pursuit of gain, *thyself* awhile forget,
 And listen to the words of truth, the voice of good Marquette.
 Amid the dark-browed warriors, lo! that faithful one, and true;
The first disciple of the Cross, Chicago ever knew.

They gathered to our silent shore, as it were Jordan's side,
 And 'neath the placid waters, owned their love for Him who died;
 The beautiful Miami sank upon the dewy sod,
 And in the holy star-light, bowed unto the unknown God;
 Too soon amid those lowly ones, his blessed work was o'er;
 The good man parted from their midst, to seek them, nevermore.

No farther back amid the past, our simple annals lead;
 A Christian sought an unknown wild, for Christ, and not for creed
 It was the herald of a dawn, whose sun—when shall it set?
 Thou hast our infancy, and youth—*our manhood is not yet*;
 For still, from every clime, they brave the ocean's wildest foam,
 To seek the Mecca of the West—our own beloved home.

THE BRIDAL.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

A song for the Bridal, my muse, let thy verse
Move forward no more like the wheels of a hearse ;
A theme, meet for angels inviteth thy lay,
The parted will soon be united for aye.
A song for the Bridal ; the leaflets are stirred,
As if they the notes of rejoicing had heard ;
The carol of songsters, enchanteth the vale ;
And sunlight is streaming o'er merry Glendale.

The villagers speak of the days that have been ;
The home in the hollow, and good Farmer Lynn ;
The grave in the church-yard ; the orphan who passed
Away from the homestead—its brightest and last.
The matrons have donned those rare 'kerchiefs, whose folds.
Like comets, the gazer but seldom beholds ;
And gems perpetrated, ere earth was quite dry
From rains of the deluge ; still puzzle the eye ;
All raiment long folded in napkins away,
With heir looms unnumbered, goes church-ward to-day.

A peal for the Bridal—the merriest peal ;
A hand at the bell-rope, whose owner can feel—
Whose bosom, rejoicing when others are glad,
Can touch the key-note in a "time to be sad."
And such is the ringer—the cadence that swells
Seems meet for Poe's poem, the "Song of the Bells."

A wreath for the Bridal ; they gather around
The home of the Pastor, whom glory hath crowned ;
Who waits in his surplice, at Heaven's high shrine,
The bud of the human, to render divine.
A wreath for the Bridal, the gems of the vale,
Are fair as its lily—the pride of Glendale.

They come from the dwelling, the buds on her brow,
Ah ! soft is the bloom of that loveliness now,
Sweet Minnie, with flowers is strewing the way,
The parted will soon be united for aye.

Ah, hush ! far away be all mirthfulness driven ;
They enter the porch, and the portal of Heaven.
They tread in the pathway that Christians have trod,
When lovingly called to the supper of God ;
Where baptismal waters have gushed from the Rock,
And bathed the pure brows of the lambs of the flock.
The foot of the mercy-seat—altar of prayer ;
Ah ! may not the blessed Shechina be there ?

How breathless the silence—the audible vow ;
A sweet, low-voiced murmur, responsively swells ;
A breath from the warm bosom's fathomless cells.
A ring decks the slender white finger, and now,
For Heaven's approval, and blessing they bow ;
'Tis finished, the twain are forever allied,
What God hath united, let none dare divide.



BENJAMIN W. RAYMOND, ESQ.

BENJAMIN W. RAYMOND.

LATE in the seventeenth century, a few Huguenots, driven from France by persecution to England, settled afterwards in New England. The subject of this sketch is a descendant from these, on his father's side. He was born in Rome, Oneida county, New York, in 1801; and was the son of Benjamin Raymond, who, as early as 1796, left his birth-place, Richmond, Berkshire county, Mass. His mother was a daughter of Thomas Wright, one of the brothers of that name who, emigrating from Weathersfield, Conn., were among the first settlers of Rome, which was long known as Wright's Settlement, in the wilderness of the then West. His father was engaged for some years, in connection with the late Judge Wright, (afterwards chief engineer of the Erie canal,) in surveying into townships the northern counties of New York: and which were then all a wilderness, from the Mohawk River northward to the St. Lawrence. He selected the site of the town of Potsdam, in St. Lawrence county, where he lived for several years, and where he held the office of Judge for the county. He died in 1824, in the state of Delaware; being then engaged as engineer upon the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal.

The early years of Benjamin W. were spent with an aunt in Whitestown, New York, having lost his mother at the age of five years. When he had reached the age of ten, he was taken home to pursue his education in an academy which his father had established; having erected, at his own expense, a building to be used for the purpose of a high school and of public worship. Here he spent four years, dividing his time between school and the duties of a clerk in a village store. He also spent a good part of a year at school in Montreal, boarding with a French family where no English was spoken.—Afterwards he resumed his clerkship at his father's store, in Norfolk, St. Lawrence Co., and wound up his school attendance in the study of practical mathematics, particularly surveying, which he afterwards practiced to some extent.

His introduction to the more responsible cares of business took place at the age of nineteen, when he was sent down the Ratchett River, into the St. Lawrence, to Montreal, with a large quantity of lumber, which he was to sell and account for, and in which he acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of his employer. About two years after this he purchased a small stock of goods, and commenced business on his own account: but his father dying soon after, he was left at the age of 22, the eldest of nine orphan children, without other means of support than his small stock of goods, purchased on credit, and sold, of necessity, under all the disadvantages of a new country without currency, or other means of purchase; and dependent on a barter of crude commodities for whatever trade was done. As his eldest brother was but thirteen years of age, he soon saw the impossibility of sustaining the family at Norfolk, and so closed his business at that place, in debt to his largest creditor to the amount of \$600, (which was paid in instalments some years afterwards,) and started for Oneida county, once more to try a new tack for his life voyage. Here, a clerkship introduced him to a partnership in business with Mr. WM. WRIGHT, one of the oldest merchants at Rome, which was continued for three years. A feeling of responsibility on account of his orphan brothers and sisters, induced habits of the strictest industry and economy, and led him to adopt those principles of temperance to which he has ever since adhered. The circle of young men into which he had been thrown in St. Lawrence county, were dissipated, and their gayety was not without a charm for young RAYMOND. But when returning to Oneida county he firmly resolved to leave all such associates behind, and to seek for the future only the society of the strictly virtuous. Temperance societies were not yet invented; but Mr. RAYMOND made a pledge for himself, and has kept it to this day.

It was here, during the great revival of religion, in which Rev. C. G. FINNEY figured as the chief preacher, that Mr. RAYMOND made a profession of religion, early in the year 1826.

One of the first Young Mens' Temperance Societies in the State was formed at Rome,

and Mr. RAYMOND at once relinquished the sale of liquors, though it was a very important source of profit to the merchant at that time. This was in 1828.

In 1831 Mr. RAYMOND formed his first acquaintance with his future friend and partner, Hon. S. N. DEXTER; and very soon after turned his steps westward, determined to seek his fortune in what was then the *far west*: with a promise from Mr. DEXTER that if he should find a good place near the western lakes, for settlement and trade, he would supply him the capital necessary for a commencement of business. In this journey he pushed westward through northern Ohio and Michigan, as far as White Pigeon; the last twenty-five miles of which was reached on the back of an Indian pony, guided partly by lead of an Indian trail, and partly by the course of the sun. He found plenty of persons who, like himself, were in search of places for the sale of goods, but very few who promised to be purchasers, and so turned backward as far as the town of East Bloomfield, in Western New York, where he once more commenced business. Here he spent four years in a successful trade, connected with the purchase of wool. Here, also, one of the most important steps of his life was taken, in his entrance into the matrimonial relation with Miss AMELIA PORTER, of East Bloomfield, his present wife; a step which has probably had as much to do with his success in life, and the position he now occupies, as any other. Mrs. RAYMOND is the mother of two sons, both living, one in business, and the other still at school.

Finding that his business did not allow of much expansion at East Bloomfield, he began, in 1835, to look once more westward, and Chicago being then somewhat talked about, he at once fixed his attention upon this place, being confirmed in the idea, from its natural position upon the map, that it would at some time be a place of importance; and also from a remark he once heard from Hon. DE WITT CLINTON; whose sagacity in regard to such matters was seldom at fault.

In January, 1836, he therefore set out by stage for Chicago, being provided with authority to draw upon his friend DEXTER to the amount of \$10,000, if he chose to do so, for purposes of joint investment in real estate. After some looking about at Milwaukee and elsewhere, and investing his \$10,000, he returned, closed up his business in N. Y., and set his stake in Chicago about the 1st of June, 1836; having been preceded by a large stock of goods; which, however, having to go by sail vessels around the Lakes, did not arrive until July. The city was at that time running over with merchandise, wanting nothing but purchasers. Such a class of merchants, too, as were a portion of them, never seen elsewhere: being mere adventurers, who had, by hook or by crook, and commonly by both, got possession of their stocks; their next aim was to get rid of them at whatever price could be had.

This disheartening and ruinous condition of things, left but a poor chance for him who thought only of a legitimate trade, which should turn his stock into cash.—Mr. R. was therefore obliged to look about him for other avenues to help off his goods. He established a branch at Milwaukee, one at Geneva, in Kane Co., and another at Des-Plaines, on the canal.

The disasters of that period, commencing in August, 1836, were under full headway for about three years, and came especially upon such as had made purchases of real estate, with notes to mature from time to time. The Fall of 1837 found the firm of B. W. RAYMOND & Co. minus the ability to meet their engagements, by about \$15,000, in addition to their loss of capital, amounting to as many more. This was a state of things with a bad look to it, and was fully made known to his partner; but Mr. DEXTER was a man with a back bone in him, and nobly sustained the house with \$20,000; as it was called for, during the years 1837—8—9; so that, by attention to meeting and securing liabilities as they accrued, the credit of the house was unshaken, and their business uninterrupted during the whole period of that terrible depression. From the year 1838 to 1843, business was good, and the firm had so far retrieved its condition

that Mr. RAYMOND determined to make an effort to put himself square with the world again.

For this purpose he sold out his stock of goods, receiving one half in cash and in paper running six months, and the balance in real estate. This latter consisted of sixty feet on Clark street, including the old Post Office on the alley of the Sherman House Block, which was valued at \$5,000. By this sale, and by collecting dues, and by turning over all his interest in the real estate owned by the firm, to his partner, who was the largest creditor—Post Office property and all, at its estimated value, the whole precisely paid the liabilities of B. W. RAYMOND & Co., with 7 per cent. interest, together with all the private debts of Mr. RAYMOND; and left him with about \$1,000 for a fresh start. Mr. DEXTER rather objected to receiving all the real estate in their hands, as it had begun again to advance, and he was anxious that Mr. RAYMOND should share in the profit, as well as to have borne the labor. But Mr. R. preferred to have his affairs in a shape to leave his family with some resources, in case of his death; and, besides, he wished to have one more clear start in the world. Mr. DEXTER would, however, only receive the property on condition that Mr. RAYMOND should manage it as he had done, and gave him full power of attorney to that effect. After all transfers were made, Mr. D. so arranged matters as that an exact account should be kept of all real estate to him, with 7 per cent added each year, and then that all profits over the cost and interest should be equally divided between Mr. R. and himself: as his intention, he declared to be, that Mr. R. should not spend seven of the best years of his life exclusively for his benefit; but that if anything was to be made from real estate, he should share it.

Previous to the year 1848, Mr. R. purchased, on account of Mr. D. and himself, of the late JAS. T. GIFFORD, one half of his interest in the village of Elgin, and in that year commenced the erection of a woolen factory for Mr. DEXTER, which was completed in 1844. He was also concerned in a store at that place till 1851, and now owns considerable real estate in that town.

In the year 1839 he purchased the lot No. 122, on Lake street, Chicago, and in connection with Messrs. STRACHAN & SCOTT, erected, not the first brick, but the first *fire proof* stores in the town. In about three weeks after their completion, the great fire of that year swept the whole block on Lake street, from their stores to Dearborn street, including the original Tremont House, standing diagonally across the street from its present position,—and northward to the alley.

In March, 1839, Mr. RAYMOND was put in nomination for Mayor of the city, without any expectation on his part, of an election, since party lines were then drawn in regard to city officers, as well as those in the state or nation; and Mr. R. acted with the whigs, while their opponents were largely in the ascendant. He was, however, elected, together with half the Council on the same side, which put upon him the duty of giving a casting vote, whenever the question of office, or appointment, or of party advantage should divide that body. Mr. RAYMOND acknowledges that for once he was swayed by his friends, who insisted that he ought to use his power for the party to which he belonged: but that on the next day he formed the resolution to which he has since adhered, of never voting for a man whom he deemed unfit, because he was of a particular party. From that time he has been opposed to bringing party politics into the arena of our municipal elections.

During this year the well known counterfeiting of the Canal checks of \$100 occurred. Mr. RAYMOND gave such attention to the case, that three fellows engaged in the business were put into the clutches of justice; of whom two went to Alton, and the other, by changing venue, got off on straw bail, and was seen no more in these parts. He brought up in Sing Sing, however, and may be doing service to the state of New York till this day, for aught known of him.

The Mayor, at this time, was paid a nominal salary of \$1,000, which, by depreciation of city orders, in which it was paid, reduced it to about \$750. Mr. R. made no money

from his office, however; for that year being one of great suffering on the line of the canal, the occupants of the shanties naturally poured into the city for relief; and the salary, drawing after it more of the same sort, went to the aid of the Emeralds, as much more has gone since; not only from the plethoric pockets of Mayors, but from all other pockets, reachable, either by lugubrious jeremiads of want, or by sweet-brogued blarney.

There came on, also, during the year, a great bridge contest. That over the river at Dearborn street being swept away, a strong party arose opposing the erection of another, thinking, either that those who wanted to get from that side of the stream to this, might crawl under; or, that people who would leave the "sunny south" side and banish themselves to those hyperborean regions lying to the northward of the current of mud, ought to stay there, and no more trouble those of so much better taste, and of better fortunes. So strong was this utterance of the *vox populi* that the matter was decided in that common council by the casting vote of the Mayor, and a bridge obtained on Clark street, on condition that the north-siders should subscribe \$3,000 of city bonds to put it over. And so the benighted hyperboreans were admitted once more to sun light and the society of "the people."

The sale of Fort Dearborn addition to Chicago, took place during that year. Mr. R. had the first intimation of it while in New York, in April; and as he knew from the history of like cases, that the people of Chicago expected the lands to be given to the city, as had been customary, he exerted himself for a postponement of the sale, till the matter could be brought before Congress—the sale being advertised by Mr. VAN BUREN, the President, to take place in June. For this purpose he visited Washington, and saw the President; who put him off with the soft ambiguities which he knew so well how to use; and as soon as he was gone, hurried on the sale, under the averment, that the government was "in pressing need of funds." As the next best thing, Mr. R. with a committee of the council, put in for a public square, consisting of a block, to be reserved from sale.

Their success was better than nothing, inasmuch as they got half what they asked for; and Dearborn Park testifies to-day, to the meanness of the U. S. Government, as administered by the sage of Lindenwald.

As a sample of the celerity of travel in those days, Mr. R. started, in the month of March, 1839, for New York. He left on Tuesday morning, by stage; that is, in a lumber wagon with trunks for seats, and after riding day and night, with one night's exception, brought up at Tecumseh, forty miles from Detroit, at three o'clock on the next Sunday morning, the last seven miles being on foot, as the four horses were sufficiently loaded by the aforesaid trunks and wagon. During one week more of travel, beginning on the following Monday, Buffalo was gained; and one week further still, brought them to New York, making three weeks in the transit. Eight years after this voyage of three weeks, Mr. RAYMOND was laughed at for saying, that in ten years more, he expected to make the same journey in three days. Perhaps the laughers are cackinnating yet.

In 1842, Mr. RAYMOND was once more elected mayor of Chicago. This was about the time of the expiration of the long depression which commenced in 1836. City orders were still hawking about at 70 to 75 cents on the dollar, for goods or truck of some sort; and the people were as poor as the city. Real Estate had but little value, and every body would have been rid of it, but that nobody else would take it; and so being obliged to keep what they had, an abundance of people were made rich in time in spite of themselves.

The city government entered upon a rigid course of economy; their whole expenditures for the year municipal, 1842, were about \$9,800, and the receipts \$13,800, about \$4,000 more than the expenditures, and before the end of the year, city orders loomed up to par.

During the year, the present cemetery grounds were selected; the old burying grounds being among the sand hills near the brewery. Forty acres of the present grounds were bought, surveyed and a public sale had. To get means of paying for the forty acres, some \$1,200 of city script was pledged in a loan of \$600 for sixty days! The sale furnished the means to redeem the script. This will, perhaps, seem small business at this day, but a great many large things begin small.

During the next year, 1843, Mr. R. endeavored to induce some of his creditors to take the lot on Clark street, north of the Sherman House, and including the old Post office, at \$5,000 in discharge of liabilities. This idea was scouted, and the property was passed over to his partner as already stated. He kept it, till it brought him \$19,500, and it could not be had to-day, probably, for less than \$60,000.

When the Galena Railroad was started, Mr. R. was fully ready to enter into it, with all the means and influence he could command. As one of its first Board of Directors he pledged almost his entire capital, in connection with other Directors, for the purchase of the first iron to build its track, and in connection with the present President, J. B. TURNER, Esq., then acting Director, negotiated the sale of the first issue of bonds of the Road in eastern cities, which, at that day, (1848) was not an easy matter, while Wall street was well supplied with Illinois State Bonds, interest unpaid. The first sales were only made to confidential friends, who relied upon their representations; as capitalists generally, had no confidence in any western enterprise.

In consequence of the success of that enterprise, and its beneficial effects upon the country and city, he has since entered upon active efforts to build the road known as the Fox River Valley Railroad. The construction of this road was somewhat delayed, owing to the great number of such enterprises on foot at once, and the failure of some of the more unimportant ones, but it is now finished, and will probably fully vindicate itself when its northern connections are completed.

Mr. RAYMOND, though in comfortable circumstances and with something to spare, is not one of the wealthiest men in the city; for he has never worshipped the "Golden Calf." His aim has never been to make the most money. Hence, he has commonly sold out any considerable tracts of real estate in his hands, and used the money to advance objects of public use and benefit. The last few years of his life although engaged in business in this city, have been spent assiduously in carrying forward Railroad enterprises, which have given him a great amount of labor and travel, and kept him abroad from home for a large portion of time. He also gives largely and freely. Perhaps no man in our midst more fully realizes the pleasure of a deed of benevolence which costs something, than he. No man of his long residence and various experiences with all sorts of men in public and private life, has fewer enemies, or more fully commands the public confidence. The trust in his entire integrity of character is full and universal. He has only to believe a thing right to be induced to act accordingly, without question or delay. He is a man of about five feet ten inches in height, with light hair and a blonde complexion. His words are few in low tones, and his demeanor quiet; the aspect is that of amiability and harmony of character.

He was a Director of the old Hydraulic company, (which first supplied water to the city,) from its beginning to its close; is now a Director in the Gas & Coke Co., and of the pioneer railroad of the west, the Galena & Chicago Union R. R.

Mr. R. is a consistent member of the second Presbyterian Church, and has held the office of Ruling Elder in it since its organization in 1842. He has also been a Trustee of the Society, until the present year, and was one of the building committee in the erection of their house of worship, of which, with T. B. CARTER, Esq., he procured the plan.

His health is pretty uniformly good, and the hope of his friends is to see him useful a long while yet.



THOMAS CHURCH, ESQ.

THOMAS CHURCH, ESQ.

Mr. CHURCH hails from the Empire State, his birthplace being in the town and county of Onondaga, in the State of New York. His parents were farmers, in quite moderate circumstances. When Thomas was fourteen, they moved to what was then and now known as the Holland purchase in the town of Bennington, Genesee county, and settled on a wild timber farm. To clear the timber off, and to plant and sow between the stumps, was the work of the boys and their father. Thomas being the eldest of seven children. Their neighbors were people like themselves, and engaged in like labors, the country being new and sparsely settled. The houses and barns of the little settlement were built of logs. In four years the boys had cleared and got under cultivation twenty-four acres, of land. In the winters they attended the district school, an "institution" which has now been superseded by the more excellent school system, but which was well suited to the times, and did a vast amount of good. The school-houses were of the most primitive construction. Imagine a square edifice, built of logs, the ends notched into each other, and the interstices filled in with "chinks" and clay; the roof made of the bark of trees. Rude in appearance as it was, it was a complete protection from the weather, and was at least, reasonably comfortable. The floor was made of logs, split and hewn flat. Other logs, split and hewn smooth, supported by stakes set in auger holes, formed seats and desks which answered every purpose. As the pupils, when not in school, ran about, worked hard, played in earnest, and exercised well their limbs and their lungs, no ill effects resulted from the use of benches which modern civilization would pronounce "detrimental to a proper development of the chest, and injurious to the spine." In the cold days an immense fire of logs roared and crackled in the fire-place, at one end of the room. "The master" sat enthroned in dignity on a hickory chair, at the other. The funnel-shaped chimney was made of sticks plastered with clay.

"The girls," too, attended the school, and sat on the side of the house opposite the boys. Many were the stolen glances that the boys cast over the tops of their books, when the master's eye was turned, at the fair objects of their preference on the other side. Many a heart, no doubt, received its first wound from Cupid's shaft in the district school-house. It was so with Mr. CHURCH, and a certain pretty damsel that he first met there, afterward became his wife. The teachers of these schools were generally well qualified for their posts.

Early in the spring, the business of making maple sugar began, and this took Thomas away from school.

At the age of nineteen, Mr. CHURCH began the world for himself, with no other fortune than a pair of strong hands, a stout heart and a sound constitution. The question presented itself, what could he do, to best advance his fortune in the world? Although his education had not been extensive, yet he had always been of an enquiring and observant disposition; and it is not from books alone that a knowledge of the world, and of men and things, is to be gained. He considered, at this time, the professions, and a mercantile life, yet concluded them all out of his reach. He had made many warm friends, but they were unable to assist him. Nothing better appeared to offer at first, than a situation to work for a Mr. OWEN CORTON, a miller, at ten dollars a month, and this he accepted. He was faithful, diligent and honest; and at the end of two years, found himself the possessor of a good suit of clothes, and \$227 in money; quite a little fortune in that part of the country at that time.

Mr. CORTON was in the habit of providing his men with whiskey, as a drink, and Mr. CHURCH found himself contracting a taste for that vile beverage. This frightened him, and he resolved in future to discontinue its use. He did so, and has been a temperate man ever since.

To any one acquainted, as his biographer is, with this portion of Mr. CHURCH's life, there can be no doubt that he had a motive, and a strong one, for pursuing a temperate,

diligent and strictly honorable course of life. We have already hinted at a certain attachment which he formed at school; and it was, no doubt, the desire of being worthy of this most estimable lady, that led him to the most strenuous exertions for honorable advancement. The lady was a Miss RACHEL WARNER, and they were married in 1823.

Possessed now of the means to buy a small farm, Mr. CHURCH went to Chataouque county for that purpose; selected and bought a small piece of land, built a cabin on it, and then returned home on foot, for his effects, by the way of Buffalo. Here he was overtaken by a storm of snow, and detained one day. The delay was the cause of a radical change in all his plans. Buffalo was then a village of 2,500 inhabitants, and Mr. CHURCH did not know a soul there. He had heard, however, of an acquaintance of his cousins, and this man he sought out. He found him keeping a little store, and as busy as a beaver, notwithstanding the bad weather. While sitting in the store, the thought occurred to him, Why cannot I do something of this kind? This thought occupied him during the remaining walk home of thirty miles. Of course, his wife was consulted. Her advice was—"Go to Buffalo; if your heart is set upon this enterprise, it will be successful." To Buffalo accordingly they went, in February, 1824, leased a spot of ground, and erected on it a small store and dwelling. When a stock of goods had been laid in, their money was exhausted. The first sale amounted to three cents. A one dollar bill was presented, and taken, and ninety-seven cents in silver given in exchange. Woful to relate, the bill proved to be on a broken bank. A bank note detector was now purchased, and soon matters began to mend. The venture proved successful. Trade increased; and the first year Mr. CHURCH cleared \$200. This was probably one of the pleasantest years of his life. It was his first venture in business, and the first year of his married life. All things prospered with him; and he had good reason to look forward to a successful business career, and a happy domestic life.

In the spring of 1834, Mr. CHURCH embarked with his effects on board of a small schooner, bound for Chicago. Ever since 1832, when Gen. SCORR's army had returned from the Black Hawk war, reports had been circulating of the great fertility of the soil of Illinois, and of the advantages which Chicago would offer to the adventurous settler. Congress, too, had made an appropriation of land to the State for the purpose of constructing a canal from Chicago to the Illinois river.

Far-seeing men discerned in this great enterprise, an unbroken chain of water communication between the Mississippi and the great lakes, a sure prognostic of the future development of Illinois, and a bright harbinger of the brilliant destiny in store for her. Mr. CHURCH himself was not insensible to these great advantages, although he, in common with the early settlers of Chicago, had no idea of the rapidity of the future growth of the city. It was supposed, too, that Congress would soon make an appropriation for the improvement of the harbor at the mouth of the Chicago river.

The schooner on which Mr. CHURCH had embarked, arrived at Chicago on the second day of June, 1834, and anchored about three-quarters of a mile outside of the mouth of the river. No vessel had as yet passed over the bar into the river. The passengers came ashore in boats, and landed their goods in the same way. We may mention here, that the first vessel that entered the Chicago river was the schooner Illinois, Capt. PICKERING. This adventurous officer succeeded in passing the bar in safety in the fall of 1834. It was considered, as it was indeed, quite a feat, and an epoch in the history of the State. That night a jubilee was held in the cabin of the schooner, at which plenty of champagne was drank, toasts given, and speeches made.

There were about four hundred people in Chicago on Mr. CHURCH's arrival, besides the garrison at Fort Dearborn, which embraced 200 U. S. troops. The business of the place was all done on Water street. Mr. CHURCH endeavored to buy a lot there, but was unsuccessful. The land called canal lands was principally owned by the State.

Individuals who owned lots would not sell them. Individuals claiming the canal lands by possession, designated their claim by having a stick of timber or an old stove on it, and asked \$500 or \$600 for their right of possession. But speculation in lands was not what Mr. CHURCH came to Chicago for. He desired to get into business, and wished at least to own the property on which he lived. He succeeded, finally, in purchasing two lots, Nos. 111 and 113 Lake street, for \$250 each, and immediately erected a store and dwelling house on the property, 20 by 40 feet, and two stories high. There were, of course, few or no regularly traveled streets in Chicago at that time. The travel from the fort to the branching of the river, was along the river bank and on some ridges that crossed ravines leading to the stream. Mr. CHURCH's store was the first one built in Chicago, fronting on Lake street. Mr. J. K. BORRSTROM had built a store on Dearborn street, a little while before, the end of which reached to Lake street:—but at that time there were not enough houses built, to give direction to Lake street. In building his house, Mr. C.'s greatest difficulty was to get assistance enough. After buying a raft of timber in the river, he had to get it sawed by hand into joists and rafters, on the same principle that ship-timber is sawed. The frame being prepared, a derrick was rigged, and the frame raised to its place by a pair of oxen. His weather boards were brought from the Wabash country, by what were called prairie schooners; wagons drawn by five or six yoke of oxen. This *land voyage* occupied several days, the *crew* taking their provisions with them, and camping out at night. After selling out their cargo and part of their oxen, at Chicago, they would take on board a return load of salt, groceries or dry goods, and set sail for home again.

A great deal of Mr. CHURCH's early trading was done with the captains of these *prairie schooners*. They continued their trips till the march of civilization rendered them no longer necessary.

Mr. CHURCH brought with him to Chicago, two little daughters, one three years, the other two months old. By the fall of that year, the population of the place had increased to 800 or 1,000 souls. There were at that time, three churches in Chicago, occupied respectively by congregations of the Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist denominations. They were all little wooden buildings. The first Episcopal Church (St. James,) was built in 1835. Since that time, the progress of church building has fully kept pace with the growth and wealth of the city.

In the spring of 1835, Mr. CHURCH went to Buffalo for a stock of goods. It took *five days* to get to Detroit by stage. Sending his goods by lake, he returned by way of Detroit and Michigan City. There was no regular wagon road, and all vehicles ran along on the beach of the lake. It took *two days* to come from Michigan City to Chicago. There were fourteen passengers on this trip. A lady and two old gentlemen rode on the top of a wagon loaded with baggage. The other eleven passengers walked on before. The lady was Mrs. JOHN S. C. HOGAN, wife of the then post master at Chicago. Her husband, and Mr. JOHN L. WILSON, the present Sheriff of Cook county, were also in the party.

On arriving home, Mr. CHURCH found that his goods had got there before him. During his absence, JAMES WHITLOCK, Esq., Register, and Col. E. D. TAYLOR, Receiver of the General Land Office, had been negotiating with his wife for the preparation of a building for the use of the office, and she had agreed with them that on his return, Mr. CHURCH would fit up and furnish two rooms in the upper story of his store, for their purpose. He immediately hired the necessary assistance, and set about the fulfillment of the contract. The rooms were finished by the first day of June, 1835, and the land sales of that year immediately commenced. The attendance of buyers was very large and the bidding quite spirited. The purchasers stood out in Lake-street in front of the land office, and the constant tramping of such a crowd made the place very muddy. To obviate this, and to give the public a dry place to stand, Mr. CHURCH caused a large quantity of gravel to be brought from the lake shore, and spread daily

over the street. The receipts from the sales of land in two weeks were over half a million of dollars. Mr. CHURCH's profits on the goods sold at the same time and for three weeks thereafter, five weeks in all, was \$800. The next spring Mr. CHURCH built an addition to his store, making it one hundred and eighty by twenty feet, and replenished it with a fresh stock of goods. In the year 1838, his retail sales for cash amounted to over \$41,000. That year, and the preceding, was a hard year with merchants generally. The great commercial smash up of 1837 had shaken the country to its remotest extremities, and even Chicago felt its disastrous effects. It was about this time that a change took place in the business of Chicago. Instead of importing all articles of necessity, Chicago now began to export provisions. Chicago merchants, too, now began to give credit to dealers in the country, to buy their produce, to borrow money on warehouse receipts, and to appoint foreign agents to do their business for them. Mr. CHURCH, however, did not engage in this branch of traffic, but added to his other importations, paints, glass, oils, iron, and domestic dry goods. In 1840 he moved his old store, and built a forty feet front, fire proof brick building on Lake-street, Nos. 111 and 113, and moved his goods into it, taking into partnership his best clerk, Mr. M. L. SATTERLEE, now of the firm of Satterlee, Cook & Co. This partnership was dissolved in 1843, when Mr. CHURCH disposed of his interest in the store, and invested his means, which were now considerable, in the purchase of real estate. In his transactions in real estate, he was as fortunate as in his mercantile career. One of the predominant traits in his character, though not the ruling one, is caution. He was never disposed to embark in hazardous undertakings; but he has uniformly succeeded in whatever he has commenced.

There are some very interesting incidents connected with Mr. CHURCH's early experience of merchandizing in Chicago. In 1837 he purchased at one time seventy-five tons of goods the freight on which, from New York to Buffalo alone, was \$1,100. Late in the fall of 1837, sugar was very scarce here, and Mr. CHURCH went to St. Louis bought a large quantity, and had it re-packed in barrels. This was necessary, as it had to be transported in wagons from Ottawa here, and the roads being none of the best, there was some danger that the teamsters might get stuck in the sloughs. In case this accident should happen, they could roll the barrels to *terra firma*. This lot of sugar cost eight and three-fourth cents per pound in St. Louis, and it sold here at the rate of six pounds for a dollar. It was customary to buy everything by the dollars worth. The smallest change in money was a half dime. Sixteen of these, or eight dimes, passed for a dollar.

The rise in the value of land in Chicago, commenced at an early day. In 1830 or 1831 twenty feet of ground on Lake-st., west of, and adjoining No. 113, sold for \$7. In 1834, the same ground was sold for \$250. In 1836, it was sold for \$8,000, it having then a building on it not worth over \$2,000. It is now worth or \$1,500 per foot, or the snug little sum of \$30,000.

In June, 1836, the great Canal sale commenced, and a large amount of canal lands were sold. The terms were, a quarter down, and the balance in one two and three years, with interest on the deferred payments at six per cent. in advance. That was all, however, that was ever paid, as a few years afterwards, the State compromised with the purchasers, giving them one half of the whole quantity of land, for the one quarter of the price, which they had paid. In 1838, the State offered their lands on twenty years time, ten per cent. of the purchase money down, and six per cent. interest for the balance. They took in payment, too, State Stock, which was then depreciated to such an extent that thirty dollars of it could be bought for ten dollars. Such an opportunity to invest money profitably in lands has never occurred since; but at that time nobody wanted to buy, for there was very little money in circulation. In 1839, at the Fort Dearborn sales, lots on Michigan avenue were purchased at a little over \$1 per front foot, lots of 48 feet front selling at \$51. The same lots are now worth

forty thousand dollars. Since that date, land has been steadily increasing in value.

In the summer of 1834, the first Tremont House was built on the west corner of Lake and Dearborn streets. It was burned down in 1839, that being the first fire that had ever happened in Chicago. Mr. IRA COUCH immediately built the second Tremont House on the site of the present edifice, and kept it till it too, was burned down in 1849. In the fall of 1849, Mr. COUCH erected the present noble structure. It was called by the croakers at first, "Couch's folly" in derision, some persons thinking it much too large for a place like Chicago. But immense as it is, it has been thronged with guests for the last five years, and its popularity is increasing every year. For the last eight or nine years, Mr. CHURCH has been city assessor of the south division, and also Commissioner for the opening of streets and alleys, for the partition of real estate, and in awarding widow's dower; for the planking and paving of streets, and for appraising the damages and benefits arising from the establishment of lines of wharfage and dockage on the river. In the entire course of his official conduct, requiring the making of maps of sub-divisions of the city, and placing the abstract titles on record, we have not heard of a single mistake, or a single complaint of unfairness or partiality.

At the time in 1854, when the cholera raged in our midst, with such alarming fatality—when the angel of death held high revel in our streets—when strong men and little children alike were stricken down on every side—when medical skill and the tenderest care were unavailing to stay the progress of the plague or to snatch its victims from its deadly grasp—when all business was paralyzed and when hundreds were fleeing from the pestilence, Mr. CHURCH remained at home, discharged his usual duties, and ministered to the wants of the sick around him. He was not alone in this. Many other of our citizens, like him, devoted themselves to the noble work of alleviating the sufferings that they could not prevent.

Mr. CHURCH has been twice married. His first wife, the partner of his early days, died in 1839. A year afterwards he married Mrs. REBECCA PRUYNE, daughter of S. W. SHERMAN, Esq., his present excellent lady. His three daughters are all married.

Mr. CHURCH is a large and fine looking man, of plain and unaffected manners, and modest and retiring in his deportment. We are not informed whether or not he is connected with any religious society, but from our personal knowledge of his character, we should pronounce him to be christian at heart and in practice, whether he is so in name or not. He is one of our wealthiest citizens, but he is esteemed and respected far more for his estimable qualities, for his sound good sense, for his active usefulness, and for his quiet and unostentatious benevolence, than for the adventitious glare of mere wealth.

THE STERN CHASE IN LIFE.

A few years ago, an individual of that countless number that form the overflowing tide of emigration, left the green hills of Vermont, to seek his fortune in the Great West. For the sake of convenience, we shall give this individual, the hero of hesketch, a name. As Smith is thought to be the most numerous family, we shall stand the first chance of hitting the truth, if we suppose him to be one who rejoiced in that popular name; and we cannot of course be wide of the mark in giving him the baptismal name of John, since that one

has fallen to the lot of the greater part of those who are blessed with good Christian names. So John Smith it shall be; and certainly the chances are that he was nothing else than John Smith.

The world had not gone well with John while dwelling in the old states. He was evidently not made for that narrow bounded, down-in-the-groove state of society, which marks the features of the old communities. He did not seem to go ahead of the slow world about him, as might have been expected from one of his enthusiasm.

He seemed to be tied down, or to walk in fetters, and consequently was most usually found to fall behind.

He was always out of place, out of tune with everything, and out of harmony with the established order of society. He was probably a contradiction to himself; but viewing him in the light of his after life, he was evidently nothing but a natural-born emigrant, whose destiny was never to get a living among the rocks of his native state. He had tried hard for a living there, but had failed, and in his failure saved nothing but his moral integrity and good name. However discordant his position, and unfortunate in his business efforts, John had the good fortune to maintain an upright position, and keep his good and honored name unsoiled, and never to want for friends. He had in fact got behind with the world, and for the first few years of his manhood had run a stern chase with life, gaining nothing, but rather losing ground. No hope remained of his "catching up." The only resource left him was to give up, scratch out old scores, and begin anew—emigrate to the West; that refuge for the hopeless and down-broken, as well as the beacon to the young aspirant and the man of enterprise. The West is the land of promise to all; and a blessed land has it proved to many, who did not rise, and never could have risen, on their native soil, to the level of their worth. In the old states, the trades and professions are filled, money has accumulated in masses, the lands have their perpetual possessors; and fortune has a few favorites, of which the natural born emigrant is certain not to be one. Society has settled down into grooves and a rough passage does that free soul have that takes a cross path.

On one beautiful morning in June, our hero John, set out on his journey. He had for weeks been preparing himself for this great change in his life. The little property he possessed had been gradually shifted, and every debt he owed his fellow men, but that of love, had been honestly discharged. The little of worldly wealth that remained, was packed into a trunk, and a box or two, and consisted of a good supply of clothing, some knick-knacks, which were the rem-

nants of his "dicker," some of the most necessary of his trade's tools; and in his pockets barely enough of cash to pay his expenses in the most economical way of traveling, to the land of his future trials or triumphs. His effects had been put on board of a teamster's wagon, the Saturday previous; the man living some miles on the road, was to start early on Monday morning, on his accustomed trip to Troy. It was arranged that on Monday our young friend and hero, for he was a Sabbath keeping man; was to join the teamster, and ride with him over the mountain to Troy, for which he had engaged to pay for the transportation of himself and baggage, four dollars; half the price of stage fare.

Monday morning came, and with it the hour of departure; the last look upon the familiar scenes of his youth; the last word of parting, and the farewell shake of the hand, to many dear friends and relatives. For, although John Smith had not been a successful man in his first start in life, and had lost money, he had not lost his friends, only such as were his friends for his money's sake, and who can be bought in all times and places, for their price, be it more or less. With a moment lingering here and there, a few extra words of endearment, and farewells repeated, the time rapidly passed; and as had been the usual lot of his life, he found himself behind when at last he turned his steps to the westward. But thought Smith, to himself, I can and must make up this little loss of time by more rapidly walking.

It was a delightful morning. It was such an one as is only known among the green valleys of Vermont. The winds were still as if they had nestled down at the feet of her stern old oaks, and her hoary headed hills. The grass and the foliage of the trees were dripping with the weight of the dew which had descended in the cool of the night. And now the sun was looking down between the green hills with a warm and benignant smile. The air was redolent with the delightful odors of the Spring flowers, and the lilacs that bloomed in the front yard of every farmer's dwelling; and the sun's rays imparted a genial warmth

mellowed by the cool of the mountain shadows, and the vapor of the dew drops ascending again to their native heaven. Our friend enjoyed the delightful outpouring of that Spring morning. He had a keen perception of the beauties of nature. Perhaps he lingered a little to look, possibly for the last time, upon loved and familiar scenes, thus clothed in beauty. He was buoyant with hope. Outward influences conspired to elevate his inward aspirations. He was cheerful, but mournfully happy, communing with his own heart, as he passed along. He was then just starting upon a new era in his life; old things were passing away, and he passing away from them. Many have felt a desire to live one life that they might learn properly to live *the life* which is committed to the keeping of all. In one sense he had lived that life, had experienced its trials and toils, and had learned where to look for the hidden rocks in the sea, or pitfalls by the side of the path; and now he was about to begin a new existence. In this light he looked upon his present circumstances, and pondering with himself, the future opened broad its path before him. With the joyful face of nature ever manifested, wherever he cast his eye upon the outward world, he could not but look upon the bright side of his prospects as he turned his mental vision into the future. We doubt not that flashes of sorrow and sadness passed over him, as his soul went backward into the past, fastening itself upon many sunny spots in childhood's experience, and lingering about sacred and cherished objects and scenes, many dear friends and youthful associates, graves of father and mother, brothers and sisters living, and to the kind welcome and the sad adieu, perhaps of some one dearer than father or mother, sister or brother.

We could not, if we would, have noted the passing time, had we gone with him, and entered into the labyrinth of this reverie, as he wound his way for miles, on foot and alone, to the dwelling of the friend that had engaged to carry him over the mountains, and into whose charge his goods had already been committed. Possibly he thought not that time lived, and how rapidly the day was passing, though not wasted by him, while bidding adieu to friends,

looking back upon old homes, the dwellings of his neighbors, their pastures and fields, and the flocks roaming therein, all which lay so inviting to his sight, as he toiled up the acclivity overlooking the village from the west; beautiful scenery the like of which he never expected to see again, although his imagination was filled with the most magnificent conceptions of the glorious beauty of the prairie-land. Perhaps time to him was no more, while in that deep reverie of past, present and future, which like eternity was all present. Suffice it to say that when he arrived at the place of meeting, his friend had gone. He had waited some time past the appointed hour, and not wishing to lose the cool of the morning in going with his team up some of the lower acclivities of the Green Mountains, he could wait no longer; and so leaving word for his passenger to hurry on, on foot, he put his team to the wagon and drove off with his load, a very small part of which consisted of Smith's goods. When our friend came up he was told that the team had been gone about half an hour, "but hurry on," said his rustic informant, "and you will soon overhaul it."

"Too late again, and left behind on my first start!" exclaimed Smith, with impatience. Charity might be tolerant of a little vexation; for he had now traveled on foot about five miles, and, notwithstanding the lingerings, much of the distance at a rapid pace, impelled by mental enthusiasm, the steam power of the physical energies, and he was already tired and foot-sore.

But he had now no time to pause, or to spend in unavailing regrets and self-condemnation. Lost time must be made up. He had the prospect of a race before him. His goods, his comfortable seat in the wagon, had gone on; his fortune before him, nothing behind to call him back, and he must press on to regain them. He had nothing but his own strength and energy to depend upon, and nothing but his own natural endowment of limb to compete with the patient endurance of horse muscle. His life had been already a severe lesson to teach him how hard a task it is to catch up, when once behind, in the stern

chase of life. Such a misfortune as had befallen our traveler, might appear a light circumstance, to such as judge of the facilities of annihilating distance, by their experience with the steam car; but let such an one follow the track of a man or horse, and when he has followed them fast and far, and the distance still obstinately refuses to be annihilated; then may he be prepared to admit that experience is the best school-master. A philosopher who derives profitable instruction from the incidents of every-day life, might apply this accident to other circumstances, with a useful significance, and thereby learn never to be behind in any of the duties of life, or in its business transactions, in paying or collecting debts, or in cancelling the demands which charity lays upon us.

We conclude that in the improvement of this little circumstance, John Smith was a true philosopher. He started right manfully on the chase; for he knew no time was to be lost. He did not call for help from others, to do what he alone could do. The road before him lay up the ascent of the hills which blend into and form the base of the Green Mountains on their eastern side. Many of them were sharp pitches, but generally the ascent was gradual; no descent to give a moment's rest, or to bring a new set of muscles into action in the progress, which was all the way up, up! and steadily higher! The mind might be occasionally relieved from the toilsome task by a new prospect of scenery, a turn in the road, the cooling shade of trees by the way side, or the shadow of an overhanging hill, a glance down in a dark ravine, from which comes up the tinkling voice of the little brook running over its pebbly bed, whose cooling waters are as far beneath his reach as the receding goal is before him. He ventures to inquire of the passers-by, if they have met such a team, and how far it is ahead. The reply is that they have, but the object of pursuit, as he learns, is yet discouragingly far ahead. He cannot perceive that his weary efforts are shortening the distance. Yet he urges his lagging limbs forward. He hopes to overtake, or to be overtaken by, some

friendly traveler, going the same road, who is more fortunately accommodated with the useful aid of the horse, from whom he will beg to be helped on his way. But alas! the current all seemed to be going the wrong way, all the travel is on the easy grade of going down, while he alone is compelled to go upward. Courage, young man, the prize of honor is to be gained by climbing up, while the road to indolence and vice is on the plane that is inclining downward, and over which the slide can be made with little effort. But not a friendly opportunity presents itself for relief. He is astonished that the travel on that road is all one way, as it appeared to him, as he met wagon after wagon, coming down the long descent. He was somewhat annoyed at the apparent ease and sang-froid of those downward travelers, which seemed a mockery to aggravate his sufferings. He inquired yet more frequently for the baggage wagon, and learned that it was yet some distance ahead, yet making its way very leisurely along. He feels confident that he is now gaining ground, and that every step shortens the distance in a very small degree between himself and the object of pursuit. The sun is now getting high up in the heavens, and he too is getting high up in the mountains—many miles are passed and left forever between him and the home from which he departed with such buoyant hopes in the morning. He is rapidly, for one on foot, putting distance between himself and the past, but the vehicle which he hopes will carry him still faster on to the doorway of his new home, keeps jogging on provokingly beyond his reach. Fatigued in body and vexed in mind, he is just ready to give up in despair. A new thought flashes upon him—"It is not all lost labor," says he—as with renewed strength from mental action he pushes on. The sun now looks down directly upon him, for it is noon. But it is not oppressively hot, for its rays are broken by the boughs of mountain forest trees, the evergreens from which those mountains are named. He is hungry as well as fatigued, and his half-day's hard walk has made him a fast friend of the publican. But alas! there is no public or even private house on the road, at which

he might rest and satisfy the cravings of hunger, did not the urgency of his case forbid him to stop for anything.

But all toils, like everything else, have an end at last; and fortunate that it is so, or else our hero might have been to this day, like the Wandering Jew, revolutionizing the world, in a manner not encouraged by the modern reformer, by ever walking instead of working. Turning at last a short angle in the road around the point of a hill, all at once he came upon the long sought and followed object. He had caught it at last, just as the driver had turned out of the path upon a green plat, to rest under the shade of a "brave old oak." With almost utter exhaustion, the excitement of the chase passing away, he threw himself upon the green sward, with the very significant declaration—"Behind for the last time."

• That little nook in the shadow of the hills, a green spot in the desert of life, far above and looking out upon the dark tops of the ridges of the lower range of the mountains, and overlooking from its elevation a large section of cultivated and uncultivated country—seemed to John Smith the most delightful harbor he had ever taken shelter in. He laid upon the earth overlooking the more lofty, but less fruitful part of the creation, resting his wearied limbs, communing with his own thoughts, and occasionally obtruding his reflections upon his more matter-of-fact and less imaginative travelling companion. Before leaving his reclining position,—one to be envied by all who have thus far from necessity overtaxed their physical powers—we think he was fully persuaded in his own mind that that day's work should prove to him a profitable investment in his future life. No incident had probably occurred to make so favorable an impression upon his mind, for John's life had not been an eventful one. His common-place friend, taking the hint, from the drift of his exclamations, took the occasion to give him some very wholesome advice, and although not peculiar for its originality, was not probably lost—"You see, John," says he, "this is just like you, always a day, an hour or a minute behind—never on hand at

the time. This has been the cause of your bad luck. When you bought out Brown, you was a day behind in closing the bargain, and paid a round price for the delay—and then behind in making the payments, you had to sell, and behind in accepting a good offer, sold finally too cheap. And when the Squire found you must fail, forbid Sally to marry you, when she expected to have had you six months months before, and the squire hadn't a word then to object."

A little disturbed at being touched so roughly in a tender spot, he rather petulantly admitted that he saw it all—"but my name is not John Smith, if I have not seen the last of this habit to-day. You'll all hear from me again some day." So here ended the colloquy, and after resting for a while and refreshing himself in company with and from his friend's box of bread and cheese, he was prepared to continue his journey, but more willing to ride than to walk, more willing to be before than behind.

In due time John reached Troy, and without further accident, or being left behind. He transferred his little property to a canal boat, paid his luggage man, and sending back a kind word to his friends, he went aboard the boat in season, and engaged his passage through to Buffalo. During the trip he saw something of stern chases, though he had no part or lot in them himself. Some of the passengers would leave the boat to exercise on the tow-path, or to stop at a groggery, some of which, with a tempting display of their highly colored cordials or wines, can be found at every lock and exchange station. Frequently his fellow travelers would loiter behind, and only make up their slackness and want of attention by a tight run, sometimes extending to an inconvenient distance. All these incidents John took to himself as admonitions, always to be on hand in season when the boat starts, or when business calls. Whenever he had occasion to go ashore, he always kept his eyes upon the movements of the boat, and within a safe distance. Some times he broke over his native modesty, and turned these boat chases into a useful hint to his compan-

ions. If lost on them it was not lost upon himself.

In due time, also, John Smith arrived at the end of his journey in the West, without losing any of his luggage, or meeting with any accident, or being left once behind. He had not only by his recently bought cautiousness, thus saved himself from the attendant traveling accidents, but he had laid some of his companions under obligations for his careful suggestions which saved them from like annoyances. Thus he had learned another important truth—that there is a way without obtrusiveness, to show a kindness and be of actual service to our fellow men without injury to ourselves, or to cause any to feel under obligations farther than that of a kind return. He thought there might be a pleasure in such little acts of attention to others worthy of the pursuit of a man.

When he arrived at his destination, his funds, you may be assured, were rather short. He immediately sought employment, and although it was his misfortune or fortune, like a great many others, not to find employment at once in his trade, he did not think it best to chase up and down the earth, after some person's vacant 'sit, and went to work at something else. He would try if there was not more ways than one to get a living, but never thought of underrating the advantages of a good trade well followed. But work he would, and soon he found enough for his hands to do, by which he paid his way, and saved a little for future need. The experience this gave him, served the purpose of two trades, and when business in one failed he could turn his hand to the other. He kept his eye open to the better chances, and improved them in season. His industry, frugality and promptness were the chief causes of his success. There was no mystery in it to him. Thus he accumulated wealth, and gained a name and reputation—and it was not long before his friends at the east did hear of him as a prosperous man.

At the West, where there is a deficiency of capital, trade to a great extent is carried on, on the principle of barter, or the ex-

change of one commodity for another. It becomes necessary in following the custom of the country to trust and be trusted. And Smith could not avoid, as a business man, conforming to this custom. But he never got behind in these business transactions. He always paid when he promised. He avoided as much as possible running in debt, and never allowed his credit to extend beyond his available resources—and consequently his credit was always good, giving him the advantage over many of his neighbors to command money when needed, for sound business transactions; or in hard times. He also required prompt payment from his debtors, and brought them up to the rules as snugly as good neighborly treatment would permit. We should have been sorry, after all that we have said in his favor, to record that John Smith was a hard man with the poor, and with those in his debt. He was not. And although he met with occasional losses, yet he said he thought on the whole, the law of kindness in the collection of a debt was better than the law of the State. In short, John was industrious, prudent and honest, prompt in his dealings, and kind and benevolent to his neighbors. This report of him went back to his old home; and after having finally established himself and gained wealth, when he returned to his native village in Vermont, the people were all rejoiced to see him, and the Squire no longer raised any objections to his daughter, going back to his new home as the wedded wife of John Smith, Esq.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS are objects of peculiar interest to Americans at the present time. They were signalized by the first triumphs of the missionary enterprise, and form the noblest monument of American philanthropy. They have achieved a progress unparalleled in history; one which seems almost miraculous. Where once stood the grim heian, reeking with the blood of human victims, now rise the spires of Christian churches and the white walls of school-houses, and where once only the

rudder canoe ruffled the smooth lagoons, the majestic steamer now plows the waves, a forerunner, we trust, of the time when the Pacific Railroad shall reverse the course of commerce from west to east, and when the riches of China and the Indies shall flow through that archipelago. Their tropical beauty, so strange to travelers from the bleak north, and the interesting narratives of early voyagers, have encircled them with a halo of romance. Besides this, they sustain important and growing relations to our commerce, are rapidly settling with an American population, and may yet form a new star in our constellation of states.

These Islands are situated just under the northern tropic, on the direct route from California to China, about 2000 miles from the American coast.

Occupying, as they do, a central position in the North Pacific, they are the great recruiting station of the whalers, forming a common center for all the principal whaling grounds, viz ; one on the equator, another near Japan, and a third towards the Arctic Sea. When a civilized and enterprising population shall have developed their resources, they will sustain nearly the same relation to the neighboring continents that the West Indies do to North and South America.

Should any of the great nations seize on them, it might be considered as holding the key of the Pacific; for no trade could prosper, or even exist in their vicinity, while a hostile power, possessing a powerful navy, should send forth its cruisers to prey on the neighboring commerce.

Their isolated position, their mountainous character, and reef or precipice-bound shores, would add greatly to their means of defence; and a military colony, once firmly established there, might bid defiance to almost any means of attack which might be brought against them.

The Islands are twelve in number, of which but eight are inhabited, strung, like a chain of beads, from north-west to south-east. Their total area hardly equals that of Massachusetts. Hawaii is longer than all the rest of the group taken together, and nearly equals, in area, the state of Con-

necticut. Their line of direction, or one at right angles to it, is common to all the groups of the Pacific; a fact full of interest to geologists.

The *origin* of the group is unmistakably volcanic. The soil consists of decomposed lava. Everywhere, extinct volcanoes are to be seen, in some places crowning the summits of mountain ranges, in others projecting into the sea, and forming the most striking landmarks for the navigator. Some of them look grim and forbidding, covered with black, rugged masses of lava, and apparently ready, at any moment, to discharge the terrible artillery of nature. Others, again, have lost their fierce characteristics; their summits are crumbling away, and a luxuriant greensward is covering their once parched sides. Some are on an immense scale, as the extinct volcano of Habakala, or "House of the Sun," which strongly resembles Etna in size and shape. According to Com. WILKES, the rim of this crater is 10,000 feet above the sea, while the crater itself is 12 miles in length, and from 500 to 1000 feet deep.

The course of the agent which formed these Islands was from north-west to south-east, so that Kauai, the northernmost island is also the oldest, the best watered, and most fertile.

As we travel south-east, each successive island bears the marks of a later origin, has a more volcanic appearance, and is less fertile; till we arrive at Hawaii, where we find in active existence, the largest volcano in the world. Who can tell that the mighty but mysterious agent which elevated the present group from the bed of the ocean, will not yet throw up new islands to the south-east of Hawaii?

The general appearance of these Islands is very similar, and differs widely from that of the coralline groups of the South Pacific. They are all mountains, whose bases are in the bed of the sea, and slope regularly from the beach to their summits; some of which are from 10,000 to 14,000 feet in height, and are capped with perpetual snow. As you approach them, you will observe the white belt of surf, which generally encircles them at the distance of half a mile

from shore, marking the position of the coral reef, openings in which form excellent harbors. Next, you observe that the shore is fringed with groves of the cocoanut palm, the "king of the grasses," as the Indians call it, each tree sending up a slender column to the height of fifty or sixty feet, its head crowned with leaves and clusters of fruit. The mountain slopes are furrowed by deep and fertile valleys, at first, the beds of mountain torrents, and enlivened by numerous water-falls; but expanding, as they approach the sea, into narrow plains, highly cultivated, and occupied with groves of orange, bread-fruit, and banana trees, and plantations of taro. The upper part of the mountain side is covered with dense forests, and drenched with almost perpetual rain.

As might be supposed, the Islands abound in grand and picturesque scenery. Some of the narrow mountain passes are really Alpine in their sublimity.

In speaking of scenery, we must not forget the great volcano of Kilauea, which attracts so many tourists from California. This volcano is not a cone, like Vesuvius, or Etna, sending up clouds of smoke and vapor from its top, but a vast pit, 9 miles in circumference, sunk in a plain elevated 4,000 feet above the sea.

Vast columns of steam are constantly rising from deep chasms along its edge. The bottom of the crater is a sea of solid lava, in some places running, as it were, in waves, in others thrown up and broken by the force of subterranean fires, here and there studded with cones or chimnies, emitting steam from their summits. Over this frozen sea, the traveler, armed with thick raw hide shoes and a stout pole, can walk with perfect security. In the year 1849, the Burning Lake, as it is called, was confined to the south end of the crater. It was about a mile in circumference, surrounded by a bank fifteen to twenty feet high. The surface seemed to be slightly frozen over, cooling and flowing by turns, crossed by shifting streaks and spots of fiery sea. Two smaller lakes, which were elevated some fifteen feet above the surface of the larger one, were in action, spouting

up columns of blood-red lava, which slowly trickled down their sides.

We did not see or hear anything of the fiery waves, the burning lake, or the deep, unearthly noises, described so eloquently by Stewart and Ellis. At night, however, when we had returned to the tavern, which is built on the edge of the crater, a change came over the scene. The sullen, lead-colored lake became, in the distance, a sea of flame, and the jets of lava produced all the effect of the most brilliant fire works. Within the last eight years there have been three terrible eruptions. These, however, did not originate in the volcano of Kilauea, but a few miles north of it, on a spur of Moura Loa, 10,000 feet above the sea. The eruption of 1851 was one of the most magnificent on record. A jet of liquid lava issued from the mountain side for several days, playing to the height of from 400 to 1100 feet; at night lighting up sea and land to the distance of a hundred miles. So bright was the light that fine print might be read by it at midnight, at the distance of 30 miles. It was accompanied by loud explosions, resembling the noise of a heavy naval engagement.

The eruption of last year took its rise nearly at the same spot, but did not approach the former in grandeur. At one time it threatened to overwhelm the beautiful town of Hilo, on the east coast of Hawaii; but after approaching within six or seven miles, turned its course to the south. By the last accounts, the fiery river was still advancing slowly, having flown sixty miles from its source, and having overspread and rendered forever barren, at least a hundred thousand acres. None of these eruptions have destroyed any lives, for the lava stream, being thick and viscid, like tar, flows slowly, and gives full warning of its approach.

The climate of the Islands is one of the most uniform and healthy in the world. Indeed, what can be more uniform—the annual range of the thermometer being but 24 degrees; where the same clothing is comfortable the whole year round; and where no other regulator of the temperature is needed than to open or close a window? So little is the weather a subject of

remark with the natives, that they have no word in their language to express the idea. No frost is ever seen during winter, in fact fires are never needed for personal comfort, while the heat of the summer is moderated by the trade winds and sea breezes. The average temperature may be set down at 72 degrees, and the mean annual range as from 88 to 61 degrees, on the coast. In the upland settlements the same uniformity is enjoyed, with a cooler and more bracing temperature, constituting, perhaps, the perfection of climate. There are but two seasons: the dry season, corresponding to our summer; and the wet season, to our winter. The climate of the north-east, or windward side of the Islands, is much more moist than that of the leeward.

The productions of the Islands are those of the tropics generally. The well known cocoa-nut and bread fruit are abundant. The banana is the most valuable fruit, being gathered ripe at all seasons of the year, and filling nearly the same place in domestic economy that the apple does in this country. Oranges and lemons have become important articles of export. The grape grows in great perfection, so that the Islands bid fair to produce wine equal to the best of Madeira or Portugal. Other fruits are the fig, guava, peach, mango, pine apple, and custard apple. In vegetables, if not in fruits, the Sandwich Islands are superior to more northern countries; for while every plant known to our gardens is raised there, they have also the taro, which is considered by many to be the finest vegetable in the world; the yam, the bread fruit, and the finest of sweet potatoes. Wheat is now raised on the uplands to a sufficient extent to supply home consumption. Sugar and coffee, however, are the staple productions, and nearly all the capital in the country is invested in the plantations. The larger plantations are owned by Americans, and worked by Coolies imported from China. The planters were formerly much embarrassed by the scarcity of laborers. The population was thin, and the natives were difficult to hire. By the constitutional reforms of the last fifteen years, they had all become freeholders, and

independent farmers, on a small scale; and they preferred cultivating their own farms to becoming servants of the white men. The planters accordingly imported Coolies from China. These Coolies belong to the lowest class of Chinese. They are never able to pay their passage, and before leaving China bind themselves by contract to work a certain term of years, at a fixed price, which is generally very low. They are degraded and vicious, and are already becoming a troublesome element in the population.

The native inhabitants are undoubtedly of Asiatic origin. They are a branch of the great Malay race, which extends from Madagascar to Easter Island, and from the Philippines to New Zealand; thus reaching two-thirds around the globe. That the Hawaiians anciently had intercourse with other groups, can easily be proved.

Their traditional songs contain the names of Nukeehiva, and Tahuota, of the Marquesas group; Vavan and Upola, of the Tamoan; Tahiti and others, of the Society Islands.

They had the names of these foreign countries, not only in their songs, but also in their idolatrous prayers, their pagan liturgy. Their traditions speak with much particularity of voyages to and from foreign countries, and songs exist, composed in honor of these voyagers. The more ancient names in the genealogy of the Sandwich Island and of the Society Island chiefs are the same, and the names of their principal Deities are the same. Yet so vague had their notions become, that they now apply the term Tahiti to any foreign country. Their means of navigation must have been better formerly than the frail canoes which now pass from one island to another. This fact, viewed in connection with the existing remains of temples, paved roads, and canals; shows that the Hawaiians were a *degenerate* race—a race which had for ages been sinking into lower depths of barbarism.

The cast of features prevailing throughout the group is similar to that of Polynesians generally. They are of a darker complexion than the Tahitians or Marquesans, and inferior to them in personal appear-

ance. Their color is a reddish brown, but varies a good deal in different individuals, from reddish brown to almost black. They are distinguished by thick, though not protruding lips; full nostrils, without the flatness of the African; high cheek bones, straight black hair, and black eyes. The expression of the face is simple and good-humored, but coarse and sensual. The difference between the chiefs and common people is very striking. No aristocracy was ever so marked by nature. To a superficial observer they might appear to be two distinct races.

One thing is certain, and that is the great antiquity of the Hawaiian nation. There were among them a class of men whose sole business it was to preserve and hand down the genealogies of the chiefs, with various traditions, songs and proverbs. They have a genealogy reaching back seventy-seven generations. The first twenty-six are supposed to have preceded the settlement of the natives on these islands, for from the twenty-seventh, and not before, the places of birth and death are given with great particularity. Every noble family traces its origin to some point in this line. There is no record of a common native ever rising to the rank of a chief. Now, fifty reigns would give something like a thousand years as the period which the natives have been upon the Islands.

They speak a dialect of the Polynesian language, which is spread as far as New Zealand, and which is related to the Malay. This language appears to have been softened down, in its course from east to west, till, at the Sandwich Islands we find twelve letters sufficient to express all the pure Hawaiian sounds. Other letters have been added to the alphabet, as foreign words have been introduced. As might be supposed, the language is soft and musical, and abounds in vowels, like the Italian. It is a law of the dialect that no two consonants can possibly come together in any word or sentence.

The "meles," or ballads, in which are laid up their mythology and traditions, are in a language quite different from that spoken at present. Probably they were composed

at a distant period, and have become antiquated by a change in the language. These poems, or "meles," were very numerous. They were handed down orally, from father to son, from time immemorial; but are fast passing away, and will probably perish with the present generation. It is to be regretted that so little effort has been made to collect and preserve them, as they might throw much light on the early history and origin of the Hawaiian people. There was a class of men whose hereditary business it was to preserve and transmit to posterity these "meles," and who would often entertain a circle of dusky listeners for whole nights with the wonderful legends of their old mythology.

Some of their traditions curiously resemble the Old Testament narratives. Like most other nations, they had a tradition of a flood, "*Kai a pa Hinailii*," as they called it. The story of Joseph, and the miracle of Joshua, were found among their traditions. Many of their former customs have a strongly Jewish aspect, which has led some to conjecture that they may be descendants of the lost ten tribes, though there is nothing in their physical appearance or language to countenance the idea. Such were their custom of offering the first fruits, the rite of circumcision, the distinction between clean and unclean animals, the ceremonies of purification, and finally, the institution of "*Punhonuas*," or cities of refuge. There were two of these, both on the island of Hawaii. To all persons, of every tribe and condition, they offered an inviolable sanctuary. In war they afforded protection to women, children and fugitives. Should a pursuer venture in, he was immediately put to death by the attendant priests. The rescued party repaired at once to the altar of the tutelar divinity, and offered up a thanksgiving for his escape.

On the whole, their mythology was a dark and dismal one. Their divinities were conceived of as malignant beings who had to be propitiated by human sacrifices. They had the utmost dread of departed spirits, and for this reason buried their dead in caves, at a distance from their villages,

They believed that sorcerers had the power of "praying to death," i. e., of taking away life by magical spells and prayers to their fiendish divinity. This horrid superstition was so deeply rooted in the native mind that its influence is still felt, although the belief is destroyed. There is much poetry in their legends respecting Pele, the goddess of the volcano of Kilauea. Here, with her attendant spirits, she ruled in the flames; the unearthly noises of the crater were the music of their dance; and they bathed in the surf of the fiery billows. Occasionally they recruited their spirits by excursions among the snows of the mountains. On such occasions, their journeys were attended by earthquakes, eruptions, thunder and lightning. They were all malicious spirits, who delighted in devastation and cruelty. To insult them, to break their "tabus," or neglect to send offerings, would certainly cause an eruption. Vast numbers of hogs were thrown into the crater, when an eruption was apprehended, or to stop the progress of one already begun.

The limits of a magazine article forbid us to enter upon a history of this people at this time. This will be reserved for our next number.

THE ILLINOIS FARMER.

*"At securâ quies, et nescia fellere vitâ,
Dives opum variarum; at latissimâ fundis,
Spelunca, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque bouum, mollesque sub arbore somni,*

*Non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum exiguâque assuetâ juvenitus,*

*Sacra deum, sanctique patres: extrema per-
illos*

Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit."

 NOE on a summer's morn, riding through some remote fields, I found myself in the midst of a luxuriant meadow that lies upon a tract of farm land, distant from any dwelling. Ripples of rustling grass broke against the gallant breast of my long-maned bay, and waves of living green alternately whitened and darkened as they rose and fell in the clear sun light. The lark sang in the clear, still distance, and the dull ring of grain scythes, or the rattling

clash of the "reaper," came upon the morning breeze, over white fields of rye, and golden acres of wheat. The sky was flushed with summer light above, and below the rolling prairie and its girding woods, grew richly green in the full foliage of the "leafy month of June;" their cool color heightened by darker leaved fields of maize, contrasting most pleasingly with white glimpses of embowered farm houses, and broad acres of golden grain.

It was a scene whose quiet beauty roused none of the more tumultuous emotions of the human breast, but rather invited reflection; and by easy transition, I passed from admiration of the fair landscape to a consideration of the men who live and die in these new country-houses of the Great West. Here, thought I, is our true western country life, unpruned and luxuriant, yet as fresh, vigorous, and full of promise, as Nature is in the rich beauty of our Prairie land. What I then thought, I have since thought of this life, as it is and as it should be, together with some disguised experience and garrulous wandering of my own, I propose here to set down, if my own time and the reader's patience permit.

I suppose the time is past when any apology is needed to reconcile those who read to what I would write of. The men of the plow have their weak points, as other men have, and receive the incurred ridicule; but their importance is too well established to need any defence against the impotent few who judge the diamond by the setting, and mistake signs for substance. It is sufficiently obvious to the political economist that a nation's solid prosperity must rest upon the Atlantean shoulders of its stout husbandmen; and that without such substructure, its wealth is artificial, and must soon decay. It is not less evident that the higher wealth of a nation—its great intellects, its earnest workers—is found in the ore—rough, perhaps, but genuine—in the quiet valleys and solitary places of the rural districts. Almost invariably, the men whom the people delight to honor, and whom the good hold true, are those who learned energy, and perseverance, and industry, in the tilling of paternal acres; and

received their first simple, earnest lessons in morality and piety, beneath the lowly roof of a country home.

I am not one of those who would praise
"The homely joys, and destiny obscure;"

and the rather Arcadian virtues, more found on the pages of the pastoral poets, than in the actual experience of every-day life. For though it be true, there is a quiet security and simplicity in country life, not found in cities; its true superiority, shining through all its uncouthness and roughness, in its stubborn good sense, its ready self-reliance, and sound, hearty tone of feeling.

I remember the homestead whereon I spent the early part of my life, as a good example of the better class of farms in the Southern Illinois. It lay stretched across a gently swelling bay of prairie land, between two diverging head-lands of "creek timber," that pushed their farthest points away northward into the wide sea of plain that covers the interior counties. The dusty gray highway, whose age was evinced by wayside catnip; much frequented by seed-hunting yellow birds; running closely parallel with an old Indian trail, passed along the eastern border, and cut off from the main portion, an orchard, whose showery blossoms in spring time, and ruddy fruit of autumn, were relieved by a background of tall, dark forest foliage, that grew brown and golden with the dying year. Across the road, behind hedges of flowering shrubbery, stood the wide eaved cabins, and the huge barns, whose manifold tenants gave evidence of the plenty that reigned within. A flock of plump pigeons sunned themselves upon the roof, listening to the cooing of bowing and gyrating males, or wheeled off into a short flight, only to return to their resting place. Dowager hens clamorously testified their content, and defiant cocks emulously crowed from distant quarters of the farm yard. A peacock spread his feathered glories to the sun, vainly menacing peaceful and oblivious turkeys, or with discordant note called upon his fellows from the fence. Sleek horses, resting from labor, cropped their grass with the zest of a privileged occasion, or, retreating to the barn, stamped in the shade,

as they lazily pulled choice mouthfuls of hay from the rack, or relieved one another by friendly interchange of harmless bites, of the cutaneous irritations to which horse flesh is heir. Passing the loaded corn cribs, and an imposing array of hay and grain stacks, one beheld a pasture of smoothly rounded slopes of greensward, dotted with clumps and small groves of promising young oaks, under whose shade happy oxen chewed their cuds, and frolicsome calves waited the nightly advent of their comely mothers, from their grazing grounds on the prairie. Farther yet, one came upon the stubble fields and newly mown meadows, where the lark sang cheerily, and the plover's whistle sounded lonely and far. Farther yet, upon broad green fields of lustrous corn, rustling and ripening in the late summer afternoons. And, last of all, upon another wall of forest, which closed the scene, except to the adventurous farmer's boy who pursued predatory turkeys or squirrels into its fastnesses; or on piscatory thoughts intent, descended the creek, deceiving confiding perch and cat-fish, and receiving "lots of bites"—from musquitoes.

Such was one of those old farms, settled nearly forty years ago, about the time of the admission of Illinois into the Union. Its beauty was such only as nature gave it; for the aim of those early days was plenty and comfort only, and the farmers had not yet learned the importance of a beautiful and tasteful home. And yet, about many a tree of that old orchard, or sunny place of the sloping pastures, childish affections clustered and grew strong, teaching us that if we would make home a loved spot to our children, we should despise no allurements to youthful fancy, in surrounding it with tree, vine and flower; for, in the memory of a child, the green pastures and still waters will, by association, renew the affections and kindnesses which have been lavished upon him, with tenfold strength.

The occupants of these old farms are from many regions. Southern Illinois is peculiarly notable for its diversity. Settled in years long gone, by the French; and afterwards peopled, first by emigrants from

Virginia, Kentucky and Pennsylvania, and afterwards by settlers from New England; it has become, in later years, the promised land of the German. The easy, indolent and mirth-loving settler from ancient Picardy and Normandy, who built his steep-roofed house of upright timbers and broad verandahs, in the ancient village of Kaskaskia or Cahokia, and whose descendants, almost to this day, drive narrow wattled carts, loaded with an armful of wood, into St. Louis. Always refusing an offer of seventy-five cents, but incontinently accepting "sax beet," differed much from the rough, adventurous successors of Boone, who, composed of equal portions of the equine and lacertine genera, were wont, in primitive days, to boast the surpassing beauty of their sisters, the unrivalled ugliness of their dogs, and their own ability in conflict with an equality of *felis catus ferus*; nor less so from the alab-sided wise men out of the East, whose nasal defect of enunciation was in time "Like the voice of the turtle heard in our land," and lifted up in the spelling and psalmody of the Great West; and whose energy and hard-working dexterity gave vitality to the latent strength that was hidden in these wilds; nor from the German, who, of late years has "grubbed" many acres of "barrens," and built many small houses—safe sanctuary of dirt—with great industry, consumption of fabulous quantities of tobacco and beer, and jaw-breaking outcry for largest liberty in weekly sabbath breaking.

Such men and their descendants compose the mass of our agricultural population. "Each with their peculiar prejudices and local attachments, and all the complicated and interwoven tissues of sentiments, feelings and thoughts, that country, kindred and home indelibly combine with the web of our youthful existence; have been set down beside each other." And yet, diversified as they are, similar circumstances are producing, to a certain extent, a similar character.

Our western character, its energy, straight-forwardness and warmth of feeling—making it, as Bayard Taylor somewhere suggests, the proper representative of Amer-

ican character, is becoming known and talked of, as social and physical causes begin to work out their results.

Frontier life, with its manly self reliance and freedom from empty conventionalities, has not yet ceased to effect our thoughts and actions. We do not see here the dead level to which intellect is apt to be graded in older communities, and which so destroys originality of thought and freshness of feeling, whilst it often cloaks, in similar guise, the evil and the good. In our western life, natural superiority asserts its pre-eminence, and mediocrity, unsustained by bolstering wealth or scholarship, sinks to its proper place. There is more openness and frankness. A man is generally what he seems, and says what he thinks. In older communities, moreover, where wants are anticipated, in consequence of productive divisions of labor, the minds of the mass are, in practical matters, less fully developed, and often distorted by one-sidedness. A man who points pins all his life, whilst the wants of his physical existence are supplied by scores of specially detailed workmen, is not generally much more than an intelligent machine. But place a man in the midst of a primeval forest, with his unsheltered wife and children beside him, and to supply their wants, an axe and rifle in either hand, and you will see whatever natural shrewdness, ingenuity and energy he has in him, developed straightway.

There is nothing brings out a man like breaking in nature. And it is this readiness to cope with every incidental emergency, that constitutes the effectual superiority of the American in general, and of the frontiersmen in particular.

In the natural features of our country I trace, too, a powerful though subtle influence upon the mind. Muckin, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture"—a book of wonderful excellence, such as now-a-days is seldom written, and should be often read—endeavors, in a passage of "gorgeous word painting," commending the "Lamp of Memory," to enforce the idea that human association is needful to the power of every landscape. "Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams," he says, in speak-

ing of a solitary, solemnly beautiful scene among the Jura, "had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky, received a deeper worship because their far shadows fell eastward, over the iron walls of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson." But acknowledging that these scenes of olden excellence have their power, there is a more undefined, perhaps, but more powerful language written on the undefiled page of nature, which stirs a nobler feeling in the Sailor, the Highlander and the Swiss, seeming to expand the mind to an appreciation of the wild magnificence which surrounds it. Broad prairies, dim with vastness; seas of forest, amid whose leafy depths strange creatures hide, and silence broods; great rivers, broad-flowing in solemn silence past solitary crag and lonely shore; all these, it seems to me, have given a grander, bolder tone of mind to the men of the West, which, though it now appear in the untutored extravagance of "Western Eloquence," shall, in years to come, send the winged word-shaft home.

And, in the abundance wherewith our country is blessed, we may see another cause of Western frankness and openness. With a climate not very enervating, we have almost the exuberant vegetation of the tropics. We retain the energy to work, without the hard stimulus of want to contract the mind with care of the pence, so fatal to our down-east neighbors' mental expansion.

All in all, I should give my preference for Western character. Antithetically comparing East and West, we may say the Yankee is moral and long-faced in his cheating, whilst the Westerner must swear even in doing a good action. The New Englander calculates; the Westerner reckons. One feels more than he expresses; the other expresses more than he feels. The pride of one is his acuteness, of the other, his bluntness.

The Illinois farmer, of course, is the impersonation of Western character. He immigrated hither in years long gone, fleeing from hardly remunerated toil on New

England's paternal acres, or from the blighting slave systems of the South. Here upon the wild plains he laid up his cabin of rough logs, and through summer days of hot toil, and winter nights of rest, when the wolf's long howl came drearily over the bleak prairie, he broke the black acres, or waited the fruition of his labor. And now, as years creep on apace, and his stout frame widens to aldermanic proportions; behold the change! His log hut has been replaced by a substantial mansion, more comfortable than tasteful, perhaps; but a good house, nevertheless, for numerous sons and daughters. His newly broken prairie has widened into broad and teeming fields, where harvests wave, and herds wax fat in literal clover.

As for himself amid all the material of good cheer, it is wonderful if he has not thriven in more senses than one. He is not only in good keeping himself, but is anxious that every thing about him should be in the same condition. Like Falstaff, he abominates that "continuation of a point," a lean man; and could never hold up his head again after driving a poor horse. In fact, his weak side is toward his steed; and however invulnerable to flattery elsewhere, he cannot resist admiration of his horse; but will deliver an extempore lecture of great soundness and length, upon Morgan and Sampson horses, and the infinite superiority of the agile, docile little Vermont breed, over the lumbering and large heeled descendants of the London draft horse. His taste is more for the practical, than for the ornamental. He is commonly clad in stout linen, with broad brimmed straw hat, through the summer months; and through winter, in rough Kentucky jeans, of home manufacture; unless the good wife, in the progress of the age, and under the solicitation of suppliant daughters and rebellious sons, has thrown up her old occupation. He detests broadcloth, and abominates cravats. "It makes no difference how you look," he says, "if you only behave yourself;" forgetful of that notable saying of Henry Ward Beecher, that "dress doesn't make the man; but when the man is made, he looks a great

deal better dressed up." In agricultural neatness—keeping clean fence corners—destruction of disfiguring weeds—keeping up trim fences—having a place for every implement, and everything in its place—he occupies a mean position between New England tidiness and Southern slovenliness; (it being a curious physical fact, in contradistinction to the political one, that in this respect, free-soilism increases southward.) He is not much of a scholar; industrious winter cipherings forty years syne, and reading of newspapers, and such few books as a new country affords, and a busy brain and hands find time for, being his sole means of education. He has a proper farmer contempt for Latin and Greek, but for the natural sciences, his admiration has no bounds. He considers these as the progenitors of the age's progress. The *practical*, effective learning, with more tangible results than philology or philosophy; and perhaps he is not so far wrong. He stands a little confused amid the wild rush of this age, catching glimpses of things understood, whilst others hurry by in wild disorder. Upon a new threshing machine, or the comparative merits of Manny's and Read's Reapers, he is still dogmatic; but the world-netting telegraph—the fearful rush of the locomotive—fiery-eyed Cyclops—bewilder his unaccustomed brain. And still lusty he stands among us, a jolly old soul as classic king Cole: dispersing broad-faced smiles over the land, and shouting hearty laughter on the wind. Hearty, sincere and rough, with no nonsense about him, with little of the world's theology in his brain, but a kindly grace in his heart, in spite of our admiration of Young America, in all its spasmodic sublimity, we will revert to the cheery old farmer. May his shadow never grow less.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—I would rather occupy the bleakest nook of the mountain that towers above us, with the wolf and the rattlesnake for my dearest neighbors, with a village school well kept at the bottom of the hill, than dwell in a paradise of fertility, if I must bring up my children in a lazy, pampered, self-sufficient ignorance.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE SALT LAKE VALLEY AND ITS PEOPLE. *

A CONTINUATION.

"Visa est enim mihi res digna consultatione, maxime propter periculantium numerum, Multi enim, omnis aetatis, omnis ordinis utriusque sexus etiam vocantur in periculum et vocabuntur."

C. Plini Secundi Epistolae xvi

HAVING in a previous article given some account of the abnormal region of the Great Salt Lake, I propose to give in the present, a sketch of the history of its not less strange inhabitants.

There was born on the 23rd of December, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont, one Joseph Smith, of commonplace name, who, removing with his parents to Western New York in 1815, there grew up to manhood, rather vagabond, and idle in his habits, and given to witch-hazard divination and other modern necromancy of a like nature, if we may believe the testimony of his neighbors. About the year 1823 he was "converted" during a revival in the neighborhood, and in the autumn of the same year, claims to have been led by an angel to the hill Cumorah, a few miles from his father's dwelling, and there to have found a number of gold plates whereon were engraved the sacred records since known as the Book of Mormon, which he was enabled to read by means of a pair of accompanying magical spectacles—the Urim and Thummim.

Some have supposed that Smith actually found these plates, and that the testimony of the Three Witnesses and of the Eight† who declared they had "seen and hefted them," may have been given in good faith. These adduce in support of such an opinion, "some American glyphs discovered by Professor Rafinesque, and of which fac-similes were given in his Asiatic Journal, for 1832; and also a statement published in the "Times and Seasons," by citizens

* In addition to the works before mentioned.

1. Mormonism in all Ages: by Prof. J. B. Turner of Illinois College, 1842.

2. Ford's History of Illinois, Chicago, 1854.

3. Mrs. Ferris' Mormons at Home. N. Y., 1856.

4. Mormon Wives: by M. V. Fuller. N. Y., 1856.

5. Deseret News, St. Louis Luminary and the Mormon.

6. The Newspapers.

† See Book of Mormon.

of Kinderhook, Pike county, Illinois, certifying the discovery in 1843, of "six plates of Brass of a bell shape," "completely engraved with characters," and corresponding with the descriptions given by Smith. Fac-similies of these are appended to Orson Pratt's "Series of Pamphlets." Great stress has been laid upon the corroboration furnished the Mormon faith thereby. Not having access to the Asiatic Journal of Professor Rafinesque, I took the trouble to trace out the author of the newspaper article describing the discovery in Pike county, who informed me that since its publication, a person, now living in Alton, had "said he cut and prepared the plates," and with the assistance of another, whose name is appended to the certificate above mentioned "engraved them," rubbing on nitric acid to rust the plates and the iron ring upon which they were strung, and burying them in the bottom of a hole already partially excavated. This story of discovery then, being a hoax or imposition the probability of Smith's really finding plates rests entirely upon his correspondence of description with that of Professor Rafinesque.

As regards the real origin of the Book of Mormon, it has been recognized as identical in the main with "The Manuscript Found," a kind of Indian romance written by a Mrs. Spaulding, of Ohio, to account for the origin of the American savages. This book is said, at one time to have been in the hands of Rigdon, then a printer, but afterwards a Mormon leader, and at another to have been carried by the widow of Spaulding into the neighborhood where Smith was sojourning. At any rate, it disappeared, and the concurrent testimony of Mrs. Spaulding, of the brother, the partner, and numerous friends of Mr. Spaulding, pronounced the Book of Mormon a new edition, with alterations, of the "Manuscript Found."

Having obtained possession of the plates in 1827, (following here the Mormon version of the story, for want of any other) Smith, aided first by Martin Harris, and afterwards by Oliver Cowdery, as amanuenses, translated the Mormon Bible, which

was published in the year 1830. As a literary performance, it is beneath criticism. English Grammar is set at naught, and the story is as dull as the style is inelegant. If this seems censorious the charitable will remember it is the language of one who has been compelled, in a reviewing way, to read the book, and may be pardoned for strong expressions in consideration of what he has endured.

The Book of Mormon appearing in 1830, a church of six members, consisting mostly of Smith's own relatives, was organized at Manchester, N. Y.; on the 6th of April of the same year, a branch of 26 members at Fayette, during the same month; and one at Colesville of 18 members, in June. By October, their total number was increased to 70 or 80. During this year, Parley P. Pratt and Sidney Rigdon, who were teaching doctrines of a Restoration of the Jews; a Millennium; the literal Reign of the Saints on earth; and the use of Miraculous Gifts in the Church—came from Ohio, and received the new bible. A junction of doctrines appears to have taken place, and Pratt and Rigdon returning to Kirtland, Ohio, exerted their proselyting powers with such zeal, that in the course of the winter they gained a thousand followers.

Here the prophet, not without honor save in his own country, joined them with his New York disciples in the beginning of 1831.

In Ohio, the Mormons made but a temporary sojourn. It being revealed that the longitude of the future Zion was considerably to the westward, missionaries were sent to Missouri in June 1831, and Smith and Rigdon following, chose Independence as the future home of the Saints. Emigration immediately began, although their centre of operations, until 1838 was Kirtland, where their theology was farther settled, a temple built, and divers pecuniary transactions entered into, ending with the establishment of a bank in 1837, and a commercial "smaash" in 1838, whereupon the heads of the church removed to Missouri.

In Missouri the Mormons first settled in Jackson county, and soon increased to

1,200 in number, so rapidly, indeed, that the old settlers grew jealous of their social and political power. Numerous troubles succeeded. They were driven from Jackson county into Clay county, and from thence to Caldwell, where they were joined by their leader in March, 1838. As they grew yet stronger, and less willing to submit to aggression, more important conflicts arose until at last, by virtue of the "drive out or exterminate" orders of Gov. Boggs, destitute of provisions and but scantily clad, they were hunted from the state in mid-winter. Their wives were beaten and their children murdered by the heroes of Missouri in a manner worthy of their more recent deeds of fame. Twelve thousand Mormons fled into Illinois and kindly received and assisted in their suffering founded the new town of Nauvoo on the upper Mississippi.

In Illinois having laid out the city of Nauvoo, on a most beautiful slope of the Mississippi, in the year 1840, and having received extraordinary and indeed dangerous privileges in their legislative charter, they went on in great prosperity and transient quiet to build new houses. The foundations of a costly and magnificent though fantastic temple was laid, and a well armed battalion of 4,000 men thoroughly drilled. 15,000 inhabitants was the population of the rapidly rising city. But prosperity brought its troubles. It brought them unprincipled adherents. It excited neighboring jealousy. It made them arrogant and corrupt. Polygamy is said to have been promulgated by revelation in 1843, and in consequence, or rather in connection, came accusations of licentiousness against Smith and other leaders, creating internal dissension, which called for interference from without. The men of the region were glad of the pretext. Governor Ford characterizes them as "hard cases," and undoubtedly they were, if not something more. Smith and others surrendered to save bloodshed, and were murdered by a mob whom it would be base flattery to call cowards. This was in 1844. Brigham Young "the Lion of the Lord," succeeded as head of the church. There were some dissensions and divisions.

Sidney Rigdon aspired to the first place, but was cast out, and is now residing in Pennsylvania, "doing washing." Strang led off a small party to Wisconsin, and finally settled, with two or three hundred followers, on Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan. He was elected to the Legislature of Michigan, and about a year since, murdered by some of his followers. Lyman White has a small colony in Gillespie county, Texas, and the Banneemytes are in Iowa. William Smith, a brother of the prophet, was, at last accounts, preaching at Kirtland, in the old temple, and denouncing the Salt Lake Mormons as apostates. But the great body of the church supported the new leader. In 1844-45, by agreement, they sold their property, and for the most part, started for the distant and uncertain West in 1846 across the plains, lying between the Mississippi and Missouri. During the summer, they sent out a battalion of 520 men to the Mexican war, and deprived of their stoutest arms, spent a winter of privation, not without suffering, beyond the outskirts of civilization. In 1847, on the 21st of July, their advance guard entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

In Utah, so far as material prosperity is concerned, they have thriven wonderfully. By the end of autumn, 1847, 4,000 souls were in the Valley. The following year, of 1848, they built a large fort; enclosed 6,000 acres with thirteen miles of fence, and built five mills. Short crops brought one winter of want, but since then they have had enough. In 1849 they settled the Utah, San Pete, and Tulla Valleys; sent out missionaries to various parts of the world, and formed a Territorial, and afterwards a State Government, under the name of Deseret—a name signifying, they say, the land of the Honey Bee, and one to which they have pertinaciously clung, although set aside by our government for the euphonious Utah. In 1850, the country was organized under federal authority, as the Territory of Utah, the State constitution being set aside, and Brigham Young was appointed Governor. Nominal cities were founded in the districts of Ogden, San Pete and Timpanogos, and an University and

schools, which are (if we may believe the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune) equally nominal and useless. The same year, Capt. Stansbury, and the lamented Lieut. Gunnison, explored and surveyed the Lake under orders from the United States government, and iron mines were worked in the Little Salt Lake Valley.

In 1851, the United States Judges arrived and after some trouble with the Governor withdrew. This year polygamy was for the first time openly avowed and defended.—The census was taken, according to which it appeared that the total population was 11,380, of whom 6,020 were white males; 5,310 white females, and 24 free colored; besides 26 slaves, on their way to California.

This enumeration does not give the excessive female population we would expect. Upon examining the census of Oregon, however, we find a population of 8,138 males to 4,949 females, a ratio of 8 males to 5 females, instead of 6 to 5, as in Utah. Were it not for polygamy, the ratio of female population in Utah would probably be even less than that of sea-board Oregon. As regards the nativities of the population, about one-fourth are reported as natives of the Valley; eight-elevenths natives of the United States, (N. York and Illinois being represented most largely,) and two-elevenths foreign born, half of whom were English.

There were thirteen public schools, thirteen academies and other schools, and an attendance of 2,085. There were 153 adults who could not read and write.

The mortality was greater than in any other State or Territory, being one in 47.61; whilst in Oregon it was only one in 232.82.

The acres of land improved were 16,000, and of unimproved (in farms) 30,000. The live stock consisted, for the most part, of 16,000 cattle; 2,500 horses; 3,000 sheep, and 1,000 swine. Other notable products were 107,000 bushels of wheat; 10,000 each of oats and Indian corn; 44,000 of Irish potatoes; 83,000 pounds of butter; 31,000 of cheese, and 5,000 tons of hay.

In 1852, little of moment appears to have

occurred, and save complaints in the "Discourses" of \$48,000 tithing money remaining unpaid, and \$300,000 having been paid to the "Gentile" merchants, and other symptoms of "waxing fat," all appears to have gone on quietly.

In 1853, the foundations of a mighty temple were laid, whose dimensions are to be 220 by 150 feet, with walls six feet in thickness. Late letters from Utah give as a matter of report, that the substructure of this edifice having been completed, it is the intention of the heads of the church to devote the next year to pushing it forward to completion. Mr. Ferris, Secretary of Utah, estimated the population of the Territory, this year, at 25,000, though Orson Pratt reckoned it 30,000 or 35,000.

In this year, Lieut. Gunnison, while surveying a Railroad route to the Pacific, by way of Salt Lake, was murdered by the Utah Indians, set on, it was said by the Mormons.

In 1854, there seemed some danger of a difficulty with the general government, and Col. Steptoe was actually appointed Governor in place of Young. He did not, however, see fit to accept the office, and no collision took place. The entire strength of the Mormons at the end of this year, is set forth in the following language by Elder Erastus Snow, in a letter written in March, 1855:

"Our strength in Utah may be set down in round numbers at 40,000. In California, 3,000. In the Sandwich islands, 4,000—seven-eighths natives. In the Society Islands, 1,000—nine-tenths natives. In British America and the United States, east of the mountains, 10,000.

"There were in Great Britain, Dec. 1st, 1854, 51 conferences, 702 branches or congregations, and 29,441 communicants. Of these, England furnishes 78 per cent.; Scotland 10 per cent.; Wales 14 per cent.; and Ireland 3 per cent. In Scandinavia, (which includes Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland,) there were 10 conferences, 69 branches and 2,447 communicants. In Switzerland, 9 branches, 299 members. In France, 325 members. In Germany, 4 branches, 69 communicants. In Malta, 3

branches, 40 communicants. In Gibraltar, 1 branch of 18 members.

"Total in Europe, 32,627 [32,640]"

This would make the whole number of Mormons in 1854, 90,000 or 95,000 souls. In regard to the immigrating saints, Elder Snow goes on to say:

"Our foreign emigration has attained but little system or regularity, except from the European States, whence our emigrants since 1840, have generally been shipped under a general agency at Liverpool.—There have been, since that period, 15,642 shipped by the agents from Great Britain, 1,538 from Scandinavia, and 50 from Germany, besides many who have emigrated through other channels."

"As to the classes of our converts and emigrants, they may be set down at about two per cent. professional men, and the balance farmers and mechanics of every trade, and of what are usually denominated the middling classes—men of integrity and industrious habits. There is a small excess of females over males, which may possibly reach 10 per cent. The census returns of 1850 show an excess of males in Utah at that time, but the settlements were then only two years old, and as usual, the male population had pioneered the way."

In 1855, their numbers still appear to be largely increasing. Between Nov. 1854, and April 1855, 3,600 English Mormons landed at New York. The general condition of the Saints in this year, is set forth in the *Deseret News*, by George A. Smith, "Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter Day Saints," in glowing terms. The dwellers in Utah are estimated at 50,000. Saw mills, one hundred; grist mills, forty; school houses in Great Salt Lake City, twenty four. Of missionaries in the field, ninety-five were in Europe," and an equal number in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Isles, besides large numbers of native elders." Of newspapers, there were the *Deseret News*, at Great Salt Lake City, with an issue of 4,000; the *St. Louis Luminary*, (discontinued at the close of 1855); The *Mormon*, published by Elder John Taylor, at New York, a periodical at Liverpool, which had issued

as high as 22,000 copies weekly; the *Ugdon Seion*, at Swansea, South Wales; the *Scandiaviens Stierne*, at Copenhagen; a French periodical in Switzerland; one in Australia, and one at Madras, India. The *Book of Mormon* has been translated into the Welsh, Danish, French, German and Italian languages. "The work," is represented as having made considerable progress in Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark and Italy. In the Sandwich Islands, 5,000 had been baptised, and arrangements made for printing the *Book of Mormon*, and a periodical. The French Government having "adopted the exterminating policy of United States" in regard to the Society Islands, nothing had been effected. The enthusiastic and imaginative historian concludes by estimating the total number of "Saints" to be 480,000.

The news of the last year of 1856 is of yet more practical importance to the people of the United States. In the latter part of May, the bearers of the Constitution of the State of Deseret arrived at St. Louis, and the *Missouri Republican*, of the 28th, contains the important document. Congress was then in session, but too busy with other matters to attend to the mountaineers. At the late session it was stated in the papers that Mr. Bernheisel, the delegate from Utah would not present the constitution, probably foreseeing a refusal in a House of Republican tendencies. In July, as the newspapers report, a charge against polygamy or rather concubinage, was made by Judge Drummond at Genoa, Carson county, near the borders of California. As the Judge is pretty soundly abused in The *Mormon*, it is probably a correct report. He takes the ground that as there is no statute law in the Territory regulating marriages, that the Mormon ceremonial of "sealing" is not marriage, and that, consequently, the law of the Revised Statutes of the United States against the cohabitation of unmarried persons, etc., should be enforced, especially in the case of "two or more women cohabiting with one man." In Carson Valley, as we learn from the California papers of late autumn, a vigilance committee had been formed to protect the

inhabitants against the depredations of the Mormons. These are notable if not alarming facts, showing that a conflict with federal authority, and adjoining states is possible if not probable. The population of the Valley, in the spring of this year, was reported to be 76,000. Elder John Hyde, however, who was sent on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, seceded from the church

dollar per bushel, corn and oats at seventy-five cents, and potatoes at fifty. A Fair was impending, and a letter writing tailor discourses upon a pair of buckskin breeches, embroidered in silk with bunches of grapes, which were expected to bear away the premium. But latter dates bring less favorable tidings. Nov. third, according to the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, the



THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

as is reported, affirms, the census to be fraudulent, and to give nearly double the real number of inhabitants. The table furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury upon the population and wealth of the various states and territories, gives the population of Utah as 89,000 and its wealth of \$4,200,000. The emigration into the valley, in 1856, as stated by a Mormon elder, at St. Louis, was about 6,000. The actual population is probably between 40,000 and 50,000 at the present time.

Recent papers bring exciting news of various credibility. In September we read of prosperous times—wheat selling at one

snow was a foot deep on the plains, and from three to eight in the mountains, and 1,200 emigrants were yet upon the plains. Dec. fourth, hand cart trains had arrived, being brought in by relief parties, after losing *one quarter* of their whole number of 500. Other trains are yet out, and it is feared may have all been lost. The condition of the relieved parties was too horrible to be described, and awakens gloomy forebodings of the fate of those yet behind. An important statement of the same letterwriter is that there are one hundred *negro slaves* in the territory, and 400 Indian *apprentices*, whose condition is similar. Al-

so, that a reformation, involving auricular confession had been begun by the leaders, disclosing a corruption of society sickening to reflect upon—4,000 persons confessing the crime of adultery. Such statements require confirmation, but it is certain that Mormon institutions have corrupted the morals of their church to a fearful extent.

But to him who looking at the surface of things, merely, asks only material results, the progress of the Mormons will seem wonderful indeed, more wonderful, in fact, than it really is. Oneness of purpose in a large community, a willing or forced devotion to the public as much as the private weal, cunning in those who plan, and obedience and industry in those who execute have placed the people of the Salt Lake in an advanced position in agriculture and manufactories. "They manufacture," says the San Francisco Sun, whose enthusiasm precludes implicit confidence, however, "all sorts of iron ware and cutlery, all kinds of farming implements, carpets, raise wool and make cloth, cotton fabrics of all kinds; in the same manner, build steam engines, and many others. They pay great attention to raising the finest breeds of stock, poultry, etc., they also encourage the fine arts, and painting, music, etc., are handsomely patronized."

If we have no souls, and the highest pleasures of man are material, these people have attained "success."

LIFE IN THE WEST.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WE propose to write for the Chicago Magazine, a series of articles on LIFE IN THE WEST.

We are led to this proposal from a knowledge of the fact that the West is gaining in interest and importance, in the estimation of people of all sections of the country.

The young West is peopled by the children of the old East. These new States are the aspiring offspring of the older States—which are fast outstripping in population, wealth and general prosperity, the parent stock, and seizing from its hands the scepter of Empire. The West has gained its

position by a hard struggle of years. It has passed through its pioneer era—the era of barbarism—as it has with some show of propriety been called—and it has just entered upon the higher destiny of advancing civilization. It is the broad field,—emblemized most truly only by its own boundless prairies—into which have been transplanted much of the good, the thousand excellent qualities of society, morality and religion of the East; and in that soil they flourish most vigorously in glaring contrast with the noxious weeds which are found to encumber every fertile soil. Cultivation only can eradicate these follies, errors and evils, and save the good which has been transplanted.

The West is the home of the children of the "old folks" around the New England hearthstones. There are few families but that have some member of it, in the openings of Michigan, or on the prairies of Illinois, or in the still more distant regions of the upper valley of the Mississippi, now called the Far West. These distant sections are therefore bound in strong and most interesting ties. No dissolution of a union can possibly sunder the bonds that connect East and West.

Channels of trade and communication are being opened—and railroads in great numbers, are stretching farther and farther into that seemingly boundless region of fertile lands within the reach of market. The West is now rapidly developing its incalculable agricultural and mineral resources, and is pouring its products by these new lines of transportation into the marts of the East, to feed the mechanics and tradesmen of old States, and overflowing still, to feed the nations of the old world. The prophecies of some of our old statesmen are being now fulfilled, with more than a literal fulfillment, that the valley of the Mississippi should one day give bread to the world.

Eastern capital has supplied the means for the opening of these great channels of transportation. Eastern enterprise projected many of them. Eastern experience and skill has perfected them. And Eastern perseverance and tact is still managing them—and conducting the commercial en-

terprises of the West. Eastern laborers supply our goods and manufactures—and they consume our agricultural produce. Eastern capital yet supplies our wants, and should, in the main, supply our currency, till the balance of the trade is in our favor. Eastern homes are still supplying us, with a greater rapidity than ever, with an industrious and thrifty population.

The West, therefore, must be an interesting point of observation with all the people of the East.

For these and many other reasons, the East is looking constantly with more and deeper interest to every thing that pertains to the West—to its growth, progress, to its people, and its exports, and to everything that is named Western.

As it is now supposed that *money* can be made West; that here is the source of our productive national wealth—the Yankee is turning his face, and setting his steps, more than ever Westward. There is, therefore, such a tide of emigration pouring in upon us, that we are almost astonished, who have made it a matter of conscience to be astonished at nothing.

After these precursory remarks, which have served to make smooth the way of our approach, we will briefly state the leading design of our proposed series of articles.

We propose to write these articles in view of the wants of the East for information on these subjects, which we compress into this one term *Life in the West*. We shall design to make them acceptable, at least, to the West, and to the people of every section who shall be reached through this channel.

We wish to be useful to the emigrant, not in making him a guide book, so much as to give him, from our own actual experience, such information as will assist him to comprehend, somewhat, the reality of *Life in the West*.

We wish to give the best plan which experience suggests, of instituting and conducting emigration. This would be better described by the term *transplantation*, that is being removed from the old homes to the new ones, in companies or colonies, so

that the new settlers may carry with them the blessings of society, civilization, and comforts, so that life shall not be wholly new after the change. What good there is in the old, we would have transplanted, so far as it can be done by combination. We would keep the chain of sympathy bright, between those who have gone, and those who are left behind, by such general information, and familiar description of this *Life in the West*, that it shall seem to come near to those dear friends from whom the emigrant has parted, perhaps, forever from earthly sight.

We shall aim to give a description of that magic land, called the West—its localities and its characteristics—and its capacities—and destiny, if it can be foreseen.

We shall try to illustrate the first beginning of this *Life in the West*—that it may be begun rightly—thus to save the settler from unnecessary disappointments, struggles, sacrifices and suffering.

The first idea that should interest the emigrant who proposes to follow the footsteps of such a vast number of predecessors that have “gone out west,” is, what is the best plan of emigrating or settling a new country? Colonization, settling new countries, taking possession of a new world—making States upon soil which has never felt the sway of Empire since the world was created, are features which mark the nineteenth century. Since Columbus discovered the New World, discovery and colonization have been among the vocations of mankind. But it is only within the last generation, that settlements seem to have been entered into as one of the impulses of the age. The world is searched over by European adventurers to find places to make settlements, and the stamping ground of the old heroes before the flood, is being looked over by colonists seeking a location; and the garden of Eden is likely to be entered by the pre-emption of some English or Scotch emigrant. The section of the New World called the North-West, is what occupies our attention, and it is receiving as much notice by mankind generally, as any other part of the world. Our instructions, therefore, will be adapted to this section.

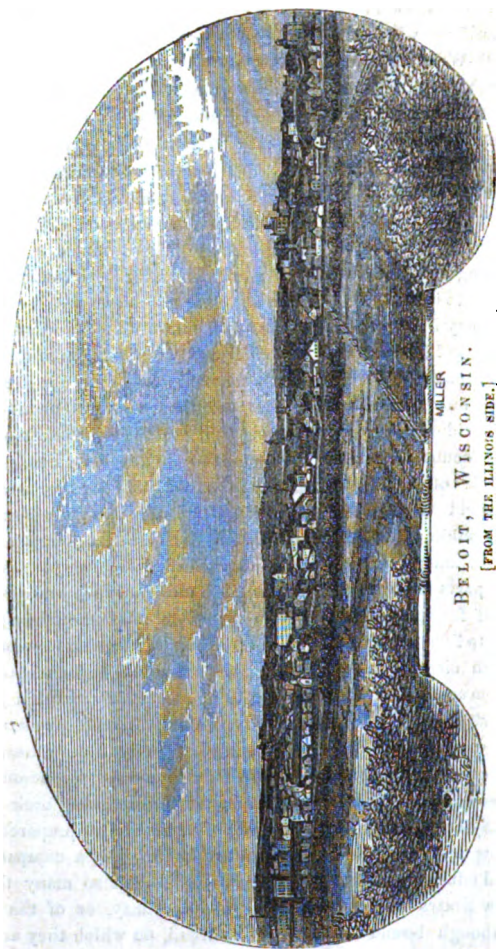
With all the attention which emigration receives, and forming so much as it does of the realities of life, it may well be considered one of the institutions of the world, and should be reduced to a science. Within the past few years, more rational ideas have governed the enterprises of emigration. It is, therefore, relieved from much of the sufferings and sacrifices which attended it when the North-West received its first installments of population. When Western New York and Ohio were being settled, they were filled up by single families from the New England states, who left their homes and all their associations behind, conveying themselves and family effects, in a covered two horse wagon, and making a journey requiring many weary weeks. They were moving to Ohio. This was as definite an idea as they had of their destination. We can hardly imagine any motive strong enough to cause them to make such a sacrifice, but one controlled by a higher power, as a Providential decree for the filling up of a new country. They seldom had in view a circle of friends to receive them—did not expect to find the convenience of schools or public meetings, but reckoned only to be one among a number of strangers from all parts of the nation, with a sprinkling of foreign influx, with whom they expected to live on as good terms as possible. In such circumstances they received kindness from each other, because the lesson of adversity taught them they were dependent on each other—but sympathy, that which makes up the kindlier and more sacred intercourse of the soul, they could expect little of. Sympathies grow out of common experience and similarity of views, habits, tastes and education. And as the people of these new States were all from different quarters, though bound together by many neighborly courtesies, yet with each other they could have but little sympathy; and, therefore, they lost much of the real joys which every human being ought to be able to possess.

In more recent times, the facilities for comfortable emigration have been immensely multiplied. Many of the difficulties heretofore encountered, have been overcome.

Emigration is now so general, that it is conducted on a more rational basis, and is reduced more nearly to a science.

There is one thought which we wish to impress upon the minds of those who propose to emigrate to the West. The way the change should be made, in order to avoid, as much as possible, the sufferings and sacrifices usually incident to a removal. The first suggestion is, that these changes, as much as possible, should be effected by association. It is a task which one may well shrink from, to go alone into the wilderness of a distant State, to make there a new home. If the whole village were to be removed at once, it would not be an undertaking so much to be dreaded by the individual, for they would then each have the protection and watch-care of the whole, and find in the combination that sympathy and aid which force finds in the motto that "in union there is strength."

It follows, then, that settlement by colonization is one of the first and most desirable conditions. The individual proposing to leave the old State for the new, especially, if going so far upon the borders as to take up new land, should join himself with a company already proposing the same thing. Or, what is more thorough and systematic, a company of colonists should be gathered for the purpose of forming a new settlement. We see more experiments of this kind at the present time than in years before. It is almost a daily occurrence, in the opening of navigation, to hear that a company from Maine have gone on to form a settlement in Minnesota, their families to follow, after they have prepared places for them to live in. Or, a company from Vermont have bought so many thousand acres in such a county, or of the Illinois Central Railroad, on which they are to lay out a town and form a settlement. Or, a company is on their way to Iowa to establish a community, organize a College, or other school, and gather about them a settlement of choice men. In this way, they demonstrate the *rationality* of emigration. It initiates a theory which we denominate the science or the philosophy of colonizing or settling a new country.



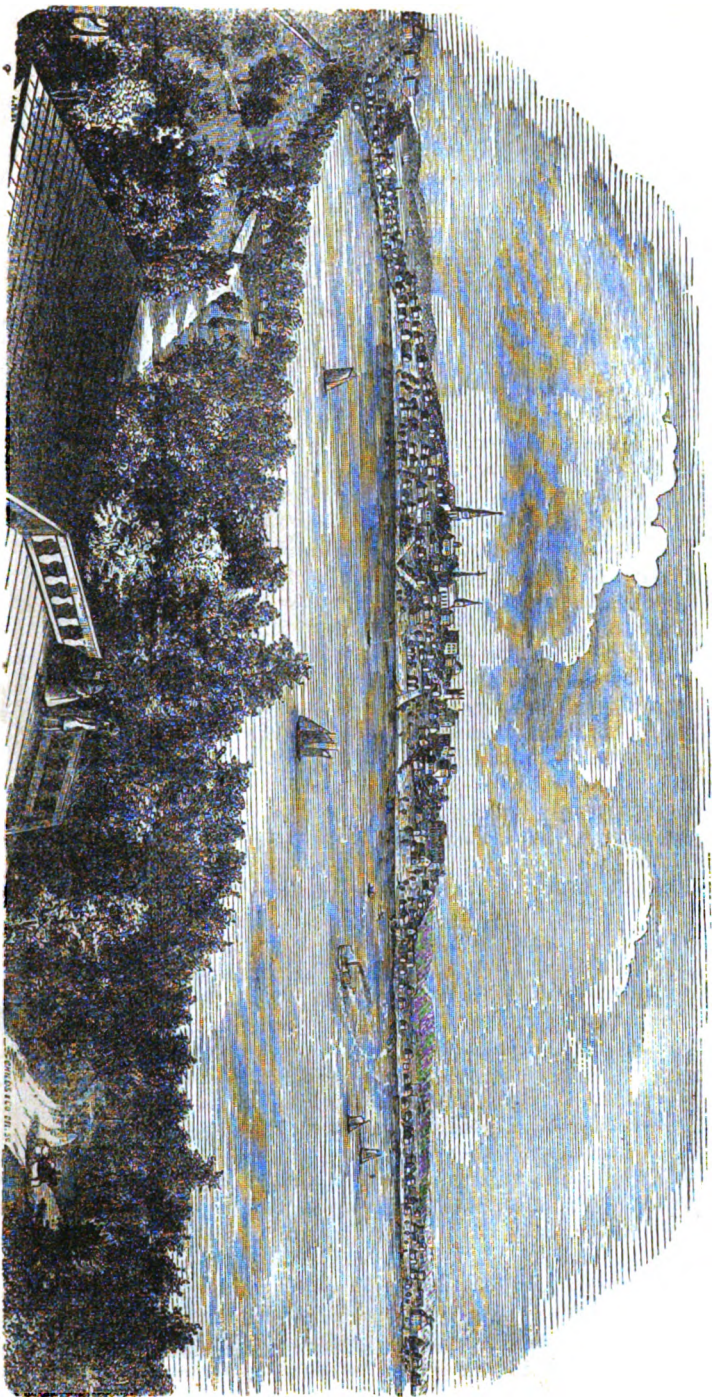
BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

[FROM THE ILLINOIS SIDE.]

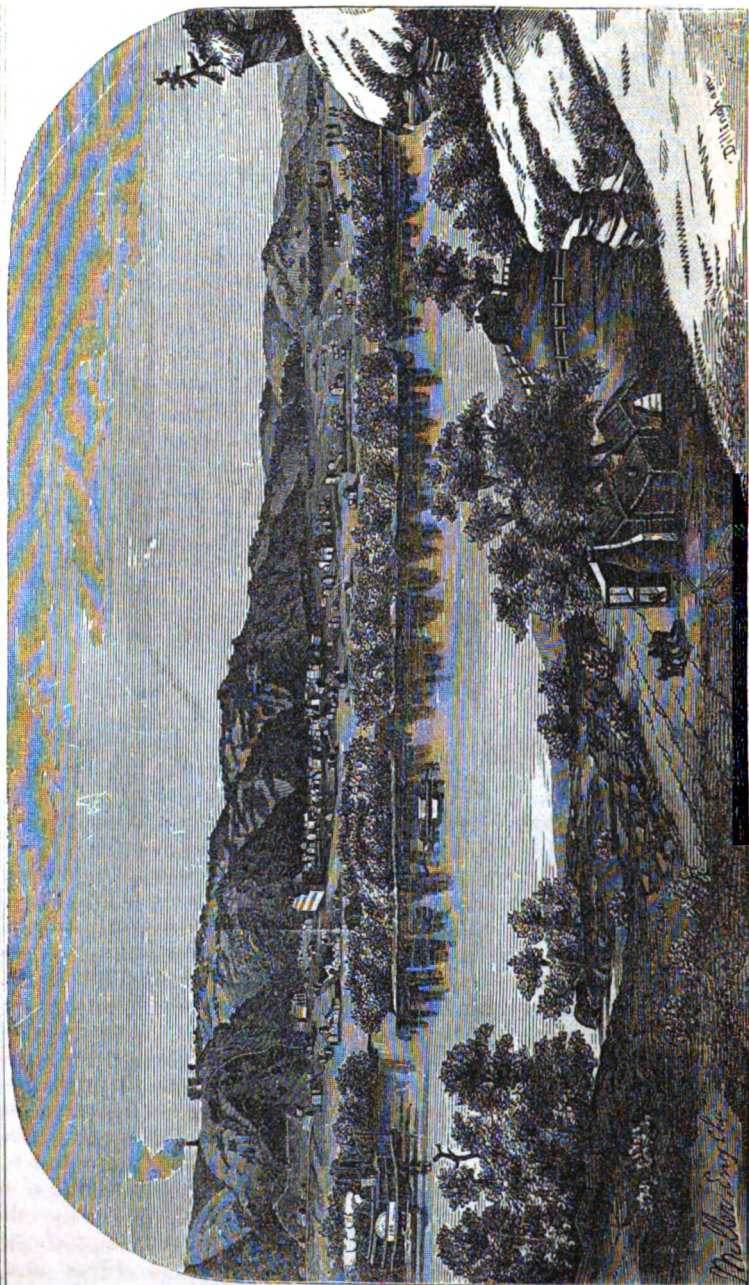
Delightfully Situated on both sides of Rock River.

We give our readers, herewith, a second view of this city, as announced in our last number. This view is taken from the same point as the former one, the spot being the only one, in fact, from which a full view of the city can be had. That number contained a historical sketch of the city, from which we compile the following facts :

First settled in 1835 by Caleb Broughton. Occupied, in 1837, by the New England Company. First Church (Methodist) organized in the winter of 1838. Beloit College, built 1847. Female Seminary, organized 1854. Ten mail routes terminate here. Postal Revenue, \$4,500 yearly. Chicago & Galena Railroad opened to Beloit November, 1863. Six Railroads now connect in the town. Value of manufactured products for 1866, \$100,000.



MADISON, WISCONSIN.—See Page 186.



DUBUQUE IN 1846.



JAMES L. LANGWORTHY, ESQ.

[THE EARLIEST SETTLER OF DUBUQUE.]

THE History of any Western city is little more than a biography of its first permanent settlers. In the settlement of the North-Western States, there has constantly been found, on the borders of civilization, a class of "traders and squatters," who have retired before the first appearance of the refinements of organized society. Among the explorers of new territories, there is also another class of men, who precede civilization, and select some favorable spot for a future home, with a view to a permanent residence, and to wait for immigration to form a community around them. The latter class comprise the men who have laid the foundations of prosperous states. Of this class were the four LANGWORTHY BROTHERS, who were among the early pioneers in the settlement of Iowa.

JAMES L. LANGWORTHY came to Dubuque in 1829, before the Black Hawk War, three years before the Indian title had been extinguished, to any part of the State. Born in Connecticut, he inherited the enterprising spirit of New England Character: reared in Northern New York, when that portion of the State, forty years ago, was a new country; he became familiar with the hardships and adventures of pioneer life, and, possessing a robust constitution, strong will, and great decision of character, he was just the man to be a leader in exploring the lead mines of what was then considered the "Far West," and to select a proper site for a Western City. He had previously traversed by the Mississippi, the whole eastern border of Iowa, examined every point suitable for a town, and finally made choice of the spot where Dubuque

has become the first city in the State, as the place of his future home. It is a proof of his foresight, that five or six flourishing towns and cities occupy the favorable positions he designated at the time. On first crossing the Mississippi, by swimming his horse by the side of a canoe, to the point where the Jones Street Levee has recently been constructed, he found a prairie, on which Dubuque now stands; and two miles below, at the mouth of Catfish Creek, a village of Sac and Fox Indians. These Indians had learned, by trading with the whites, the value of lead ore, then very easily obtained in the vicinity; and they had already become jealous of the encroaching settlements of the pale faces. The whites had, until this time, been prohibited from exploring the interior of the country, or examining the mines; the lead trade being then mostly carried on by dealers residing at St. Louis.

Mr. LANGWORTHY succeeded, however, in gaining the confidence of the civil chief to such a degree as to obtain permission to travel in the interior for three weeks. He employed two young Indians as guides, and traversed, in different directions, the whole district between the Maquoketa and Turkey Rivers. He first crossed the prairies to the Maquoketa, at the rapids where the thriving village of Cascade now stands. Having a sharp eye for the natural resources of the country, and finding some indications of iron, he followed that river down its valley, through one of the largest bodies of timber in the State, and discovered the vast beds of valuable iron ore near Canton, in Jackson county. Turning northward, he found that the whole country west of the lead mines was well adapted to agricultural purposes, and would be one of the elements which, in its development, has so greatly contributed to the prosperity of Dubuque. He returned to the mines, secured the good will of the Indians, laid his plans for future operations, to be carried out as soon as circumstances would permit. Having spent ten years in Illinois, and also some time at St. Louis, he was not a stranger to the West, but appreciated the prospects which he has lived to realize. In the exploration

of Illinois, he once traversed the State, in nearly a direct line, by the compass, from the mouth of the Illinois River to Galena, making a journey of sixteen days, on horseback, over those extensive prairies now crossed by railroads, and dotted with cities and villages. Mr. LANGWORTHY visited Illinois as early as 1819, and his father's family removed from New York to that State in 1820. He settled for a time at Galena, in 1827 as a merchant, and afterwards engaged in mining and smelting lead at Buncombe, an almost forgotten place in Wisconsin, a few miles north-east of Galena, and sixteen miles from the Mississippi. In the latter business he was a partner of his brother-in-law, ORRIN SMITH, Esq. afterwards known as one of the successful pioneers in steamboat commerce on the Upper Mississippi, and now the President of the Galena Packet Company. In the summer of 1827 Mr. LANGWORTHY was employed by the Government to visit the different bands of Winnebago, Sac and Fox Indians, with a view to have them meet at the Portage on the Wisconsin River, to form a treaty with the United States. In this mission he was associated with Gen. HENRY DODGE, then a young man and since a member of the U. S. Senate from Wisconsin. The Indians assembled, and the result was a treaty which secured to the government all the territory between the Wisconsin and the Fox and Rock Rivers of Illinois. The knowledge of Indian character he acquired in his travels among the tribes, then and at other times, and by trading with them, enabled him to obtain many advantages denied to others, and especially secured to him their friendship. The region of country immediately north of the Dubuque mines, being the neutral ground between the Sac and Fox, and the Sioux Indians, this portion of the Territory was at that time a border of Indian warfare. The Government at the same time—1827 to 1832—was desirous to obtain possession of all the lead mines in this region, and had consummated a treaty with Black Hawk, Keokuk, and other Sac and Fox chiefs. By the treaty referred to, the Indians agreed to transfer the title to all the lands south of the Wisconsin and

east of the Mississippi Rivers. The chiefs and braves, however, with a true Indian attachment to their hunting grounds, and to the graves of their fathers; and with a resentment at the approach of a superior race, exhibited, from time to time, such a retaliating spirit, that the government insisted upon a compliance with the treaty stipulations. Black Hawk had increased his influence with the allied Indians, and by 1832 had become Head Chief of all the Sac and Fox tribes of Iowa, and of the Winnebago bands of Illinois and Wisconsin. Encouraged by his brother, an Indian prophet, who had united the tribes by his eloquence, he made a desperate effort to resist a race that removes every obstacle to its progress.

In the war that ensued in 1832, Mr. LANGWORTHY joined the volunteer forces under the command of Gen. Dodge, and served through the whole campaign. He was at the battle of Bad Axe, and found many Indian acquaintances among the prisoners taken at that time. Black Hawk, finding that further resistance would be useless, merely retreated a short distance with a single attendant, and waited an opportunity to capitulate. Some of the prisoners were sent to invite him to come to the camp of the troops, *

THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH-WEST.

THERE is a cant term often quoted by politicians, which runs something in this wise:—

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

It is our purpose to trace the progress of this empire. It is important, at first, to define its location, and establish the latitude and longitude of the section over which this star culminates.

We cast our eyes over the map of the United States. At our extreme right we notice a cluster of little States, intersected by bays and peninsulas, winding streams, and mountain elevations—over which there seems to twinkle, "The Star of the East." We follow a line of observation westward, and see the family of States, divided north

and south by rivers flowing east from the acclivities of the Alleghanies, and west by the long line of the Ohio. This line clearly defines to the eye, two geographical sections, one the land of the "cedar and vine, where the flowers ever blossom," the sunny South; the other the land of industry, where the climate invigorates, and the earth yields bountifully when solicited—the land of energy and noble deeds. Of this northern division we wish to take our semi-stellar observation. The eye will also detect a longitudinal division of this northern section, made by the flow of the waters of the streams, and dividing it into East and West. One other casual glance at the map shows the trunk of a large river at the South, poetically styled the "Father of Waters." We look at it as upon a picture drawn out on canvas. It naturally suggests the figure of the magnificent Elm, its trunk standing upon the gulf, as the earth into which it is deeply rooted; its umbrageous limbs spreading out far and wide, to the right and left. Over the arch of this magnificent monument of nature, is the "Star of Empire," ascending. In its branches are clustered the States which form the Empire of the West. The States which are indicated as indissolubly belonging to one family, by the flow of the upper waters of the Mississippi, are Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin.

These are called, by way of sectional distinction, the six North-Western States—Minnesota, having had leave to enter, will soon add one more to this prosperous family.

We do not propose to make a long philosophical or imaginative article on the ascendancy of this "Star of Empire." But in one sense, we do wish to make a *figurative* exhibition of the growth and extension of power in this section—inasmuch as we shall let facts and figures tell our story for us. We wish to contrast its growth with the population and power of the Eastern States, which are the parents of the West. We shall make our comparisons with each decade of the last half century. We shall put into the eastern side of the balance, the New England States, and throw in New York as a make-weight, giving seven Eastern to six Western States.

*Having received no more copy for this sketch, up to the hour of going to press, we are obliged to continue this article to our next number.

In 1800, the beginning of the present century, the Eastern States had a population of 1,819,000. The population of all the territory west of New York was at that time 51,000—which was nearly forty to one in favor of the East, at the commencement of the race for power.

The population of the Eastern States in 1810, was 2,431,000. The population of the West at the same period, was 272,324; being then nearly as nine to one in favor of the Eastern States; in ten years losing three fourths of their superiority.

In 1820 the population of the Eastern States was 3,082,000. The North-Western States and Territories at the same time numbered 892,700. The East being three and a half times larger in population than the West.

In 1830 the inhabitants of the Eastern States numbered 3,868,000; and those of the North-Western 1,470,000; or as two and a half to one in favor of the East.

In 1840 the population of the Eastern States was 4,663,743. The North-Western 2,964,880—showing a ratio between the sections, of little more than one and a half to one in favor of the East. Here the Star of Empire seemed rapidly to gain the ascendant. Politicians looked anxiously westward for the seat of power, and took observations of its Star, that they might read their future destiny.

In 1850 the population of the Eastern States was estimated at 5,825,510; and the North-Western at 4,721,551. The ratio being only one and a quarter to one in favor of the East, containing, on its side, the great Empire State, with more than three millions of population. The race is now but "neck and neck."

We are now to estimate the population of these States for the year of 1856, which we pass for present time. There has been no general census of the States by which we can get an accurate statement of all the population. But the vote cast at the Presidential election, will probably furnish a correct basis. By a comparison of the vote cast in the States where the amount of the population is known, with the number of the population, it has been demonstrated

that only one out of six, or one-sixth of the population of the free States, voted at the Presidential election. If we then multiply the vote of any Eastern or Western State by the number six, we shall have a very correct statement of the population in that State, as near as it can be ascertained by any other process. By this rule we know that the population of the seven Eastern States, including New York, is 6,097,000. The population of the six North-Western States, computed in the same way, is 7,177,856—giving a plurality to the North-Western States, of 1,080,356—or one-sixth of one in the ascendancy. To the population of the Western States there should properly be added that of Minnesota. This is estimated at 200,000—which will give the total population of the section "known and described" as the North-West, 7,377,856. At the same time, the population of New York is 3,584,000; and that of all the New England States, the Father of States themselves, is only 2,513,000. How strongly the contrast would have been presented had we taken only the six New England States as a parallel! The six states of the North-West which, fifty-six years ago had only one-fortieth of the population of the New England States and New York, have now three times that of the New England States alone. Surely the Star Empire has been making its way westward rapidly, and it sits enthroned there, as the Mountain of Light, in the diadem encircling the brow of the British Queen.

In 1850 the population of these North-Western States was a little less than one-fifth of the total population of the United States. At the present time they must contain more than one quarter of all the population of the Union. Numerically, there is no one section so strong. There is not so large a section, nor one so diverse in people, where their interests and sympathies are so clearly allied—where they have but one faith and baptism. And the North-West is therefore a power in the earth—a power to be feared, and to be heeded. Yet its position is such as to incline it to conservatism, for its interests will lead it to seek alliances with the South and East.

The ratio of increase for the first decade, from 1800 to 1810, for the Eastern States, was thirty-three per cent. The ratio of the Western Territory for the same time was four hundred and thirty-three per cent.

For the second decade, from 1810 to 1820, the ratio of the Eastern States was twenty-four per cent. The Western States for the same time was two hundred and twenty-seven per cent.

For the third decade, from 1820 to 1830, the ratio of increase for the Eastern States was twenty-five per cent. For the Western States, sixty-four per cent.

For the fourth decade, from 1830 to 1840, the ratio of increase for the Eastern States was twenty per cent. For the Western States, one hundred and one per cent.

For the fifth decade, from 1840 to 1850, the Eastern States increased at the ratio of twenty-four per cent. The Western States at the ratio of fifty-eight per cent.

For the period of six years, from 1850 to the election of President in 1856, the rate of increase in the Eastern States was about five per cent. The ratio of increase in the Western States was fifty-two per cent.

Thus much for the population.

We have no data upon which we can compute the ratio of the increase of the wealth of the West. The increase of it, especially for the latter periods, has been enormous. The real estate in most of the States has come up within comparatively short time, from government price to ten and twenty-five dollars per acre. Cities and towns have been built, villages have grown up, farms have been improved, and countless farm houses have been made—internal improvements have been projected and completed. The increase of the public wealth is beyond conception. We may imagine it, by comparing the population and tangible property, in localities with similar localities in the old States. That which has been the work of generations, and in some places centuries, there, in the accumulation of wealth, is here the growth of but a few years.

As one of the clearest illustrations of the

growth of the North-West, we give here a table, showing the increase of the railroads since 1848. Railroads are the most significant type of progress which the age furnishes. It is certain that there is *no getting along* without railroads. That State which enjoys the largest amount of railroad facilities, has the strongest element of success. It develops itself by railway instrumentality, and at railway speed. The following is the statement of the miles of railroad constructed in each of these North-Western States, for each year since 1848, with the total in all these states:

	Ohio.	Indiana.	Michigan.	Illinois.	Wisconsin.	Iowa.	Total.
1848	262	86	264	53			665
1849	292	86	266	53			697
1850	375	176	295	76			901
1851	590	226	357	115	20		1311
1852	828	601	427	176	20		2161
1853	1418	755	427	206	50		2916
1854	1713	982	427	777	130		4005
1855	2445	1306	427	1884	240		6400
1856	2702	1589	497	2241	285	87	7401
1857	2850	1601	638	2571	659	245	8753

The progress of these states, in wealth and population, as indicated by these figures is unparalleled in the history of the world. The country has passed, in a single generation, from the condition of a wilderness, and the home of savages, to the high position of a densely populated and civilized community. The inhabitants enjoy all the comforts of life, and every advantage for social, moral, and intellectual cultivation. They have transplanted, with themselves, the cultivation and comforts of civilization, which they enjoyed in the older States. Emigration to this section has not been simply the removal or emigration of the individual, or multitudes of individuals; but the emigration of institutions and organizations of refined society—so that the growth of the West, is really the East transplanted.

In the accumulation of political power, the ascendancy of the Star of Empire is more fully realized. The expression of the nation will always be a voice from the throne of its power.

Under the apportionment made on the census of 1830, the Eastern States, including New York, had 78 Representatives in Congress; the North-West had 30.

In the Congress under the apportionment of 1840, the Eastern States had 65 Representatives; the North-Western States had 42.

In the present Congress, on the apportionment of the census of 1850, the Eastern States have 62, and the North-Western States 50. At this time, the Eastern States have in Congress one fifth more power than the North-Western States.

Under an apportionment made upon the population as it now is, the Eastern States would have 64 Representatives, and the North-Western States 75, without including Minnesota. This would give to this Western section a majority of 11 Representatives. This ratio of increase will continue until 1860, when, unquestionably, the political power of the North-Western States will overbalance the Eastern States by at least one third. It will have, in proportion to other sections, in the Congress under the new apportionment, twice the number of votes that it has in the present. Those who associate national prosperity with the action of Congress, may well consider what will be the effect on the policy and prosperity of the Union, of this ascension of political power in the North-West.

A LONG VOYAGE IN AN UNKNOWN SEA

IF honorable, continued, heroic toil were precisely what men are rewarded for, a good many millionaires, would change places with a good many beggars.

We always regard with interest, the men who venture to leave

—"the same course that their fathers have run," and strike boldly out, Columbus-like, into the region of the untried and the new. If the Genoese had not discovered a World, nobody, at this distance, would be able to discover *him*, for fame is not contemplated through a microscope, like a monster in a drop of rain. It must challenge the sight; as when we look at the sun, it must leave an almost painful impression of something brilliant, or it is not fame.

There is a sort of dignity about such men, as they "cast off the line" of prescribed thought, and bear away beyond the harbor that common minds have hollowed out, into waters that seem to wash the blue walls of another world. They disappear; they are for a time lost to the world, and how that world talks of them, the while, behind their backs! Ridicule and censure, "just as we expected," and "I told you so," succeed and mingle, till, by and by, their names fall out of the language, and their memories out of the mind.

But if they *do* return, freighted with the wealth of a new realm of thought, then the world is turned into a beacon, and the bells are set a-ringing, and the wanderers are crowned with a hand full of laurel, and endowed with a heart full of glory. Then, everybody knew he would, and it was just as they had said, but whoever they said it to, is dead, or missing, or so deaf they cannot make him understand what testimony they want from him, and so everybody's word for that matter, must go for what it is worth.

But for us, we follow the career of such men with an interest akin to solicitude. We *know* there are great treasures yet hidden—great truths yet undeveloped, and we honor those who dare to brave the world before, and the world behind, to seek and to discover them. We wrote, there is a dignity about such enterprises, and there is, and it is a solemn one—it is like *dying*, for they venture alone. There may be a few aside "God speeds," but little companionship—but no "army with banners."

These are the men that strike the narrow tents of common thought, and make them broader, and bear them on, and set them up anew. These are the men that widen our horizons for us, and lift up the blue curtains, and reveal the world beyond. They are the HORIZON MAKERS of all times, and we honor them.

The World is always in a great dream—sometimes of one thing, and sometimes another, but always a dream; and ever after these dreams, comes the Morning.

How gorgeous were those old Castilian visions of an El Dorado in the midst of the

South American wilderness—where some Pactolian river rolled in music amid pure sands of gold, and gems for pebbles, strowed its shining bed.

That Argonautic story and its returnless argosies have had their parallels in every clime and time.

'T was now some "happy valley" where mountains intervened, and life and spring perennial ruled the year—some dream of *Rasselas* made real.

And now a Fountain, in fairy land, guarded, like Paradise, with blades without a hand, the baptism in whose waters conferred a deathless youth.

And then again, it was to find that great metropolis in Africa's arid heart, that God and tempests sowed around with sands, and yet where coolest waters murmured through summers without end, and groves of palm trees swept eternal blue. There, dwelt—or so they dreamed—a race, whose men were made of purest clay; whose women, fair as Eve; a spot where gems were toys, and gold of little worth.

And then it was, to seek the cloudy springs of the mysterious Nile, where wanderers' bleaching bones await a burial to-day.

And then it was, that dream of dreams, that all the World awoke and told one morning—that somewhere beyond the barriers of ice, where Arctic Winters gathered in their ancient homesteads, there rolled a channel uniting old and new, that once discovered, the gray Atlantic might be left to mirror tempests, and toss the shadows of the passing clouds, for ever more, the World's great fleet would safely glide therein.

Every nation that could float a keel, placed a daring spirit upon the quarter-deck, and bade him make a wake for the Arctic seas. Along the gleaming battlements of northern night, whereon the sentry Winters clasp each other's hands, sail after sail was drifting, but from those ports of ice, no gun did honor to their flags; no channel opened away before their venturous prows, but God's treasures of the snow alone, and glacial mirrors for the Northern Star. More daring than the Sun, they saw

him feebly skirt the southern rim of Arctic day, then sink appalled in night. Through God's painted window gleamed above, the Northern Lights; within, their hearts were brave, and so they struggled on. Ice, Night and Death did lock them, each in turn, but each new ship that sailed, was wreathed with newer hopes.

What Spring besieged, might lie within the fortress of the frost; what shores of green might stretch away; what noble "Welland" of the World, might greet their gaze at last, and make them glorious beyond all gone before—these were the thoughts to keep their spirits strong, and brought up anchors with a right good will, that never more should sink in native seas.

The gallant FRANKLIN went at last, and there beneath the Arctic's icy spears, along whose bristling ranks, the Summers feebly flicker and depart, he and his comrades passed alone to God.

The warm, old English heart was touched and quickened at the thought; a thousand hopes were woven into one, a fleet equipped and manned, and sent forth on mercy's mission—a nobler never sailed. The "North West Passage" to the human heart was found at last. The Lady Franklin had fellow-watchers on both sides the globe; "one touch of Nature made the whole world kin," and GRINNELL sent forth a little fleet made sacred to humanity and hope.

But all proved vain; no tidings of the Knight; no traces of his men. One man would make one effort more; that man was KANE. The "Advance" was fitted for the fearful voyage, and with Dr. KANE for commander, she set sail. One after another, the members of the English fleet returned, but no "Advance" is descried in the offing, or comes bravely up the Bay. There amid eternal winter she still remained, with all her treasure of noble heart and gallant life. Should they perish upon the very altar of humanity, and not a hand put forth to save?

Our Government to that question gave noble answer; the ARCTIC and RELEASE were made ready for sea, and on that first of June, 1855, set forth. Who did not wish them June skies, a successful mission

and a quick return? Here was something worthy the World's looking on, and worthy the World's united prayer.

That first of June! Take the map of North America and follow the "Release" and her consort on their northern way. Leaving Cape Farewell far to the eastward, up Davis' Strait they go—off Capes Desolation and Comfort—brave names they have thereaway!—to Holsteinborg, on the coast of Greenland. They have crossed the awful curve of the Arctic Circle; they are within the Zone of the belted earth, that binds in a girdle of ice, the objects of their search. Then on to Disko, and thence through frozen bays and seas, and over snow-clad lands, in that wild realm of winter, till lost to sight.

Bravely the map looks, with its continents of green, and its waters roscate as with the touch of summer sunsets. High-sounding names do those far regions bear, with their Kings and Queens and Regents—their Wellingtons and Adelaides; fame everlasting as the frost; Parry and Ross and Richardson; Scoresby and Barrow and Hudson, but then there's a Franklin Mountain, a Franklin Coast, a Franklin Bay away there; and a Franklin *grave*, no doubt, of which Geographers make no note at all. But faint and feeble is the idea we form of the inhospitable region wherein they ventured—that going "forward," as it were, upon this mighty craft of Earth, where eternal winters dash and whiten, and grow dumb around its bows. Ah! that "North West Passage" of the heart. Thousands of us, to-day, are seeking some hidden way to a better land, noted upon no map but one of our own making. We are fancying that through December we shall somehow attain to June; that there is some unknown channel amid the winter of the world, that leads direct to happiness and peace. And though, when we wander and are ice-locked, no fleets skirt day's frozen rim for our relief, yet we are awakened—how often!—from the dream, benumbed with the sickness of "hope deferred," and lost amid the blinding storm of disappointment and sorrow—the "North West Passage" yet unfound, and the sweet summer isles we longed for, yet far down below our broadest horizon.

The story of that return of Dr. KANE has become a household word all over the civilized world; what wealth of scientific truth he brought back with him; what clouds he cleared away; what immortality he achieved. Did he not follow and define the shore of Greenland, even to the glacier that might have been a mirror for the Titans? Did he not survey that crystal bridge, flung from Greenland to the land of Washington? That "North West Passage" is no fable; that Circumpolar Sea no dream. These are among the treasures of truth wherewith Dr. KANE returned; but alas! for it, he did not *tarry*. The Great Admiral of life signalled him to go forth upon a longer voyage, in an unknown sea; signalled him, and he was *gone*; and a little while ago, the mortal outfit of the Wanderer passed up the river from the "Crescent City," on its way to find rest in the God's acrefallow and heaped, near the home of his childhood.

For alas! there is such an acre near all human homes, where with the ignoble and the sinning, Earth's good and brave lie down; there is a sweet Alabama of the soul, somewhere beyond the white wing of Winter, and the fair flotilla of a June sky; some port, land locked and lulled in an endless calm, which the good and the brave do "make," but whence they send back no word, though the winds be fair, and we ever on the watch.

Dr. KANE, who "climbed to the Hippocrene Spring," has ascended to the source of all life and light; he who slept upon the shore of Marathon, has awakened in a realm without a grave; the man who dared all the Arctic, in quest of the lost knight, may have met him already in that fairer clime. the Blue of the Blest; he, upon whose dauntless brow the Destroyer looked amid the drifts of the North, and fled away into the dark, has bowed to his supremacy amid the summer groves and scented gales of Havana.

Born in Philadelphia, on the 3rd of February, 1822, this is, of a truth, an *early* promotion; too early for his friends, too early for the scientific world, but not too early for his fame, that shall be deathless; for his name, that shall outlast the age.

The spirit of adventure marked his boyhood; the instinct to break through the eternal curves of the old horizons, and go out from home, was with him then. His eyes forever sparkled with interrogation points, wherewith he subjected Nature to inquisition; and so we find him, while a college boy, a student of Geology, wandering among the Blue Mountains of Virginia. Even as the patriarch of the beautiful dream at Bethel, wrought for the choice of his heart, so for seven years at the Pennsylvania University, did the future hero of the North, toil, and in 1843, we find him Assistant Surgeon in the Navy of the United States.

From this period, the spirit of the boy among the Laurel Hills was full fledged; the spirit of endurance, that like charity, "suffered all things;" of investigation, that challenged all things.

His field was the WORLD, and we find him attached, in his professional capacity, to the first embassy to China, and looking wistfully beyond the "Flowery Kingdom's" half-closed gates of porcelain.

We hear of him among the Philippines; we trace him to Ceylon; he loses himself among the jungles of India; adventure is his pastime, peril, his companion, and scientific truth, his chosen guerdon. There was a charm to him in the untried and unexplored, and "the lion in the way" could not check his onward step.

Swinging from a bamboo rope in the crater of an India volcano; defending himself against a savage tribe in the Ladrões, with one companion, a Prussian Baron, who finally sank beneath the hardships he endured; wandering alone in the land of the Pyramids; solitary voyager of the Nile, even to the borders of Nubia; visiting the slave factories of the African coast, and penetrating to the barracoons of Dahomey; among the tombs of the Pharaohs; guiding his "ship of the desert" across the sands; standing upon the crown of Memnon; wrecked as he descended the River of Egypt; wounded near Alexandria; lingering amid the fallen marbles of Greece; pausing at Rome; wandering among the vine-draped hills of France; musing in Westminster; welcomed at home.

But for that spirit of his, which neither sickness could deter nor danger appall, luxurious ease had not a solitary charm, and so his friends bade him adieu as he set forth upon an African cruise, and received him an invalid to their arms again. His body sympathized with his mind, and impatient of the restraints which his weakness would impose, we find him a volunteer in active service, with the army in Mexico, and the first we hear of him, he was dashing along in the route of the army, with dispatches for General Scott.

He was given as an escort through Mexico, the notorious company of Colonel Dominguez, who set forth with him from Vera Cruz. As they were approaching Nopaluca, near Puebla, they were informed by a Mexican, that a large body of Mexican soldiers were on their way to intercept them, and at that time, were but a short distance away. Dominguez refused to proceed any further, and was about retreating, when Dr. KANE commanded him to remain with him, threatening the vengeance of his government if his company should leave him. Having succeeded in preventing him from turning his back on the enemy, he finally induced him to attack them. Placing himself at the head of his escort, Dr. KANE swept down from a rising ground upon the Mexicans, who were thrown into confusion by the intrepidity of his charge. Rallying, however, they made a stout resistance, and it was not until after a severe skirmish, that they were defeated, and the majority of them made prisoners. Among them were several officers of distinction in the Mexican army, who were *en route* to join their commander. General Torrejon who led the cavalry at Buena Vista, and Major General Antonio Gaona, and his son, were of the number. The latter was dangerously wounded by Dr. KANE, who, in a personal encounter, ran him through the body with his sword. When the skirmish was over, the Doctor, finding his antagonist was seriously injured, had recourse to his surgical skill to save his life, and the result proved that his skill was of no ordinary character. With no other instrument than the bent prong of an ordinary fork and a piece of pack-thread, he secured an artery

from which the life of the young soldier was rapidly ebbing, and placed him in a condition that he could be conveyed safely to Puebla.

No sooner, however, had he concluded this humane act, than he was informed by young Gaona, that he overheard Dominguez declare he would take his father's life, because he had, at one time, put him in prison. Dr. KANE instantly interfered, placed himself between his escort and his prisoner, and threatened to shoot the first man who attempted the life of Major Gaona. Dominguez became infuriated, and ordered his men to charge; but the first man of the company fell before the fire of Dr. KANE, who plied his revolver with fatal effect, upon all who came within its reach. Though suffering from a severe lance wound in his thigh, he kept the horde at bay, and saved his prisoner from their fury, until he arrived at Puebla. Dr. KANE, whose wounds were very serious, was detained here for many days, during which he was attended and nursed with the most tender care by the family of Major Gaona, who became one of his most ardent admirers and firm friends.

And so, the lingerer among the spice groves of Ceylon became the bold, dashing dragoon of the chaparral, and his name and deeds became thenceforth, a part of the history of the Mexican war.

But the cloud of the battle swept by, and under the cleared sky, we have the sounder of craters in India, and the wanderer in Dahomey in Africa, quietly engaged in the Gulf of Mexico in the Coast Survey under Professor Bache. Accurate, pains-taking, scientific, here, as he had been daring and enduring there.

While thus engaged, the voice of that more than widow, Lady FRANKLIN, had been heard across the Atlantic; not a syllable of that appeal lost to the quickened ear of human sympathy, amid the roar and whirl of waters, and the bold soldier of Mexico again volunteered under this white flag of Mercy, with the wing of an angel for emblem and device.

So the quiet member of the Survey in the Gulf, on the 12th of May, 1850, became at

once the surgeon, the naturalist and the historian of the Grinnell Expedition to the Arctic, under Lieutenant De Haven.

How that fifteen months' campaign in the sunless domain of eternal winter, developed the qualities hidden in Dr. KANE's breast, that made the greatest of heroes, is a tale upon every tongue. Energetic, decided, and fearless; a physician to the mind as well as to the frame; with powers of endurance but seldom paralleled in the world of adventure; and a presence of mind that never deserted him, whether groping his way amid unbroken night and blinding storm; famished, or "starving in ice;" lost in the drift, or his good ship ground like grain in the floes, Dr. KANE disclosed the leading spirit of the Age, whether to take the Arctic on vessel's deck, or to guide the lengthened train along the sandy highway of the tropic sun.

From that immortal quest for a brother man, he returned, only to devise a new Expedition, that should skirt Greenland's inhospitable coast, make its way towards the Pole through icy pillars older than Gibraltar's gates, and out, if he might, into that Circumpolar Sea, where in Winter's very heart, Winter itself relents.

The record of that Expedition is before us, in the simple eloquence of Dr. KANE's own pen; how one small vessel with a crew of twenty, but almost every one a man, endured the rigors of a pair of winters such as Navigator never before had dared and lived. And what a story that is, and how Dr. KANE has told it! He did not dream that he was eloquent; he did not even aspire to the garb of history, but just gives us passages from his journal, as he finds them set down, day by day; some times in the darkness of a night so deep and long, the very morning seemed to have forgotten it; and sometimes, in the midst of peril that would try the stoutest heart. And so we have more than a narrative; we pass, with them, Upernavik; we bid adieu to the last Danish out post; we lie to, fast anchored to a berg; we see, for the first time, the midnight sun come out over its northern crest, and kindle it into a splendid dream of Ormus and of Ind; we pass

where Nature's pulseless bosom is closed against her dead ; we look in upon the little band of seventeen in the ice-locked cabin ; we are with them on the sledge ; we await, with them, the slow coming of morning ; we creep, in their company, into the stony burrow of the Esquimaux ; we are guests at their table, whose central dish is a raw morsel of frozen walrus ; we note the slow-going of bewildered, benighted Time ; we hear the mighty voices of the drift ice, as in great fleets it crashes around the frozen shore ; we watch, as they do, the ice-blink that bounds the far horizon ; and we turn from the companionship, feeling more deeply than we can describe, what stores of patient endurance, of unwavering purpose, of sublime bravery, are necessary to dare the eternal towers, and stand the seige of Winter older than the Nile, along whose ramparts go the glimmering years, even as the flare of feeble torches, in a dim December wood, may shed an uncertain ray upon the bare white arms of snow.

Ice and snow—ice and snow, and a weary, weary waiting through the night—so we thought, as turning page after page, we read the simple record.

We tried to fancy how it seemed to them, when in September, Alderbaran, the great lidless eye of a two months' day began to intermit its brightness ; and how like home it must have seemed once more, when red Alderbaran glowed again, and Arcturus with his suns resumed his starry camp in Heaven. And how grand it must have been when the moon swept round the sky, day after day undimmed, and the stars of the sixth magnitude shone out at high noon, for the night of one hundred and forty days had closed sublimely in.

And what devices they had, to beguile the darkness, there, in their lard-lamp day ! A fancy ball in the land of the Cimmerians ! A newspaper, "The Ice-Blink," there where God has stereotyped His winter ! A mimic "New Market" round those frozen decks !

And then, how gallantly sometimes, they dashed out into the gloom, with their sledge turn-outs and their twelve in hand of brave

Newfoundlanders or wolfish Esquimaux dogs, with their lashes of seal skin, six yards long—twelve miles an hour over the ice plains ; twelve miles over the hummocks ; twelve miles through the drifts. And all the while, the thermometer going down, down ; down to 50° below zero ; to 60° ; to 90° below freezing point, where chloric ether grew solid, and "old Monongahela" froze at the feet of living men. How they thanked God for pleasant weather, when the thermometers were only twenty or so below zero, and how they basked in the feeble sun, sometimes, that skirted around the southern sky.

And then, the miracle of Spring. Not there did it come with "the time of the singing of birds," not there was "the voice of the turtle heard in the land." But away in the south, the sky wore for a while, the tint of an orange ; it was the 21st of January, and after nearing the sunshine for thirty-two days, it blest their eyes for token. Fancy them going out with sensitive Daguerreotype plates, if by any possibility, they might indicate the coming light, and fancy them at high noon on the 31st of January, detecting no trace of approaching day !

February had almost passed, and the sun was silvering the icy headlands of the Bay, and Dr. KANE set forth alone, to welcome back the radiant king. Climbing the orags, there blazed the sun ; he had not forgotten them there in the North ; it was a delight we can never experience—that first glimpse of the sun. "It was like"—to employ the Doctor's own words, with the thermometer below zero, we cannot tell how far—"it was like bathing in perfumed water !" Earthward still came the day ; it had silvered the cliffs ; it had turned the hummocks into jewels ; it had kindled the headlands ; it now shone upon the deck of the "Advance !"

Walls of glass, diamond spires, battlements of crimson, and broad fields strown with shattered rainbows, everywhere around. It was a scene and an hour to thank God for ; to thank God and take courage.

So passed the year away, and yet amid the darkness and death, the regular routine

of duties was sacredly observed. The Astronomical Observations of Pulkowa, of Kesan, of Melville Island, were nothing to theirs; Astronomy, as we approach the Polar Star, is a soldier's as well as a scholar's work, and courage and calculation must go hand in hand.

It was then, when the very rats were delicacies; when a broader breadth of Winter stretched between that little force and milder seas, than ever before divided a wanderer from his home; when the long reaches of intolerable night rolled in solemn silence along those barriers of ice—great breakers of darkness, that rolled in, even upon the sitting Soul; it was *then* that the rare spirit of Dr. KANZ was manifest in its strength. Then, that his self-reliance was enough for that broken and distracted band; then that with his "twelve in hand," he plunged out into the night, miles and miles away, with shout and cheer and the stoutest of hearts; then, that with famine, frost and dire disease to choose from, he pursued his scientific observations, though the brass of the instruments burned his hands with cold—pursued them with the steady purpose of a hero, and the thoughtful mood of a philosopher; then, when Death threw off disguise, and it was death on the deck, and death in the cabin, death in the drift, and death *everywhere*, that with song and story and stout words, the hours were beguiled and the band was saved.

What tenderness, like that of woman, marked his dealings with the sick; what sorrow, like that of brother, characterized his disposal of the dead; what firmness, more than Roman, turned his decisions into adamant; what patience and judgment and heroism they were, that in the third season—the third Arctic season—guided that boat voyage of near two thousand miles, amid the chafing, crashing ruins of an hundred winters; what wealth of Geographical knowledge and of noble lessons for all mankind, did he bring home with him; what wealth of welcome did he find there; and now that he is dead, what great rain of sorrow will keep green his grave!

And the man who has done all this, was no giant in frame; that frame was what was left of "the rice fever on the Canton

river, the plague in Egypt, the yellow fever at Rio, the congestive at Puebla, and the African fever on the coast;" it was the wreck of wounds in Mexico, and wounds in Egypt, and hardships everywhere.

That heart of his, with its strong, full beat to everything generous and brave, gave, nevertheless, a solemn sound to the stethoscope, as the red tide ebbed and flowed through the thin walls of life's citadel.

Add to these poor equipments, a scintillant spirit that caught and kindled in danger's darkest hour, and you have the man whose loss we mourn—the bold Invader, in Mercy's sweetest name and sake, of the dumb realm of snow.

A few months ago, Dr. KANZ visited England, no longer in quest of adventure, but only seeking health. Dear to the heart must have been the honors awarded him by the wise and good; doubly dear, the love of one stricken, grateful heart.

But human tributes could not recall vigor to the limb nor light to the eye, and the dying man repaired to St. Thomas and Cuba, but all too late. Death had marked this brilliant trophy for his own, and so, from Island to Mainland comes to us a chrysalis, and so, around the civilized world, there shall be mourners to-day and to-morrow.

Brave hearts, that beat responsive to his own, by ship and shore, shall mourn for the leader, the brother and friend, and eyes unused to tears, in main-top and on quarter deck, shall be dimmed for him.

Old soldiers shall mourn for him, the brother in arms, the gallant and the true.

One woman's heart in merry England shall mourn for him who sought the lord of her bosom beyond the rim of northern day.

Blue-eyed Science shall mourn for him, her beloved son, stricken down ere the full noon, and the Astronomer shall forget his long look into Heaven, as he thinks of the orb just passed and forever, from "the field of view."

He shall mourn for him, who gave his gold for humanity's sake, and his name to that Expedition for all time.

All the World shall mourn for him whom

they had learned to admire for his daring, believe for his science, honor for his ambition, and love for his nobility.

The Wanderer has ventured forth at last, upon an unknown sea alone; and we shall vainly wait the tidings of his return. Never shall some bark homeward coming, "speak" that lone Voyager outward bound; never shall mortal look-out decry his growing sail.

He has left his name and his fame to the port of Earth, and has "made" ere this, we cannot doubt, the light that blazes from the coast of the Blest; has doubled the Cape of Heaven, and now lies forever safely moored in the great Pacific of God.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

WHO can analyze *dreams*, and give us perfectly their elements, and their causes, as a skilful chemist can give us, by analization, the elements of bodies? Who can fathom their depths of meaning and of mystery? What are they? Are they the whisperings of viewless spirits, when the will seems to be asleep, as well as the body, having laid down temporarily the dictatorship of the intellect, and when, during that interregnum, the mind revels in the boundlessness of space, and gambols with phantoms through the air, and sails on the sable wing of night, and visits the bright islets of the stars? Who knows? Who can tell?

Most of the dreams of the restless and half-conscious slumberer mean nothing. They are the unprompted vagaries of the ever wakeful thought, in which the mind wanders about wearily and dreamily, without any definite object, talking and muttering incoherently and unmeaningly to itself, like the maniac or the slabbering muttering idiot.

But this is not the character of all dreams. There are some which have a deep and definite meaning. They either convey supernatural instruction, by the responses and audible voice of a spirit, or else are the dim, figurative foreshadowings of the future—sure presentiments of events to come—whisperings perhaps of angels, or departed saints, or of God to the soul. As

such, they ought never to be despised, or overlooked, or treated lightly.

In the colloquy of Job and his friends, in the Bible, which is so replete with beautiful and graphic imagery, there are two remarkable passages, which are very appropriate illustrations of what I have been saying, and are right to the point.

Eliphaz says to Job—"a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.

"In thoughts, from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

Then a *Spirit* passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice."

It is not my intention here, to repeat what that voice said. My object simply is to show from the Bible that spirits do communicate with man, and sometimes, too, with an audible voice.

In another place in the same beautiful colloquy, Elihu remarks—"God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream—in a vision of the night, when *deep sleep* falleth on men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth instruction."

I might quote facts enough to fill a volume, and facts, too, well authenticated, to prove that, through the medium of dreams, visions, presentiments, or somnambulism, future events have been distinctly revealed long before they actually transpired. But an accumulation of facts would swell this article beyond the dimensions designed. With these preliminary remarks, I will proceed, as intended, to relate a remarkable dream, or entranced presentiment I once had. And here the language of Byron is very appropriate to describe what I am about to relate,

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream,"

Although it came clothed in the garb of a "vision of the night," yet it was the reliable foreshadowing of a veritable reality.

Sometime after I had left Williams college, Massachusetts, in 1824, I located in Newark, New Jersey, and taught a select

English and classical school there for some time.

As my wants were all supplied, during my college course by a kind father, who was an able New England farmer, I went forth from my Alma Mater into this rough and troublesome world to shift for myself, knowing little or nothing about the value of money. I could earn considerable in my vocation, but then I was ruinously *benevolent*, and if I had ready cash in my port monie, it went like dew before the sun, and with a reckless disregard of inevitable consequences—not that I was dissipated or what might be called a spendthrift, but I simply “lived too fast,” as the saying is, and was too lavish and too indiscriminating in my liberality.

As might be expected, I became involved in an indebtedness beyond my ability to liquidate. In this unpleasant predicament, I was annoyed and tormented with duns, and very gentlemanly invitations to “pay up” or *go to jail*, for that was the barbarous age when debtors were treated like convicts.

Being extremely sensitive and high spirited, and stung to the quick by my inability to meet the demands of gruff and angry creditors, as I had the keenest sense of honor, I was harrassed almost to death, became melancholy, and almost contemplated suicide. Many a time have I walked the plains, three or four miles out of Newark, till twelve or one o'clock at night, agitated by intense mental anguish, sometimes in fits of despair tearing the very hair from my head. Many a time did I look up into heaven and charge God with cruelty for placing me in circumstances of such misery, and shook my fist menacingly and impudently in the face of the Thunderer, and then trembled lest a bolt should be sent from the quiver of that Thunderer to blast me for my reckless daring. Many a time I cursed my education—wished that the money expended in getting it had been sunk in the bottom of the Atlantic, rather than have been so expended, and wished rather to have been the most ignorant dolt that ever plodded his stupid way through the world.

One night, after having been thus men-

tally exercised with agony, I went to bed, and fell asleep, while thinking of my sad condition. There rose upon my thoughts, the following “vision of the night.” It seemed to me that the garden at the rear of the house where I boarded became all at once an ocean, and flowed up to the steps of that house. By those steps was moored a small boat. Led by an irresistible impulse, I stepped into the boat, and pushed off alone upon the ocean.

When I pushed the boat off, the water was quite still, and gray twilight made the expanse plainly visible. But I had not rowed far before the darkness closed around me, impenetrable. I had no compass. No shore was in sight. Dark black clouds, as unbroken as Egyptian darkness, shrouded the skies. Sunlight, moonlight and starlight had alike forsaken the heavens, and day and night were confounded together without division and without discrimination. The winds howled and moaned like raging fiends, and the waters dashed and foamed around me, as if they would swallow me up. The spirits of the storm and of the air, as if in the hilarity and mockery of genuine infernalism, flapped their sable dragon wings insultingly and tauntingly in my face, and then flew away on the mad gale, laughing and shrieking as demons only can laugh and shriek. But amid all this turmoil of wind and water, and all the revelry of the spirits of the air, I still held on my course—still struggled with the oar—still battled with the raging tempest.

After I had thus struggled without cessation—without rest—without sleep, for what seemed to be an age, and there was no diminution of the wrath and darkness of the storm, a brother came, very suddenly, silently, and mysteriously into the boat, and labored at the oar with me for some time, and seemed a benevolent god—send in the hour of my calamity. But after relieving me at the oar awhile, he, all at once, was lost overboard in the raging ocean, and disappeared as suddenly as he came.

Again was I, therefore, left to stem the unabated fury of the tempest alone, with sky and sea commingled in undistinguished darkness, and not a single object visible of

land, or star, or ray of glimmering light in all creation. For another dreary, weary period I struggled at the oar, with no prospect of a haven ahead. Then my saddened spirit began to despair. I turned an imploring look of speechless agony up to the dark pall of the sky, hoping and praying that the kind Being, who lives above the rage of storms, would mercifully pity me, when, to my surprise, all at once the clouds swiftly parted, and were all swept clean from the sky, as quick as with the wing of the hurricane—the winds became silent and hushed as the sweetest slumbers of the infant—the ocean settled down as smooth as glass, and not a ripple breathed over its surface—a cloudless sun, about two hours high, beamed in a stream of molten glory upon the mirrored surface of the deep—just before me was the long sought land, and a few strokes of the oar brought me to the beach. I landed, and looked back upon the scene. Its glory was unutterable. So great was the change, and so perfect the happiness, that I was really faint with joy. Words cannot express the rapture of that hour, and I will not be guilty of the mockery of attempting it.

Turning around from the contemplation of the brilliant scene, and looking back, on a high bluff, against the dark back-ground of the retiring storm cloud, I saw a large castle built of stone. The front towards me was filled with iron grated windows, and through the bars of those windows, a host of hideous fiends thrust their long bony fingers, endeavoring to grasp me if possible, but could not. They were the *imprisoned* spirits of that dark storm, that had howled so long around me.

At that moment I awoke and heard a voice, with perfect plainness, say—“There is your life before you—now be content.”

Those words of prophetic presentiment were burnt into my brain as it were, with letters of fire, and there they have blazed brightly ever since. More than thirty years of stormy trouble have since passed.—In 1834 that brother who came to my rescue, was lost. He died with the cholera, and now, as the storm is surely passing away, and the *true and brilliant light*

is now shining, I, for the first time, commit the dream to writing, knowing *positively* as I do, that the foreshadowings of that singular dream surely daguerreotyped my life.

THE MAIL-BAG.

WONDROUS casket! holding treasure,
Dearer far than India's pearls;
Thoughts of beauty, thoughts of wisdom,
Manhood's tear, and laugh of girls.

Gleams of sunshine, clouds of sadness,
In one web enwove we see;
Bridal greetings, funeral warnings,
Tales of grief and ecstasy.

To the cottage and the castle,
Bringing garlands, bearing woe;
Who can tell the magic mingling?
Leaves of sable, leaves of snow.

Every waiting heart is throbbing,
Eager the expectant eye,
Looking, longing, dreading, fearing,
Lest the angel pass them by.

Now the mystic seals are broken,
One by one the letters spread;
Some exult in news of gladness;
Others weep the early dead.

Mighty power of words to move us!
Symbols of the life within;
Types of love, and types of hating;
Types of purity and sin.

God be praised! we thus can utter,
Through the foldings of a scroll—
Deep emotions, fond affection,
For a distant human soul.

May these leaves be ever scattered,
In their whiteness, round our feet,
Till our darlings all are gathered
In the land where spirits meet.

There we need no pictured language;
There each heart is mirrored clear;
There the angels talk in music,
And the sunlight drinks each tear.

No more sighing, no more waiting,
No more anxious days of gloom;
Glad fruition, perfect union,
Changeless sunshine, fadeless bloom.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—One of the prospective discoveries of the age seems to be that of Artificial Stone—or recombining the common elements of decomposed rocks, so as to form durable material for building, and other purposes. We have sand, gravel, and larger fragments of what was once rock, and one or the other of them can be found anywhere, abundantly. They are what nature points out as the natural material for building. The common brick, which is one of the most ancient discoveries, is one of the ways of combining these natural materials into artificial rock. Experiments within a few years, encourage the supposition that the time will come when we shall have beautiful and durable material from sand and gravel, at cheaper rates than it can be afforded in common brick. A year or two ago, a person in Wisconsin obtained a patent on making building blocks from the combination of sand and lime, consolidated by a very hard pressure. This has not succeeded practically, as well as it was once hoped. Another new material, composed of sand, plaster of paris, and blood, reduced with water to such a consistency as will permit pouring into moulds of any required form, has been patented. The composition hardens in a very short time, and, it is said, increases in firmness and compact texture until it finally turns into solid stone. Another description of artificial stone is that manufactured of fine sand, united together with a fluid—silicate of soda. In consequence of the peculiarly simple composition of this material, it has been found easy to manufacture of it porous as well as compact stone, and also such articles as grind stones and scythe stones. The porous stones are peculiarly useful, as they make admirable filters; and by placing a coating of fine, pure, white sand upon them, they can never be choked. There is another startling discovery just announced in New York, which promises to open a new style in building material. A chemist—Prof. Hardinge—has discovered a process by which all rock—whether granite or flint—can be turned

into *liquid* at the rate of twenty-five tons in twelve hours—then colored and molded into blocks of any shape or size, for building purposes. The material is beautiful beyond description, cheaper than common brick, and after preparation becomes solid as iron. Every particle of gold, by this process, can be extracted from quartz rock. Mr John L. Moffat, late United States Assayer, testifies to the truth of the discovery, as do other well known scientific gentlemen; and such eminent names as James Harper, Shepherd Knapp, George J. Gleason, Russell H. Nevins, say of Prof. Hardinge—"We cheerfully unite in testifying to his skill and ability as an assayer, his incorruptible integrity and trustworthiness, his high standing in his profession, and his uniform excellence as a man."

GLASS, AND ITS PHENOMENA.—The elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness, are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass, that have been suddenly cooled, possess the peculiar property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shattered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by the experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, &c., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet, without any effect; yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea, dropped from three inches height, has made them fly.

DURATION OF RAILROAD IRON.—The Lon

dom Mining Journal says that the complaints respecting the inferior quality of recently manufactured rails, naturally attributable to the attempts made by companies to reduce the price, have attracted attention, both in England and the United States, and have led to some practicable and scientific enquiries. On the first introduction of railroads it was confidently asserted that the rails would last for indefinite periods, but experience soon demonstrated that railway bars were subject to lamination and disintegration from the repeated rolling of heavy loads. Their duration, in some instances, has not exceeded two or three years; and on some of the earliest constructed lines in England the rails have been changed twice, or even three times since their opening. Where the conditions are favorable, and the bars themselves perfectly sound, it is believed that the traffic which ordinary rails are capable of bearing will not fall short of the large figure of twenty millions of tons.

CRYSTALS OF CARBON.—The Diamond, on account of its hardness, transparency, brilliancy, and rarity, has always been regarded as one of the most valuable of the precious stones. It has also been long known to consist of pure carbon in a crystalline state. Chemically, it differs little from charcoal, black lead, or lamp-black. It can be readily burnt in oxygen gas, and the resulting compound is carbonic acid, precisely what arises from the combustion of charcoal. In view of these facts, the production of diamonds in the laboratory has long been thought possible; and from a charcoal prepared from crystalized sugar, N. Despretz is said to have produced crystals having all the properties of the diamond—a result obtained by the long continued action of the galvanic battery. The crystals are microscopic, but clearly recognized as octahedra; some black, others transparent. Gauden, the famous lapidary, found these crystals to cut diamonds and rubies, like powdered diamonds themselves. It yet remains an achievement of chemical science to produce these crystals of a size sufficient for ornamental purposes, and this it is believed, will be done.

MAKING MALLEABLE IRON DIRECT FROM THE ORE.—Mr. Salter, of Newark, New Jersey, has patented an invention which promises to be of much importance. It relates to the making of malleable iron direct from the ore, and consists in expelling the impurities of the ore by exposing it to a moderate heat during the first stages of the process, and in then gradually increasing the temperature; agitation is kept up throughout the operation. The whole process is effected by one fire, and by a single furnace of peculiar construction.

It is designed to enable the smelter to arrest the reducing process at the point where the deoxidization of the ore has been completed, and before an injurious excess of carbon has been absorbed by the metal. By this method but one process is required, and wrought iron is thus produced; it is stated, at the same cost as pig iron: the latter is worth only \$35 per ton; the wrought iron from \$85 to \$90.

Should the anticipations of the inventor be realized, his invention will work a revolution in the iron business throughout the world.

AN INDIA RUBBER PUMP.—Among the most useful novelties of recent invention is a pump consisting of an India rubber tube inserted in a circular iron frame. By means of a moveable cylindrical roller attached to the rod leading from the crank, that portion of the tube connecting with the water is pressed, so as to exhaust the air and create a vacuum. Of course, the water rushes in, following the roller in its revolutions, and discharging at the other end of the tube. It is difficult to conceive of any thing more simple or perfect, as a contrivance for raising water, and at the same time that may act as a means to force a stream either in a horizontal or vertical direction. It may be added, that no mechanic will be needed to keep it in repair, as the tube, in case of accident, can be easily replaced by any one having the least idea of a tool.

COATING METALS.—The newly invented mode of coating metals, which is so highly spoken of and commended, consists in obtaining a fluid composition by mixing gutta

percha with common rosin, tar, pitch, or asphaltum, and dissolving them in impure benzine, or coal naphtha, or other volatile hydro-carbons obtained from bituminous shales or scists. The method pursued in preparing is to dissolve two pounds of gutta percha and four pounds of common rosin, or tar, or pitch, and one ounce of gum shellac in four gallons of coal naphtha; these ingredients being placed in a suitable vessel and heated to about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, until the solids are completely dissolved. When this composition is applied as a paint, coloring matter is added to give the required tint.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COUNTERFEITING.—The New York Times says the sure method to detect a photographic counterfeit bank note is to touch it with a solution composed of sixty grains of Cyanide Potassium, in an ounce of pure water. This solution is a poison, and will remove the photographic impression almost instantaneously, but it will not touch the carbon ink of the bank note plate printer. It can be put up by any apothecary, for eighteen pence, and every cashier will find it very useful in these days of photographic counterfeits. Bank notes, counterfeited by the photographic process, are multiplying fast, and the daily increase of the circulation has become an alarming evil.

IMPROVEMENT IN BLASTING ROCKS.—A mode now adopted in blasting rocks consists in placing the powder or charge, with a tube or a case, between two heads provided with a suitable packing, and attached to a rod, by which arrangement the charge is prevented from "blowing out," or obtaining vent in the direction of the line of the hole in which the tube and charge are placed, and the whole effect of the charge is exerted against the sides of the tubes or case. By this method it is represented that rocks may be blasted with much greater facility than by the ordinary mode, no tempering or packing of clay being necessary to confine the powder within the hole.

THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—The effect of the aurora on the

electric telegraph is generally to increase or diminish the electric current used in working the wires. Sometimes it entirely neutralizes them, so that, in effect, no fluid is discoverable in them. The aurora borealis seems to be composed of a vast mass of electric matter, resembling, in every respect, that generated by the electro galvanic battery. The currents from it change coming on the wires, and then disappear, the mass of the aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith.

LEAD PAINT.—It has been discovered that the poisonous properties of lead paint are due to the turpentine which is mixed with it, and not to the lead. This is opposed to the commonly received opinion. A cotemporary attempts an explanation as follows:

"The turpentine is volatile, hence it may lift some of the metal when evaporating, and thus the metal be inhaled by the painter in the form of mineral gas." It is asserted by a correspondent of the Paris Academy of Royal Sciences, that if turpentine were not used, paint poison, or painter's cholic, would be unknown.

NEW EXPLOSIVE.—We learn says the Times of this city, that a explosive compound, has been discovered and patented by one of our citizens, consisting of rags or paper saturated and coated with a mixture of gunpowder, chlorate of potassa and powdered calcined cork. The chlorate of potassa supplies a large quantity of oxygen to combine with the carbon that is liberated when the explosion takes place, and the peculiar structure that is obtained by employing rags or paper, causes all parts of a charge to be ignited instantaneously. The compound is used in a cartridge. It is stated that one pound of it, at a price of one half the same weight of gunpowder, possesses an amount of explosive force equal to three pounds of gunpowder. A great additional advantage also characterizes it, viz: its exploding with very little smoke.

It is our intention to devote in future some space in our columns to mechanical and scientific facts as above indicated; and communications upon these subjects are solicited.

Humorous.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

THERE is nothing more creditable to an age of liberality than to seek out and reward honest merit. Job, in his day, received much praise for searching out the cause of the poor. In these times, many patient men are worthy of all praise for searching out from the traditions of men, and the musty records of past days, the real discoverers of great inventions—the successful explorers of new truths.—There has been much very profitable controversy as to who is the real discoverer of the Steam Engine. The honor has been allowed to settle down upon James Watt, a Scotchman, as the *improver* of the Steam Engine. Yet there are some who confound this mechanic with Dr. Watts, the *maker* of psalms and hymns. But the more thoroughly historical, and those who believe that the value of every improvement, like that of Cheshire cheese, consists in its antiquity, have gone far behind Watt and acceded that *De Caus*, a Frenchman in one of the back centuries, was really the *cause* of the discovery. We believe there are no ingrates to rob Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, of the invention of the cotton gin. And it is almost certain that the idea of a jenny to spin the cotton after it is ginned, was borrowed by Arkwright, from the thought of a Scotch hand-spinner, which struck him when turning over the wheel as he attempted to kiss his lassie. Biographers of inventors are not quite so unanimous in ascribing to Fulton the honor of inventing the first steamboat—although on the North River he went it pretty strong for a beginner. The discoverer of one of the greatest arts of this age, the Daguerreotype, and the whole family of sun-pictures, has pretty conclusively done up the work of credit for himself, by impressing his own features and name upon that discovery. Posterity will not be quite so sure of the discoverer of the Telegraph, unless the men of this generation grow a little wiser, and speedily

settle that question for them. The discoverer of chloroform finished his work too effectually, for either his admirers, or the work of nature, have cast such a *stupor* over his subjects, that out of all the number of claimants, it is past finding out who ought to be styled the prince of *stupidity*. As to the inventor, of the first Locomotive, that was settled by the writer quoted in the first number of the Chicago Magazine, and it now remains for us, in the second number, to give due credit to and immortalize the name of another great discoverer—one who has solved the problem of all ages, and made that discovery which is to shed light on all coming time, besides raying back into the past—namely, **THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE PERPETUAL MOTION.**

In one of the little villages on t'other side of the Green Mountains, in Vermont, there lived but a few years ago, a very singular and a very distinguished character. He was no less a personage than the discoverer of the Perpetual Motion. As our business is to record merit and render "honor to whom honor is due," we shall out with his name. It was Sullivan Pollard. It is a great pity that we haven't his picture to grace our gallery of distinguished inventors. But unfortunately for himself, if not for the world, he was born a little too soon; for when he figured there were no daguerreotypes. He was a much handsomer man than Jabez Doolittle, upon the word and honor of a *biographer*. This conclusion is derived from the *contour* of his face, besides that other physiological sequence that "handsome is that handsome does."

Sullivan Pollard, like every great man, was the creation of a necessity. He lived in one of the little villages among the mountains of Vermont, which are stowed away there as if there were no other place under the sky to put them. It was the spot which Irving would have immortalized as Sleepy Hollow, hadn't his attention been accidentally fixed on that valley of the Hudson. The people there had not much else to do but to live. That is easy enough, sure, if they will only let go and not try—something like rolling off a log. There was a Court House there, where justice was liberally

dispensed twice a year. There was a tavern there, with a jail at one end and a stable at the other, both of which were usually empty, except at term time. There was a meeting house there, too, called Union; in which all the various sects in that region, regularly took their turn at pummeling each other. There was also a store, and another store called opposition, which for one season certainly made some life in the codfish and New England rum trade. There too, was Sullivan Pollard, without whom, there would have been a deficiency. And withal—all sneering and joking and everything, but pleasantry aside—this village was one of the prettiest, quietest and most agreeable places to live in, that the whole country afforded.

There was a necessity for Sullivan, and from that necessity he was created. He was a natural mechanic, and nature was a little stimulated to over production by the peculiarities of the case. While the higher professions were respectably filled, there was in that omniferous village a deficiency of mechanics, and Sullivan became the universal substitute. In him were many represented. Thus we see how admirably nature fits everything to its place. He was a man of all work,—a “jack at all trades,”—certainly good at a few, if not all. In short, the world would not have been perfect without Sullivan Pollard in it.

If anybody had a difficult job of any kind to do, Sullivan was called upon to do it.—If a house was to be painted, Sullivan must do it—if a chimney was to be built, he must do it. If a door was off its hinges, Sullivan must put it on. If a wagon should break down, Sullivan must mend it up. If the blacksmith should be on a spree, as he sometimes would, even in that well regulated village—no man but Sullivan could fill his place at the forge and bellows. Not a clock could get out of order and refuse to run down, or to strike the hours, but Sullivan Pollard, and he only, was deemed competent to restore again the magic measurer of time's progress. Sullivan was great on all kinds of time pieces—watches, chronometers and clocks. His capacity to make everything of this description run,

was perfectly unrivalled—he would make a lady's hunter, no bigger than a Yankee cent, beat the town clock, and run it completely off the track. Indeed, we can present no fact that more clearly illustrates the genius of this incomparable mechanic, than his innumerable victories over run-down, worn out time pieces. But in some other particulars he more than excelled, and became an indispensable necessity. This was in all departments of machinery. The sight of a machine set his nerves all on the *qui vive*. He could not let any specimen of the mechanic arts pass him without a thorough examination, and an elaborate criticism of all its parts—accompanied usually with some suggestions for improvement. He seemed to comprehend intuitively every part and parcel—the use of every screw and spring—every wheel and cog—every cam, segment and fragment. And if by any mishap, any machine should get to pieces, it was his greatest delight to have the privilege of putting it together again. In this way, all the corn-shellers, cider-mills, fulling-mills, shingle-mills and carding machines, which were in operation in the neighborhood, had to pass, in their turn the inspecting eye of Sullivan, and his cunning handiwork.

He had also the reputation of being an inventor. It was said, there was nothing that Sullivan could not make—no improvement desired, that he could not offer the desideratum. His genius was made manifest in his inventing a corn-sheller, so much in demand where the farmer by dint of severely vexing the rocky land, managed to raise ten bushels of Canada corn to the acre, with ears “no bigger than your thumb.” A work of this magnitude would of course call forth the inventive powers of this Green Mountain genius. He was also the inventor of a washing-machine which did its work so beautifully that its exhibitor would take any filthy five-dollar bank bill from the crowd, and wash it in Sullivan's machine as bright and clean as when first issued from the bank. To this excellent invention, no doubt, should be attributed the universal cleanliness of the people of this part of New England, where especially

the last Improved Washing Machine had been introduced. There were other inventions that required his particular attention. A cheese-press, by which the weight of the cheese pressed itself; a great saving of power—on the principle of the saw-mill, the weight of the log being the source of power, saws itself to pieces. Another necessary improvement was a boring machine, one that would answer all sorts of *boring* purposes. In this he was eminently successful, as all will testify who recollect the efforts of his canvassers in selling patent rights throughout the State. Along with his boring machine, he invented an auger to bore a square hole. In the invention of a machine to dig potatoes, he was confessedly *non plus*—it could not be made to discriminate between a potatoe and a stone of the same size and shape; and Sullivan confessed that so long as potatoes and “stuns” would grow in the hill together, and in about the same quantity, no machine would work, because he couldn’t give it brains to tell the difference between “taters and stuns.” It did not occur to him that there might be any soil where these two products could be raised separately. We recommend that a committee be appointed by the State Agricultural Society, to dig up this forgotten potatoe digging machine from its grave, for it would no doubt “work” ‘out West’ to a charm.

Now in all these improvements Sullivan was measurably successful, as the records of the Patent Office previous to the year 1837 will abundantly testify. Agents swarmed the country selling Sullivan Pollard’s patent rights. Some how or other—which is a fact we could never explain—as with all inventors and benefactors of the race, he got but poor pay for his labors. It was always a heavier tax upon his ingenuity to provide for the daily wants of his family, than to invent the most stupendous machine.

Yet with all his life experience, and experiments in inventing and improving machines of every description—there was one great controlling idea of his life, to which everything else was subordinate. There was, as he could perceive, one great want

and unsatisfied demand—a vacuum in the development of mechanical improvements, the discovery of which would render perfect the science of mechanics, even as mathematical science is perfect. It was the conviction of his very soul, that he was born for that great destiny of being its discoverer—and until he had completed it, his life, with all its grand successes in inventions, would be a failure. This great idea, for the realization of which he groaned in spirit, and nature agonized,—was the discovery of the Perpetual Motion.

Poverty had been the lion in the path, which had kept him from realizing the fulfillment of his desires. His designs in all minor discoveries, had been to provide means and time to devote to this. The plan was all worked out—he had demonstrated it in his brain—he knew how every piece should come together, how every part would work. *He knew it would go—it couldn’t help but go.* It was the combination of all the powers. The screw, the lever, wheel and axle, the pulley, plane and wedge; the spring, the crank, the cog, and the cam; indeed, every power, principle and application of mechanics, was in it harmoniously combined;—each helping and overbalancing the other—it must go, *it couldn’t help it, and it should go.* And getting excited when his conclusions were doubted, he would be very emphatic in his exclamations, and sometimes use a very hard word; and this being in the time of the administration of Old Hickory, he followed the example, if not footsteps, of a very illustrious predecessor, and swore “by the eternal, that it should go.”

A resident of the village who was a “professional” patent right peddler, and had been somewhat indebted to Sullivan’s ingenuity for experiments, seemed inclined to be the magnanimous patron of this great genius, and help him to usher into the world this new and last light of the latter ages. “He did not exactly believe that a perpetual motion could be made. But Sullivan could make it, if any body could.—If it didn’t turn out a perpetual motion it would turn out something else. He could get some good machinist to work it over

into a pin machine, or a shoe peg cutter, or something else, and *he could get it patented, and sell the rights.*"

An arrangement was soon effected. It was agreed that Sullivan should drop everything else and give his time to the working out of this idea. His friend was to furnish him with the necessary materials, and support himself and family the mean time. For this consideration, they were to be joint owners of the product.

The inventor then went, with brighter hopes, and an enlarged heart, into the work; having renewed faith in the goodness of man. He took a room in the second story of the south wing of the jail tavern, before mentioned, for the purpose of studying out and making up his model.—He fixed up here a little work bench, affixed to it a vise, and put up his kit of tools.—He proceeded with all the confidence of a man who knew his business, and knew what he could do, and that "some things could be done as well as others." For the materials, he gathered up the "pi" and brass rules of a defunct printing office—the old watch springs and "fixings" of a decamped watch repairer, and scraps of tin, sheet-iron, and wire, from the tin shop. So with whistling, and singing the song of hope, and chewing with his tobacco the "cud of contentment," he went to work. Daily, he made some progress. Persons were allowed to visit the "curiosity room;" but he could not be drawn from his work by the careless or sneering conversation of the lookers on. "Let those laugh who win," was the saying of his soul to himself. As he progressed, he became more thoughtful, more morose, and, if possible, less communicative. One month he had first appointed as the time necessary to complete the machine. The month passed, and yet it was not put together. It was about this time that the writer had frequent intercourse with this remarkable man. His room was a curiosity shop indeed. Scattered over the bench, and hanging about the walls, were parts of machinery of all conceivable shapes. Perhaps, convinced that he had met with a sympathizing genius, or "foeman worthy of his steel"—

he condescended, for a wonder, to converse freely upon his proposed invention, and to explain the uses and places of the nondescript fragments scattered about. He explained how one spring, forced into its place, bearing upon a cam or flange, would react upon another; and so acting, the various powers filling their proper places, like the first brick in a row, falling upon the next, the whole would be set in motion; and, sustained by the proper quantity of reciprocating powers, the machine must go on perpetually. Now, all this was very clear to him—all seemed sunlight—but to us, the humble historian of this immortal inventor, it was only as clear as mud. We committed the unpardonable indiscretion of submitting what we supposed were some philosophical objections.

"Sir," said he, "you know nothing about it." Using the patented expletive of Gen. Jackson, he exclaimed "By the ——— it shall go—if it goes to eternal smash!" We were very speedily ushered from the room, and were never more of the favored few who were permitted to enter the sacred precincts, and witness the progress of the invention.

It was now the talk of the village, and daily inquiries were made as to when it was "going to go." The fullness of time was maturing, though more slowly than insiders or outsiders had hoped. The inventor was irritated and hindered in his work by the curiosity and foolish questions of visitors. One after another, persons were excluded from the room, until none but the magnanimous patron—and he but rarely—was admitted. Then it was announced that next week the machine would be ready to start. Next week, however, it was not quite ready. Wednesday was the time next set. Wednesday came, and the go off was postponed to Friday. Friday came, slowly, but all too soon—when it was declared again, by the Old Hickory emphasis, that the next day *it should go*. Saturday came, and the door of the little room in which was inclosed the great idea, which should soon convulse the world, was firmly locked—not even the last and best friend could be admitted. Sullivan was heard moving about,

with a restless, mysterious sound—now and then was heard the click of the machinery, as if struggling to be set free. Then, within—sometimes an oath, or some other hard substance, as a part of the machine, was heard to fall—words were heard; Sullivan talking to himself—the only living man of sense with whom, in that trial hour, he could commune. Outside, expectation was on tip-toe. In the enchanted room, the struggle of the newly developed power for the right to go off, and the struggle of the inventor to control it, were like the agony of life and death in the chamber of mystery. Those not too far away might have heard the sound of the turning of wheels, the creaking of new machinery, the clashing of springs unbending—and the various sounds of complicated machinery in fitful and uncertain motion—sometimes stopping

nothing was seen or heard of Sullivan or his invention. Sunday came and passed, and the door was still closed, and nothing was heard of Sullivan. Monday came, and deep concern was manifested for his welfare. The door was burst open, with the expectation of finding within, the dead remains of both machine and inventor. But neither were there, in form that could be identified. The discoverer had escaped altogether. The machine was there in fragments. The cause of the condition in which it was found, must ever remain a mystery. The supposition is that it had succeeded all too well. The inventor had declared that he knew it would go—it should go—and he never had been known to fail to make any thing go that he had undertaken. He had discovered and developed an unknown power in nature. He



IT GOES TO "ETERNAL SMASH."

and sometimes going—thus continuing for a number of hours. Finally there is a suspense of uncertainty; a general confused hubbub of sounds, a crash, like an explosion, followed by execrations and sounds of blows, as if a general demolition were going on within. This was gradually succeeded by silence—death-like silence, at last. The inventor was tenderly left alone in his glory, or his defeat. The day wore away, and the night came, and went, and

had not sufficiently counted upon its extent. It was a power without limit. He had, unfortunately, put no checks upon it. When, therefore, after long periods of struggle, labor and perplexity, all things were made ready, on the immortal Saturday, the 10th day of June, 1837, it started—it did go—it went and went—on, and on, and on—and went, as the author, knowing his own powers, declared it should—"to eternal smash." This his magnanimous friend

and patron had lost the opportunity of turning the invention into a machine for cutting shoe-pegs, or wooden cucumber seeds—not even a fragment remained that he could claim a patent on, as an original invention.

Sullivan Pollard was nowhere to be found. After the explosion of the machine, he stole away from the room, fearfully trembling at the knowledge of the wonderful power he had conjured up. Dreading to see the face of his fellow man, he wandered away upon the mountains. Some days passed ere he was heard from. At last it was reported he had been seen on Putney Mountain, haggard and hungry, and having the appearance of one who had just escaped from the demons. He returned, in about two weeks, to his family; but he never was

heard afterwards to speak of the discovery of the Perpetual Motion. He had accomplished his mission, and nothing more remained for him in this present life. He gave his usual attention to the support of his family, and lived, we know not how long after, more like a dead man alive; for all his charm and power, as a mechanic and inventor, were gone. Such was the result of the full and fair test of the discovery of the Perpetual Motion; and this is the immortal history of him who discovered it. Hereafter, let him who ventures on that forbidden ground, provide well for some check to that unlimited power. It seems to be a philosophical inference, substantiated by reason and experiment, that if the principle works, and the machine goes at all, it *must* go to "eternal smash."

NOTES ON CHICAGO HISTORY.

The cut which is appended was designed to accompany the biographical sketch of B. W. RAYMOND, Esq. But, as it was not received from the engraver in time to be printed with that sketch, it is inserted in this place.

The view represents the ruins of the fire on Lake street, which occurred in 1839, and is engraved from a drawing made on the spot, by GEORGE DAVIS, Esq. The conflagration commenced on Dearborn St.—turning northward to the grocery known as "The Eagle"—and south to Lake street, consuming the first Tremont House, on the corner of Dearborn and Lake; then continuing westward on Lake, consuming every building until it reached the fire-proof store of B. W. RAYMOND, Esq., the first fire-proof building erected in the City. This building is No. 122 Lake street, the same which has been made over, the past season, into the splendid store now occupied by

A. H. BURLEY. The fire was arrested on the west by this building, and on the north by the Eagle grog-shop. The site of the fire was at that time in the most business part of the city. Most of the buildings were then constructed of wood. Among those, as we recollect, who were then burnt out, were David Hatch, James A. Smith and Joseph Johnston.



MAP OF CHICAGO.—We acknowledge the favor extended to us by Mrs. John H. Kinzie, for the privilege of copying the Map of Chicago in 1812, which had been prepared by her, and used in her narrative of the Massacre at Chicago. Also we take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to both Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie for important facts communicated to us in regard to the early history of Chicago.

Editor's Table.

THE time when we trace these unsymmetrical lines from which are formed the compact pages of the last sheet of the second number of the CHICAGO MAGAZINE, is one of the last days of March—a beautiful day, and a day of promise; for it is beautiful with the signs and sensations of approaching Spring, and promising many days and weeks to come which will encircle the multitude of delightful associations and experiences of this season, which is most appropriately called Spring. Before we shall appear again in our monthly visit, we shall be in the midst of the Spring time. It will be May—May day—the day, and the month, of love and flowers—and when the heavens and the earth will be filled with beauty and songs, the birds making melody, and nature reflecting the harmony in smiles, and in putting forth her loveliest robe of living green. It is a pleasure worth some days of sacrifice to gain, to sit as we now do, at our window opening, and see and feel, and realize, that this Spring which we love so much, is really coming to us again. Thank God for the ordination of the seasons!—that he has given to each its beauties and joys—and that each succeeds the other with such an effulgent contrast as to make each change contribute to our highest enjoyment. We have had our winter's joys and sports—the time for thought and sweet contemplation, while nature was enjoying her annual night of deep repose. It has brought to us its own rich reward. Now, to-day, we feel upon our cheek, a summerish kind of a breeze, tempered by a southern atmosphere, and we fancy it laden with the odor of orange blossoms, and new-grown leaves and buds, which it has stolen away from the sunny south, and brought to us as the welcome of our own soon-coming good time. The sunshine is very winning in all its approaches. There is a kind of joy-springing sensation in all things without. The birds are about once more, giving note of their return in their warblings, and songs of thanksgiving, for Spring days once more. Nature is springing up from her night of repose, and she will put on her robe of beauty, and come out with the joy of youth, to the unwritten music of which all nature is now attuning herself.

To this awakening of life and nature, it shall be our privilege to respond, and fill

our own souls with the overflowing inspiration which the season gives forth. If we can sprinkle over our pages with the living pictures which this rejuvenation brings out; and the joys, hopes, promises and rewards, which these few young days of the year, scatter abroad,—and the songs of the birds, and the responses of the Spring flowers—then we shall not have mis-improved the lesson we have just learned from a peep from our opened window, and into the loop-holes of a few of the coming days, promised by this genial sunshine, and the balmy breeze of one of the first of the real Spring days.

—The “star” correspondent of the Independent, strikes the key-note of the season so masterly that we yield cheerfully to the inclination to let it be heard upon our pages:

“We bid the winter a hearty and glad farewell. It has domineered with wanton sway this year. We have had enough.—We long for clearer skies, for warm air, for the life of nature and the growth of all things. Even those venerable old flies, that stretch their rheumatic legs, and crawl drowsily up the window pane in the warm room, are welcome; for they remind us of summer.

In a few weeks the plow will awake—the fields will be alive with labor, the pastures green with herbage, and all nature will rejoice again! Will all things rejoice? How is it, oh! my soul, with thee? Is it Spring to thee? Are winter storms passed; are coldness and frosts gone; are death and hardship all ended? Are the roots sprouting; new hope, new labor, new life? Is it about to be a period of reviving life and joy? Or shall the heavens change and the earth, but not thou! Shall the seasons grow warm, and distill with fruitful influence, but thou remain joyless and barren?”

One beautiful thing is the precursor of another. From the pleasant things without we naturally turn to those within. Let us then listen to what the same author says in another connection on the smile of the human countenance. “Nothing on earth can smile but a man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any living thing. It is the

prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile, is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the cheerfulness of love. The smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon all trees and shrubs. But when the storm passes, and every leaf hangs a-drip, each gentle puff brings down a pretty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the roadside leaf yields dust; the walnut leaf, bitterness; some flowers poison; while the grape blossom, the rose and the sweet briar, lend their aroma to the twinkling dews, and send them down in perfumed drops.—And so it is with smiles which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good-will, sweet and fragrant.”

—The busy world around us deserves more than a passing notice. Chicago is a world in miniature. People are gathered here from all parts of the earth. Every civilized nation has here its representatives. And here a common impulse moves the whole. They have been seized by the same infatuation. Outsiders say it is the rage for money-making. The initiated say it is enterprise—an enthusiasm which opportunities and the particular circumstances governing here have developed. Money is made an instrument, and as an instrument of power, wise men use it. And from its use we see impulse just beginning to be given to the great interests that govern the commerce of the States. Vessels are now getting ready in haste for the movement of the great staples of commerce that must find a market by the lakes. Chicago is the largest lumber market in the world. These vessels must bring from the distant shores of this and other lakes, the countless masses of lumber which will be distributed to the West and South from this port. This is the largest grain market in the world.—These vessels must convey these millions of bushels to the eastern purchasers and consumers. Therefore, we hear the busy notes of preparation on ship-board. The locomotive and the cars keep up their everlasting whistling and thundering. Navigation opening, and business reviving, the bustle about every departing and every arriving train, as much as it is, will be

greatly augmented. Every where about our streets the sound of the hammer is heard, and the preparation for building is going on in gigantic strides. We never have known more numerous signs of Chicago's enlargement, than in the work of building now in progress, and in plans to be executed the present season. These are sounds and songs of industry for which this city is noted, as well as for its fastness and speculation.

EMIGRATION FROM THE EAST.—This year will be marked above any previous year, in the history of our country, for the great amount of emigration from the East to the West. Emigration has been increasing steadily for several years back, each succeeding year more largely—and this present spring, and coming summer, from present appearances, will exceed any previous year, by a large percentage. There are various reasons for this. We are firstly indebted to the Western Rail Roads. The extraordinary fertility of the land in all the borders of the Mississippi valley, is a world wide fact. This has been known from the earliest history of our country. But the difficulty in the way has been the distance which this goodly land is from the Atlantic, and the markets to which its products must be carried—and the wonder has been, how the difficulty was to be overcome. De Witt Clinton conceived the great thought of making the New York canal, as an outlet to the natural carrying thoroughfare of the lakes, and it opened Ohio, and the other parts of the West, to a slow process of settlement; but the canal, and steamboating on the lakes, were not equal to the demand of this fast age. Therefore the iron road has been laid alongside the “water ditch,” and along the shore of the lakes, as if in derision of the time honored way of traveling and freighting by water conveyances. And so the iron road has run across States, and leaped the very water courses, which it has contemned. And when it was found that these were the ways, or roads, which this latter age has demanded—the whole West was opened up to facilities of improvement. The people of the older States now know what the West is. They have visited it themselves—their brothers and sisters are among its settlers. And they have discovered that this is the country to which they must look for their supply of bread. They have found that they can raise their corn or their wheat here, and pay the transportation on it to their own doors, cheaper than they can raise it at home. The Eastern farmers complain that they must depend upon the West for their flour, while they are limited to inferior articles of produc-

tion, to supply the wants of a local market. They find it a hard matter to live. Hard work is their guardian genius. The field for enterprise and money-making is the West. Capital is therefore flowing here—seeking investments in lands, cities, and rail road stock, all of which pay better than any where else. And where money can be made, Yankees will always go.

It has therefore been demonstrated that the West is the great source of the wealth of the nation. It is agricultural, and this is the source which gives sustenance to every enterprise; and to every section, wealth. All the barriers which shut out this section from communication with the population of the world, are overcome. The West has gained the position of pre-eminence in power and wealth, and civilization—it is now, therefore, the heart of the nation.

For these reasons we see now why emigration is flowing Westward. The time has come in the progress of our growth, when by the working of natural laws, this condition of things should be. Some wonder at the marvellous rise in the price of real estate. As well marvel at the rise of water in the stream, when the dam has been erected. The accumulated capital of the East has developed this source of wealth. It has opened the lands to cultivation, and constructed the roads by which their products are transported to market, through which facilities they are made valuable. Through this development the capital of the East has found a market, at better rates than can be found at home. And so the mutual benefits are being equalized. It is really a levelling process. The accumulated capital of the East, which has been piled up there for past years and generations, has found an outlet here, bringing back to them increased rates of interest. Money will now bring, all through the New England States, ten per cent., as readily as six, twenty years ago. At the West it is as good for investment at twenty per cent. as to loan there at ten. The difference in the relative prices of lands, from their capacity to yield a certain amount of produce, is also being equalized. That land which can be cultivated in Illinois, and from its extra productiveness, pay the transportation on all it produces, to Massachusetts, and then cost no more money and labor than the cultivation of the land there—that land in Illinois, must come up to the level of prices in Massachusetts. This is as sure as that water will find its level. The price of real estate must come down at the East, or else it must come up at the West. It has come up, in conformity to the law that wealth will find its level. It is more probable that Western land must rise much more in value, than that Eastern land shall

come down. Eastern lands rest upon capital already invested. Western lands come up, from the attraction of their value to capital seeking an investment.

Floating on these currents of wealth, is the mass of emigration now moving Westward. They mutually lead and attract each other. The children leave the old homestead, and bear with them the surplus capital of the family, for a more profitable investment in the West. The young people commence life here, and cultivate land purchased by that money, because it is more profitable business, and an easier way of living than in the old states East. This process of equalization in wealth and population, we are witnessing this year, on a grander scale than ever before.

SET OUT TREES.—These are three words that could not be put in order to better purpose, nor in better time than just now. Set out trees! Now is the time. Get out your fruit trees—all kinds of fruit trees. Set out your plants and vines. Let your house be surrounded by flowers, as by a band of angels. Waat a beautiful idea is that suggested by some etherealized poet, that the flowers are the language of heaven, through which they write truths of heaven on the earth.

Set out shade trees! Think how much a little labor bestowed to-day, in setting out trees for ornament on your farm, in five years, or in ten years—will be worth to you, or to your successors when you are gone. Will they not be your monuments, worthy of the best efforts of men? A tree is really the only proper monument of a man's labor. Have you not felt really grateful when you have looked upon the magnificent Elms of the old towns of the Eastern States, or have reposed under their shade, that there have been some people benevolent enough to plant a small tree for the good of coming generations? No man has surely done his duty until he has planted one tree to cast a pleasant shadow after him. Set out trees.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The last act of Secretary Dobbin, of the Navy, before retiring from office, was to transmit orders to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, to fit out two United States steamers to assist in laying down the submarine telegraph cable between New Foundland and Ireland. We could imagine no more agreeable act in closing up the career of an honorable officer under the government of this enlightened nation. It is a direct participation in the act of joining in the bonds of peace and brotherhood the two greatest nations of earth. What God has thus joined by human instrumentality let no

sword of strife and international war cut asunder.

The two ships ordered to this work are the two finest ones of the American Navy. One, a screw propeller, the Niagara, is the largest steam vessel of war in the world; while the Mississippi is the most powerful paddle-wheel steamer in our Navy. The English Government will furnish also two ships of the same character—the two propellers being designed to receive the cable, and the paddle-ships to attend them, and in case of accident to take them in tow and continue the voyage. As soon as the cable is received on board, the four ships will proceed to their destination in mid ocean, and there joining their cables together, the two British ships will start for Ireland, and the American for New Foundland. There will doubtless be a generous rivalry between the officers of the two navies to see which portion of the cable shall be laid in the most perfect manner. It is very much to the honor of the two governments that they are ready to join so cordially in the attempt to connect the two hemispheres. It is a national courtesy worthy to follow the return of the Resolute. Secretary Dobbin has taken the deepest interest in the success of this great enterprise, as he has shown in ordering these two magnificent ships for the purpose. The new Secretary will doubtless carry out fully the intentions of his predecessor.

WESTERN LITERATURE.—We don't know who has any better right to talk about Western Literature than the Chicago Magazine. Yet it is not our "one idea" to make Literature. We shall take that which is made, and the public may hold us responsible, if they will, for any additional production in that line of which we are the exciting cause. But in talk we of course yield precedence to the one who holds the floor. The Chicago Magazine therefore remains silent, to hear what the *Chicago Journal* has to say upon Western Literature:

"Enough has been written about Western Literature to fill a good sized volume. But as Sterne said of love, 'talking of love is not making love,' and writing of a Western Literature, is not making it.

That we ought to have such a thing; that we have abundant material for it, and that we have means to pay for it, are propositions as easy of belief, as that we shall have a Literature when we make one.

Nobody—so everybody says—can understand why we should not have a Western Magazine; why we should pay tribute to Philadelphia or New York for that which we might produce ourselves, and keep our money at home.

"Have we not inspiration enough," says this Nobody, as he inhales a tingling mouthful of air that has swept over five hundred miles of country, without let or hindrance," to get to him.

"Have we not a country," exclaims Nobody, as much like an "atomy" in the bottom of a huge bowl, he stands in the midst of a sky rimmed prairie.

"Have we not a History," he cries, as he turns out an arrow head and an Indian head at one cut of the ploughshare; "and means enough," as he sees a golden ocean of grain rolling away to the horizon; "and men enough," as he beholds the world go west upon the cars; "and brains enough," as he complacently folds his county paper, and goes to bed.

Now this Nobody has notions of his own. He fancies that a Magazine is a sort of successful conspiracy on the part of paper, types and ink; that it is a species of magnified and multiplied Almanac; several single newspapers rolled into one. He thinks that if it sets forth, like the Evangelists of old, without scrip for its journey, it will not perish by the way, unless it *deserves* to; and if ably edited and well printed, it will live and not die; and so, he holds the old doctrine, though with another application, that a man, if a good man, may lift himself over the fence by the straps of his boots, if the straps are strong and the boots paid for.

"Nobody" is as much in error in all this, as he would be in the belief that a grist-mill, if well built, and well equipped with a first class water wheel, must inevitably produce "a mill privilege."

As for the Musee, not one sister of them all can afford to pay three per cent. a month for the means to keep soul and body from dissolving partnership, while she sings songs, or writes history, or waits for that most blessed of all naps, whence she shall awake "and find herself famous." A man may get two crops of grain and his pay for both of them, while a literary enterprise would be just as ready to leave "the ways," and be fairly launched into the quiet waters of popular favor. Literature is a sure crop, but the harvest is late; it is the very last contrivance in the world for "turning a nimble shilling," and the men who engage in it, must have some sublimer horizon than the periphery of a dollar; some nobler passion than a love for "cent per cent."

The history of literary enterprises in this good North West is as brief as "the poetry of a ring." Failure has been their besetting sin, and poverty the disease that carried them off at a Canterbury gallop.

There are three things necessary to the successful publication of a Magazine, and they are first, money; second, faith; third, brains; and only one of the three needs explanation, viz. faith. Now, this grace is most essential: the proprietor of a Magazine must have faith in himself, and the world must have faith in his success. In an old sea fight, that poetic barbarian Virgil, tells us of the victors, "they were able because they *thought* they were able," and there's nothing in the Pentateuch that is truer.

As for brains, they are neither so rare nor so essential a commodity as many would have us believe; money leads off, faith makes the rank and file, and brains bring up the rear. If merit were success, the ghosts of a thousand worthy enterprises would not now be revisiting the glimpses of the moon. If want of it were failure, many a steed with silver shoes would be going round and round in a bark-mill.

A Magazine with the North-West in it—that is what we want; we do not expect a "Blackwood" for we have no "Kit North" to bless ourselves with. We would not have a "Harper" if we could; it is a distinctive, characteristic thing, we want, that catching the spirit of the West, shall render it into choice English; that shall have a handful of nerves in it, and a heart withal, to make it human; that shall have some sympathy with the interests that busy the thought and the hand of the men who are called upon to sustain it.

Such a work must have a beginning; it must see its "day of small things"; we would not have it, like some bird or other, the biggest when first hatched. We would not have it perfect, for everybody must have something to find fault with, even if it be nothing more than the set of the stilpper."

This, it will be confessed, is a very excellent introduction—it couldn't be better—to a very good subject. The subject is the Chicago Magazine. Having given the

introduction, we are of course bound to give the conclusion.

"Well, we have before us such a work, with such a beginning and such a purpose; CHICAGO MAGAZINE—THE WEST AS IT IS.

There are two evidences of good sense on the cover, and that is more than we always find in an entire book, from title-page to colophon; there is nothing grandiloquent about the christening; it is at once appropriate and intelligible. It has no Latin motto, as one of its illustrious predecessors hereabouts had; something about 'astra' and 'lumen;' but the stars proved inauspicious, and the 'lumen' went out, and none the later for being in Latin. The other evidence that the Chicago Magazine is sane, consists in this: it has a responsible endorser.—The Mechanics' Institute will take care of its protégé, and there will be no 'mysterious disappearances.'

Now, if we wished to play Jeffreys, and perform that easiest of all human achievements yet attempted, viz: find fault, we might say, here Mr. Publisher, don't you know that half a quire of advertisements stowed away like soiled linen next one of the covers, does n't look well, and should be served at once with a writ of ejectment? To which the Publisher, if he thought it any of our business, would probably reply: "If the Magazine cannot live *with* the offending advertisements, it certainly cannot live *without* them, and when it can walk firmly, it will throw away the staff."

This disposed of, we might pounce upon the illustrations, and declare they might be better; wonder the Publisher or the Editor or the Institute didn't get steel engravings instead of democratic wood cuts; we might single out the 'Cliff Mine' illustration, and declare the artist must have got it out of the wood, as they get the copper out of the mine by a *Mining* process; and then a finish of cut and artist together, by quoting something from Shakespeare, about 'the unkindest cut of all.' Having done all this, we might refer to the Edinburgh Review and Dr. Johnson, and complacently fold our hands, requesting somebody to 'wake us when' the Magazine 'dies.'

But it is a world pleasanter, and quite as truthful to say, that this initial number, of an hundred fair and beautifully printed pages, is highly creditable to the taste and skill of the Publisher; that of the sixteen or more illustrations upon wood, nearly all of them are decidedly respectable, and several are excellent; that the four portraits which embellish this number, are far better in execution, and more faithful in feature than the majority of wood engravings in bound volumes. We have before us at this moment, a work of the Appletons, wherein the portraits and illustrations are several degrees inferior to the poorest of those within the covers of the 'Chicago Magazine.' Far less expense would have been incurred by the Publishers, in giving a fine steel engraving, after the fashion of certain eastern monthlies, of a Lake in Switzerland or a Mountain in the Moon, that has been 'engraved expressly' for nobody knows how many publications, than to have presented in the best form at their command—that of wood engraving—a series of western views; scenes about home, spots over which the spirit of change has already passed, and in thus doing we think the conductors of the Magazine have done well.

Coming to the contents proper, we have a forcibly written Introductory, setting forth the purposes of the Magazine, its policy and hopes. Then eighteen pages of the antecedent History of Chicago, evidently prepared by a hand to whom the ready pen is no stranger. The Salt Lake Valley and its People, A Trip to Lake Superior, The Oceanic Telegraph, The Astrologer, and a sketch of Beloit, are all creditable papers.

But that feature in the Magazine, which will lend it the greatest home interest, is its Biographical Sketches of well known citizens of Chicago four of which are introduced into this number, to be followed by others, from month to month.

Thus we have devoted more space, even than we

should give to the whole family of British Reviews, to this young enterprise in our midst, believing as we do, that it is an earnest, honest effort, begun under favorable auspices, and with a reasonable hope of future improvement and ultimate success.

What it needs now is not a ghostly adviser, or a very sharp scalpel, but just a grain of faith, a kind word, a cash subscription, and a little time. The child is barely christened; let us play Herod for a while, with the part of Herod omitted; if it succeed, it will be in performing what it promises; if it fail, it will only clear the field for other, if not for more fortunate effort.

And so we take the new venture by the hand, and wish it a long and an honorable career, congratulating it that it has scope and verge enough to grow in, and time enough to give definiteness and expression to its partially developed features.

To us it seems that nothing born in the West would so deserve a star to shine above its cradle, as a periodical, breathing the spirit and instinct with the energy, and uttering the words of that West, whose image it should be, and whose foreshadowed greatness it should reflect. Pre-eminently a labor of love, and presenting even in its *best* estate, little that can tempt the man of business or the man of money, we cheerfully render our verdict in favor of every earnest, persevering worker to build up a Western Literature—a verdict of well and faithfully done."

It is not from any sense of vanity that we have given place to this notice. It is such a critique as pleases us, because it tells us the truth; and we are not ashamed to face what it says. We do not pretend that the Chicago Magazine, in any department, is perfect. The points opened in this "notice" help us along the right path—pursuing it, we shall improve, keeping always on the side of respectability, if we do not grow into perfection.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ILLINOIS AS IT IS. Its History, Geography, Statistics, Constitution, Laws, Climate, Soil, &c. By Fred. Gerhard. Chicago: Keen and Lee. Philadelphia: Charles Deliver.

This work is prepared, as we are informed in the preface, by a gentleman who has been engaged for a number of years in directing the great mass of immigration from Europe, to the West, as the place for their new homes. For the purpose of procuring the most reliable information, he traveled through the state in 1856, and has brought personal observation to aid him in the preparation of the work. The largest division of the various subjects is devoted to the History of the State. This seems to be succinctly written, and for a brief complete history, is as systematically arranged as any work of the kind we are acquainted with. Illinois histories heretofore have been rather queer compounds of personal narratives and public events. In addition to this, there is considerable Statistical matter of recent date, of real value. The descriptions of the prairies, the manner of cultivation, and the process of making a beginning on a new farm, will be interesting to the emigrant, although nothing new to the old settler. We have observed many errors in names and statements,

which are to be regretted, although not unexpected from a non-resident author who could not be supposed to be well posted on these minor points.

THE TORCHLIGHT, OR THROUGH THE WOOD. By Harriet A. Olcott. New York: Derby & Jackson.—From D. B. Cooke & Co., Chicago.

This is one of the novels of the day, written with considerable boldness of design, and originality of style, illustrating the evil consequences of the marriage of convenience, or marriage on principles simply of worldly or financial gain. The principal character is a good-hearted, unsuspecting man of the world, who in his youth married a young woman, fitted to his nature, but who unfortunately dies, as good wives sometimes will. For his second wife he marries a woman of high pretensions, proud and poor, but who would affect to be somebody; and to marry this principal character, who has money, and the place in the world which money can give, she dismisses a "true lover," and so barbers her honor and affections for the perishable fabric of which wealth is made. Of course the winding up of the drama, proves the law in these dealings with the heart, as well as with everything else, "that whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye reap." The book is worked up in a style creditable to the modern novel.

MAGINN'S MISCELLANIES—THE FRASERIAN PAPERS, with a Life of the Author. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. New York: Redfield, Publisher. From D. B. Cooke & Co., Chicago.

This volume is a history of English Periodical Literature during the time of Dr. Maginn, who for many years was a writer for the leading Literary Journals of Great Britain—as Blackwood's, Bentley's and Fraser's Magazines. The biography contains graphic personal sketches and anecdotes of Maginn and his contemporaries, with the secret history, now first published, of the marriage of L. E. L. with Mr. Maclean. The Fraserian Papers in this volume consist of Dr. Maginn's best articles in Fraser's Magazine, including the Pen Portrait of Rogers the poet, the severe reviews of J. F. Cooper the American novelist, and N. P. Willis' Pencil Sketches, and the account of the Maginn and Berkley Duel, with the articles which provoked it.

On the first of this month there appeared in this city the first number of the *Chicago Record*. It is a monthly quarto publication, devoted to Literature, Fine Arts, and incidentally to the interests of the Episcopal Church. This number is an epitome of many good things and valuable facts. A brief introduction is finely wor-

ded, and closes with the following beautiful figure:

"We make our first appearance at the same time that the birds return from their southern sojourn, and life and color are again imparted to the daisy and violet, when

"Well-apparell'd April on the heel
of limping Winter treads."

We trust that our *entree* may receive a portion of the welcome extended to them, and that long after the returning cold has deprived us of the songs of the feathered tribe, and of the flowers,

"Whose perfume is the breath of heaven,"
that we shall still be esteemed a welcome guest."

RECORD OF WESTERN EVENTS.

ILLINOIS.—*The next State Fair*.—The Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society have determined on holding the next State Fair at Peoria, on the 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th of September, and have further settled upon offering \$10,000 in premiums. A trial of reapers will take place at Salem, Marion County, sometime in June.

The State Normal School.—The committee for the location of the Normal School, authorized by the Legislature of last Winter, have advertised for proposals for location. Towns and cities are requested now to hold out their inducements, and those which offers the largest number, or the most desirable in character, will get the location. Proposals must be sent in by the first of May, which may be addressed to C. E. Hovey, Superintendent of Common Schools, Peoria, Ills.

Illinois River Improvement.—An event of no little importance to the State and the West, is the informal organization of a Company for the Improvement of the Navigation of the Illinois River. A Company for this purpose was chartered by the State Legislature at its last session. Since then preliminary action has been taken on the subject by the Board of Trade of Chicago, and a committee of courtesy appointed to visit St. Louis, and interest that sister city in this plan of public improvement, mutually for the benefit of the two cities. This committee was well received by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, but subsequently the joint propositions made by the two Boards were rejected by the Common Council of that city. So it is to be tested what chains of sympathy and interest will link these two great points of the West in cordial co-operation for carrying on this great plan of internal improvement. The ultimatum of this plan is the opening a channel from the Illinois River

to Lake Michigan of sufficient depth and capacity to admit of the passage of vessels of the largest class which navigate the Southern Rivers, up the Illinois River and through the channel into Lake Michigan. It is the first idea of the Michigan and Illinois River Canal carried out on a larger scale. It is a great and practical scheme. We hope to have an elaborate article on this subject, prepared for a subsequent number of our Magazine. It is not one of the impossible events of the future, that the New Orleans steamers shall be found regularly moored at the wharves in our harbor, each arrival announced directly from New Orleans, by way of the Canal and Illinois River.

IOWA.—A Railroad Convention was held at Independence, Buchanan Co., on the 19th, at which a company was organized to make a road from Anamosa, Jones Co., to the Great Bend of St. Peters River, and from Anamosa south-east, through Jones County, to form a connection with Muscatine, via Tipton.

Wapello, in Louisa County, was to vote on the 28th ult., on the question of taking \$20,000 stock in the Fort Wayne and Platte Palley Air Line Railroad Company. So says the *Intelligencer*.

We learn from the *Davenport, Iowa, Gazette*, of the 20th inst., that Mr. Charles Hendrie, of Burlington, has donated \$15,000 to the Iowa College, for the ultimate purpose of establishing and endowing a school in that Institute, similar to the Lawrence Scientific School in Howard University, of which the late Abbott Lawrence was the munificent founder. The first professorship to be established on the Hendrie foundation is that of Civil Engineering and Scientific Mechanics. The donor signifies his intention to add others as the Institution requires and his means allow.

WISCONSIN.—The *Madison Journal* understands that arrangements are actively on foot to continue the Illinois Central Railroad from Fregport, by way of the valley of Sugar River, and Albany, to Madison—the road to connect with the Beloit and Madison line, about ten miles south of the latter place.

The Watertown and Madison Railroad Company announce that they hold for sale \$300,000 of the bonds of the cities of Madison and Watertown. These cities have loaned their credit to aid in the construction of this road, to the extent of \$300,000 (Madison 100,000, and Watertown 200,000,) and the Company now offer these securities for sale.

Advices from every county of the State, give an unusually good account of the

winter wheat. The heavy snows have protected it from the coldest weather, and the abundance of rain and melting snow in the month of March, have given it a vigorous start. A moist March goes far to ensure a good crop of wheat.

MINNESOTA.—The recent grant of land by Congress, for railroad purposes, in this Territory, will induce many of the heavy capitalists of the East to emigrate to Minnesota on the opening of navigation: and, judging from facts now in our possession, a larger amount of money will be brought into that territory, this, than any previous year.

The summary adjournment of the Legislature killed several valuable bills, the benefits of which the people will sorely feel the want. The Judiciary Bill, the Apportionment Bill, and many other really meritorious enterprises, are sent "to the tomb of the Capulets."

Discovery of a Cave.—In mining for lead, a few days ago, in the vicinity of Blue Mounds, Wis., Mr. Carpenter opened a somewhat remarkable cavern at a depth of 60 to 70 feet in the solid rock. The cave was filled with bones of a kind not recognized by the naturalists of that vicinity, among which were a number of "teeth 2 to 2½ inches square, with prongs more than an inch long."

LAKE SUPERIOR.—A correspondent from this region says, winter has been characterized by a series of blustering storms, which put a person's temper to a severe test. We have had, day after day, week after week, and month after month, nothing but an everlasting series of snow storms and blow storms, with but little of what may really be called intensely cold weather. The thermometer has never indicated a lower temperature than 35 degrees below zero, and this lasted but for a single night, (Feb. 10th.)

Most of the mines have kept a partial force at work during the winter, and much mineral wealth has been displayed and secured. In the Ontonagon District upward of a dozen mines have made a large outlay of capital, and are in possession of rich and inexhaustible veins of copper; but from lack of sufficient means, are compelled to suspend operations and let their previous outlay go for what it is worth, to the disgust of stockholders. The harbor at Ontonagon is rapidly being improved.—Some 250 feet have been added this winter to the pier, making the length of the west pier some 72 feet.

KANSAS.—Gov. Geary has resigned the office of Governor of Kansas. He assigns as reason that he has not been sustained by

the government at Washington. A band had been organized to assassinate him. He had been pledged the aid of the army, military and treasury, to sustain him; but when needed, the troops were denied him, and he had paid out \$12,000 of his own money to support the administration in Kansas. Gov. Geary proceeded to Washington and laid his case before the new President and the Cabinet. Robt. J. Walker has been appointed Governor in his stead. The new Governor of Kansas had an interview with the Cabinet, and notified the President that he accepted the appointment, but would be unable to leave for Kansas before May 1st. He suggested that the Secretary whom he had appointed, Fred. Stanton, of Tenn., might assume the Governorship until he arrived. Orders have been issued from the War Department countermanding Jefferson Davis' instructions for the removal of troops.—Peace in the Territory will be preserved by the strong arm, if necessary, and every man protected in his right to vote for or against any new Constitution that may be offered. No form of Government which does not command a clear majority of the popular vote will meet with countenance from the Administration.

A Convention of Free State men was held at Topeka on the 10th and 11th of March ult., to take into consideration what course shall be pursued in regard to the Constitutional Election provided for by the Bogus Legislature, which was numerously attended, and one of the most spirited and harmonious assemblages ever yet known to that Territory. After mature deliberation, and a full and careful discussion of the question in all its relations and interests, the Convention unanimously resolved that no Free State men in the Territory will take any part in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. They have come to this conclusion from the inequalities and injustice of the law authorizing the Election. They cannot consent to sacrifice their self-respect by recognizing the body which prepared the rules and regulations which are to govern the contest.

Chinese Sugar Cane in Minnesota.—Mr. M. F. Fullerton, of Stillwater, Minnesota, writes to the Commissioner of Patents that he planted, last year, some Chinese sugar cane, which he received from Mr. Rice, from which he raised several quarts of seed. He planted the cane in his garden in June, and it was upwards of eleven feet in height when it came to perfection. Mr. Fullerton thinks that the cane will do well in Minnesota, especially for stock feed. In conclusion, he adds that, should he have time, he will test the cane this year for syrup and sugar.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.—Of this city, the most beautiful in point of location of which the West, or indeed our whole country can boast, we are enabled to promise a series of views illustrating distinctly its position and appearance—showing all points of interest in and around it. The engravings will be numerous and executed in the best manner. A historical and biographical sketch of the city and its prominent men (which will embrace portraits) will accompany the views. The whole matter is being prepared with great care, and we pledge ourselves we shall in every respect do justice to this "*Athens of the West*." On page 183 of the present number we present a view of the city taken from the Water Cure Establishment, south side of Lake Menona.

RAIL ROAD RECORD.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—We have before us the Report of the President and Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, together with a statement of the accounts of the Company, for the year 1856. From this document we learn that the total earnings of the road from all sources for the year amounted to \$2,476,035 27—of which \$1,112,401 78 was received from passengers, and \$1,156,471 23 for freight. The operating expenses for the same time were \$1,444,546 19—making the net earnings for 1856 from operation of the road \$1,489,031 08.

RAIL ROAD CONSOLIDATION.—WM. B. Orden, President of the Chicago & Fond du Lac Rail Road, announces that a consolidation has been effected, of the above road with the Marquette and State Line Road—thus making a continuous route, under the control of one company, from Chicago to Lake Superior. This is a very important arrangement for this city, in opening a direct communication with Lake Superior and the abundant resources of the North.

MINERAL POINT RAILROAD.—We understand that this important feeder to the business of Chicago, has been officially examined and formally accepted, under a joint contract, to take effect in July, by the Illinois Central and Galena & Chicago Union Companies, at their annual meeting just held. By this arrangement, the Mineral Point Railroad is operated in full connection with the latter roads, and is insured a net annual income of eight per cent on \$700,000 for 20 years; and all it can earn above this.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.—The earnings of the Michigan Central Railroad for February, were \$128,321 19, against \$114,535-88 for the same month last year.

ST. LOUIS, ALTON AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.

—Since this road passed into the hands of Gov. MATTESON and his associates, its affairs have undergone a complete revolution—Instead of being, as it lately was, unsafe, unreliable and vexatious to travelers, it has become one of the safest, most certain and agreeable lines of travel in the West. New life and energy have been freely infused into its management in all its departments, from the President's office down to the lamp-cleaner's caboose; and passengers are now whirled along in its fine bed at the highest rate of speed known in the West, and with the agreeable satisfaction that they incur no other danger to their necks than that incidental to all railroad travel. The floating debt of the Company, incurred along the line for construction and materials furnished—most of which is of years standing—is being rapidly paid off; a direct connection has been made by rail with St. Louis; new rolling stock is daily coming on to supply the demands of the increasing travel and traffic, and altogether its affairs are in an eminently prosperous condition.

IOWA CENTRAL ROAD.—The Board of Directors of the Iowa Central Road held a meeting last month at Maquoketa. Judge ISBELL resigned his seat in the board, as he had been appointed one of the Trustees for the Bond holders. WM. DURAND, President of Racine and Mississippi Road, was elected to fill the vacancy. The action of Committee of Directors who visited New York, in relation to contracting for the construction of the Road, was confirmed by the full Board.

WATERTOWN AND MADISON RAILROAD.—The Wisconsin Legislature have granted an extension to the charter of the Watertown and Madison Railroad, allowing them to extend their road to the river, opposite Dubuque.

ROCKFORD & MISSISSIPPI R. R.—A meeting of the Directors named in the Charter, was held at Rockford, and the Company duly organized by the election of L. Andrus, of Grand de Tour, President; E. H. Baker, of Rockford, Secretary; and B. B. Light, of Oregon, Treasurer.

After the organization, the Directors met and ordered books to be opened for subscription at Rockford, Byron, Grand de Tour, Oregon and Dixon; and made arrangements for a meeting of stockholders at Oregon, as soon as \$100,000 are subscribed.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.—The receipts of the Michigan Southern Railroad for the first three weeks in March, 1857, were \$128,290; same time last year, \$117,849; increase, \$10,941.

GREAT NORTH-WESTERN R. R.—We notice that the work of grading the North-Western Railroad, has been commenced at the mouth of the Tete des Morts, three miles from Galena, on the west bank of the Mississippi. This road will connect Galena with the valley of the Minnesota River, at the mouth of the Blue Earth; and it will be a valuable line to the commerce of our neighboring city. At the recent session of the Legislature, a charter for a bridge across the Mississippi, at the point where the North-Western connects with the Illinois Central, was granted; and we understand that the parties in interest are confident that they will have the ability to span the river as soon as the wants of the road require them so to do.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—The comparative statement of the amount of traffic on the Great Western Railway for the week ending March 20th, 1856—57, is as follows:—

Number of passengers, . . .	\$30,015.20
Freight and live stock, . . .	18,826.67
Mails and sundries,	1,772.19

Total,	\$50,114.06
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Corresponding week of last year,	\$61,436.69
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EARNINGS OF THE CHICAGO & BURLINGTON R. R. LINE:—

Jan. 1857,	\$94,150.91
" 1856,	96,405.49

Dec.	2,254.58
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Feb. 1857,	53,585.17
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" 1856,	71,147.75
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Dec.	\$17,562.58
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On the 7th day of February three bridges on this line were carried away by the freshet, for some time no trains for freight passed through, and the passenger trains have been delayed. The bridges are rebuilt, and the trains now run through. This accounts for the falling off in freight.

ANOTHER RAILROAD PROJECT.—A project is on foot for the construction of another railroad from Rock Island to this city. A meeting of citizens interested was called at Lyndon, Whiteside county, on the 12th ult. It is intended that the proposed road shall be located in a nearly direct line from Rock Island to Sterling, on the Galena & Chicago Union Air Line, and pass through Moline, Watertown, Hampton, Rapids City, Le Clare, Port Byron, Cordova, Erie, Lyndon, Sharon, and Como, all flourishing places. It is stated that the proposed road will be but thirty-three miles in length, and will shorten the distance, by railroad, from Rock Island to Chicago, some 22 " miles.

Publisher's Record.

WE have appropriated this page for our own use, and shall hereafter make it our Ledger, whereon monthly we can write up our account with the public, and striking a balance sheet, present in an account current a report of the transactions of the Magazine.

Thus far, our enterprise has been well received, if the evidence of the newspapers from all parts of the country—the common current talk about town of our fellow citizens—the hundreds of commendatory letters from all parts and all classes, we are constantly receiving—is any index, taken in connection with the fact that our entire edition was exhausted by orders before it was out of the binder's hands. It has been received and patronized more liberally out of our city than here at home, where all of its interest centers. This should not be. The *Men of Chicago*, are those whose interest and duty it should be to take this enterprize by the hand, and with cheering words and liberal support, bid it "God speed."

From our Merchants and business men, we have been disappointed in receiving the support in advertising which we claim our work merits. That they will come to appreciate the advantages over all other mediums it presents for circulating business notices, we cannot doubt. The main objection we have met—on account of the price—we shall so remedy in our next number that no business men or firms in any branch of trade can, on account of its cost, refuse to circulate through this medium their advertisements.

From citizens generally, the support in subscriptions thus far received, has been all that we could expect. From the class of our citizens which we have undertaken to daguerreotype in our pages—long resident—wealthy—prominent men, we have received, except in two instances, no word of encouragement, no pecuniary aid; from them we had hoped our work would derive its main support; and yet feel convinced it will, when we present as we do here, the fact

to their notice, that in the **EARLY DAY** of this undertaking, their assistance and aid is of vital importance to its success in the future; help it now in its youth, every day brings nearer the time when it will return to you with interest, all the care and attention you may lavish upon it.

By some neglect we have failed to attach Mr. A. Healer's name to the portraits in this or the former number, as the artist. All of the photographs from which we engraved were taken by him. Indeed, we have almost arrived at the conclusion that he is the only *Artist* in our city. His name as an excellent workman being as thoroughly on every Western man's tongue as ever was Brady's or Meade's, on that of the "Knickerbockers"—by the way, we notice that on their own territory even, they are outdone by our own Healer; he having been awarded the first premium for excellence and variety of work, at the last fair of the American Institute, New York city.

VIEWS OF WESTERN CITIES.—From our sister cities of the West we hope to record an enlarged and liberal meed of support. We are visiting them, with sketch-book and pencil in hand, ready to daguerreotype their homes, and portray the associations clustered 'round them. That we may do so in a manner worthy of them, we must be aided, not only by kind wishes, but by substantial, moneyed help.

Our expense in procuring views of cities, and points of interest in and about them, are necessarily very heavy. We must look to the place benefitted to share with us some portion of the same. Thus far we have not presented a city well illustrated; that is, with views taken from one and another point—views of the public edifices in it—street scenes—private residences, etc., etc.—from the fact that we have not dared to assume the expense it would incur. We are endeavoring to secure Janesville, Wisconsin, to be so illustrated, and have no doubt but that we shall succeed.

US 26831.5

Vol. 1.

MAY, 1857.

No. 3.



CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

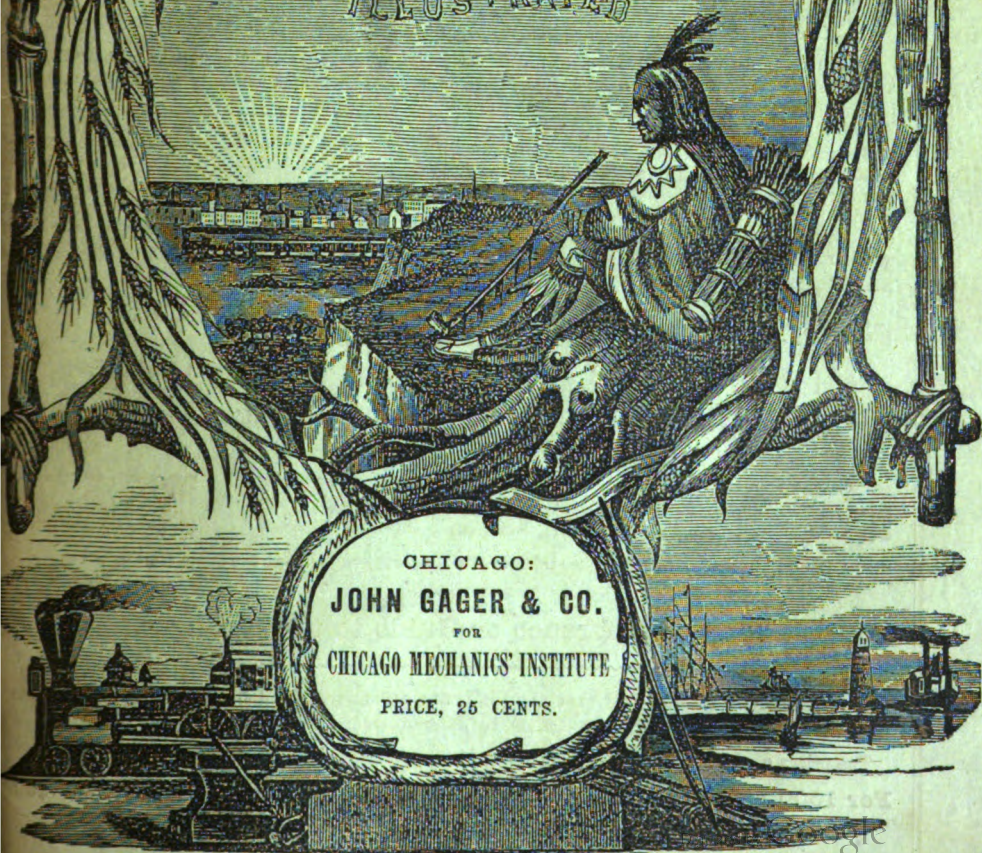
THE WEST AS IT IS;

ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO:
JOHN GAGER & CO.

FOR
CHICAGO MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

PRICE, 25 CENTS.



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Articles in the *Chicago Magazine*, with the exception of compilations, and quotations in the "Editor's Table," and "Mechanical and Scientific Facts," are original, and prepared expressly for this Magazine.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—As the editions of the *Chicago Magazine* of the first and second numbers have been exhausted, the Publisher gives notice that he will be glad to receive any of the numbers for March or April in exchange for May, or any new number as it may be published. As a much larger edition for May has been printed, subscribers will be enabled to procure copies from this date onward. Agents, Periodical Dealers, or Subscribers, who have on hand any of the first two numbers which they can spare, will favor us with an exchange as above.

MAP OF CHICAGO.

JOHN GAGER & COMPANY,

Have published one of the nicest little Maps of the City of Chicago which ever came off from a lithographic press. It is called a

REAL ESTATE MAP

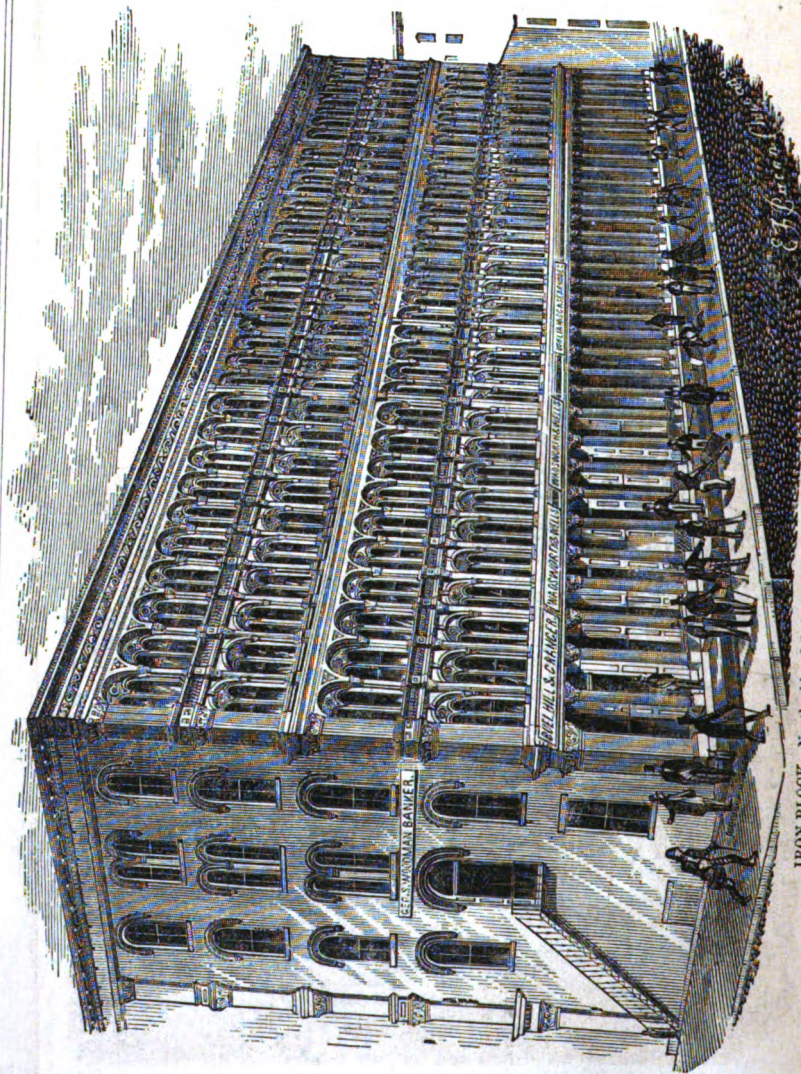
Adapted particularly to the use of Real Estate Dealers; and at the same time is a very convenient

Map of Reference or Guide to the Stranger.

It is printed on a letter-post sheet, and contains every street and block, and all the additions from time to time made in the City defined by different colors.

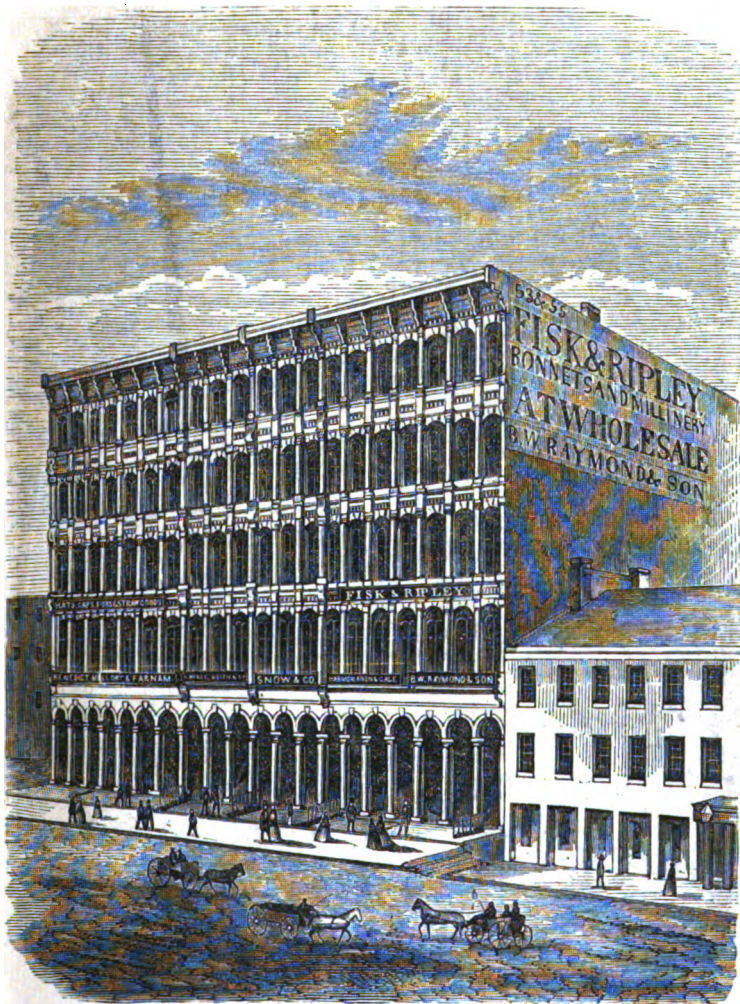
The prices of the Maps are:

For 1000 colored.....\$35 | For 1000 plain.....
Single Copies—10 cents plain, and 12 cents colored.

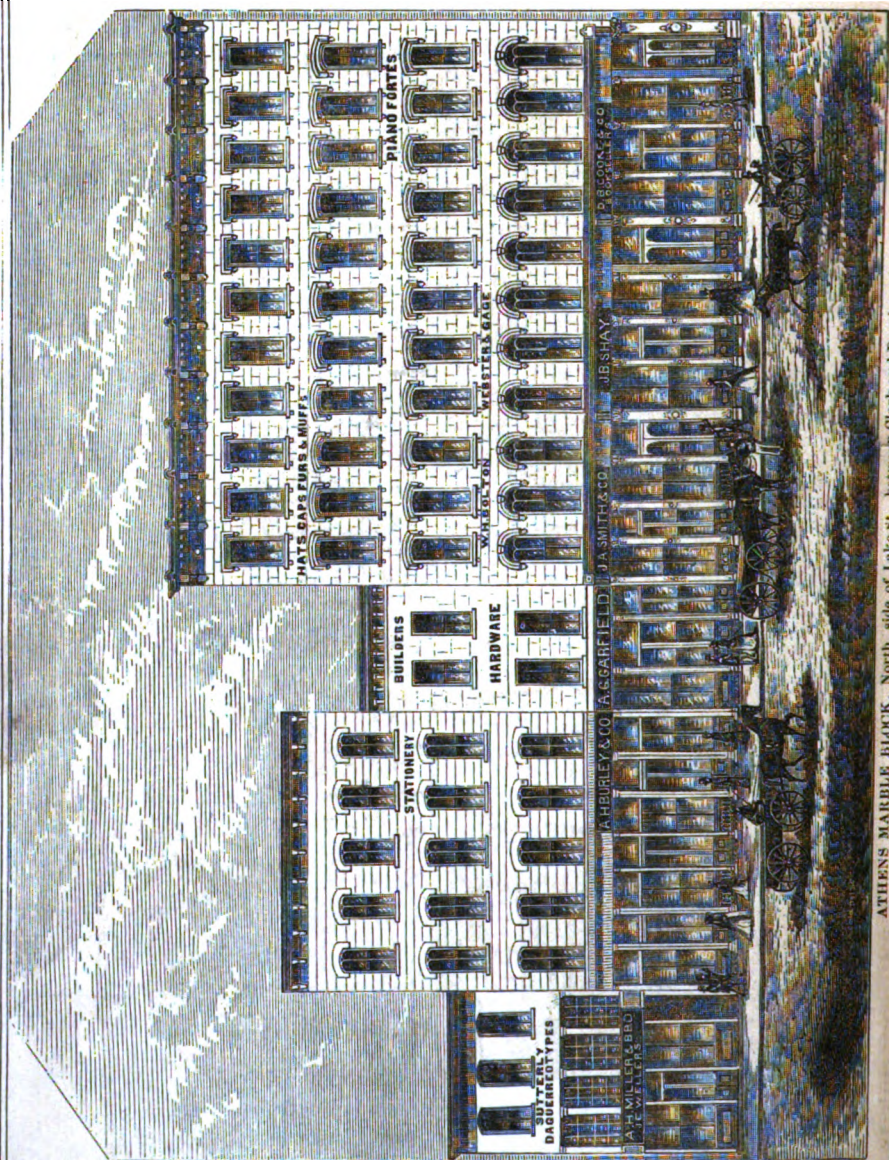


IRON BLOCK—North side of Lake St., between State St. and Wabash Avenue.

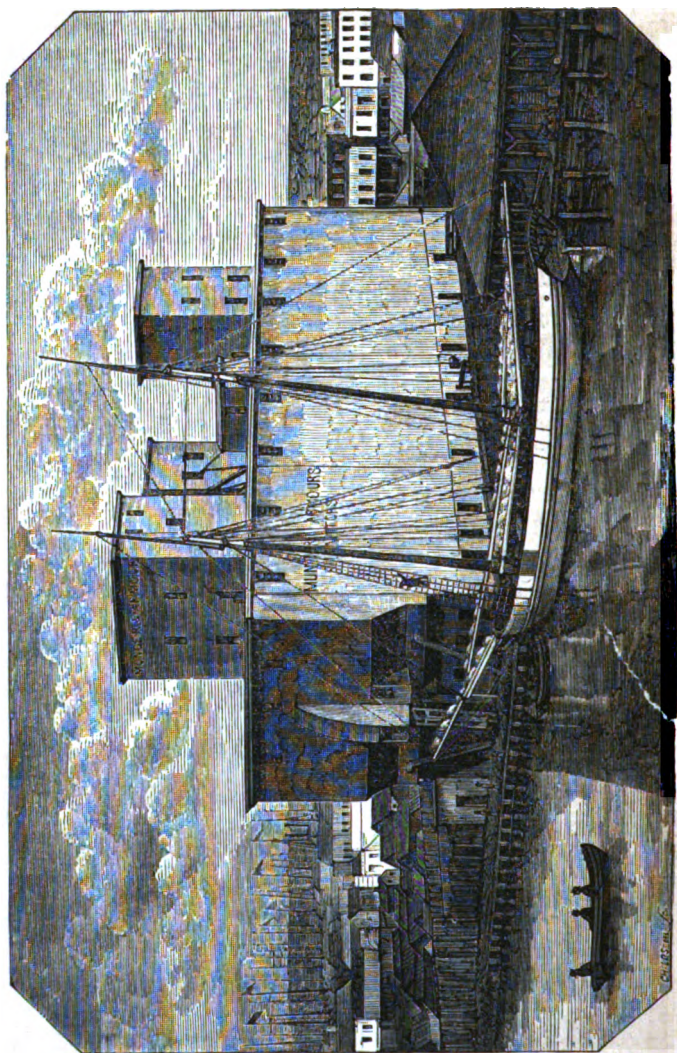
Amb. by Mrs. Mead.



IRON BLOCK—South side of Lake St., between State St. and Wabash Avenue.—*Arch. Mrs. Mead.*



ATHENS MARBLE BLOCK, North side of Lake St., between Clark and Dearborn Sts.



MUNGER & ARMOUR'S GRAIN WAREHOUSE. —Photo. by Alechuler.
North Side of the River between Wells and Franklin Sts. Reference to article "Grain Trade of Chicago."



PRAIRIE SCENE—HOME OF THE ILLINOIS FARMER. Illustration of a description on page 213.

1860, Sept. 26.
Gift of
Prof. James R. Sewell,
(Class of 1838.)

CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

The West as it is.

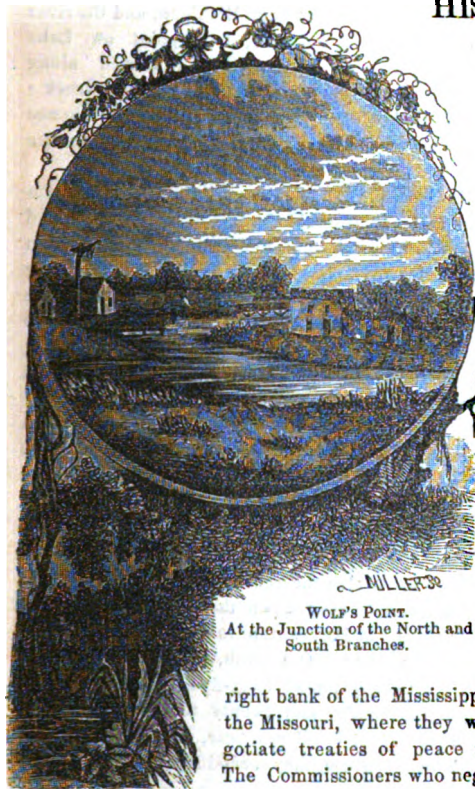
VOL. 1.

MAY 15, 1857.

NO. 3.

HISTORY OF CHICAGO

ANTECEDENT—CONTINUED.



FROM the time of the return of the United States troops to the post at Chicago, in 1816, when the fort was rebuilt, to the year 1830, when the town was laid out, is embraced another distinct period in Chicago history. The war between Great Britain and the United States having been brought to a close, and articles of peace signed Dec. 24, 1814, the government commenced negotiations with the hostile Indians of the West. Before peace was restored the Indians had been effectually subdued, but no treaties had been entered into with them. About the middle of July, 1815, a large number of the Indians from all the tribes of the North West, assembled at Portage des Sioux, on the

right bank of the Mississippi, a few miles above the mouth of the Missouri, where they were met by the commissioners to negotiate treaties of peace and amity with the United States. The Commissioners who negotiated with the chiefs of the Indian tribes, and whose names will be found attached to a large

number of treaties effected about this time, were WM. CLARK, Governor of Missouri, and Superintendent of Indian affairs west of the Mississippi; NINIAN EDWARDS, Governor of the Territory of Illinois, and Superintendent of Indian affairs over the tribes

east of the Mississippi; and Hon. AUGUSTE CHOUTEAU, a citizen of St. Louis. ROBERT WASH, Esq., was Secretary of the Commission. The treaty concluded with the Pottawatomies of the region of Chicago, expressed in the same terms of a number of other treaties, "declared that the parties are desirous of re-establishing peace and friendship between the United States and themselves, and being placed in every respect on the same footing upon which they stood before the war with Great Britain," and declared "that every act of hostility shall be mutually forgiven, and that there shall be perpetual peace between all citizens of the United States, and individuals of the Pottawatomie tribe," and they "agree to surrender all the prisoners they have in their hands." *Black Patridge* was one of the subscribers to this treaty, and THOMAS FORSYTH, Esq., brother-in-law to JOHN KINZIE, Esq., was a subscribing witness as Indian Agent.

On the 24th day of August, 1816, another treaty was concluded by the same Commissioners, then sitting at St. Louis, by which the country between Chicago, and the waters of the Illinois river, was ceded to the United States. BLACK PATRIDGE was the leading chief of the Pottawatomies, who was party and subscriber to this treaty. The tract of land thus ceded, was defined in bounds as follows: "beginning on the left bank of the Fox river; thence running so as to cross Sandy (Au Sauble) Creek, ten miles above its mouth; thence, in a direct line to a point ten miles north of the west end of the Portage, between Chicago Creek, which empties into Lake Michigan, and the river Des Plaines, a fork of the Illinois; thence in a direct line, to a point on Lake Michigan, ten miles northward of the mouth of Chicago Creek; thence along the Lake to a point ten miles southward of the mouth of the said Chicago Creek; thence in a direct line to a point on the Kankakee, ten miles above its mouth; thence with the said Kankakee and the Illinois river to the mouth of Fox, and thence to the beginning."

This territory was acquired from the Indians, for the purpose of jurisdiction over the line of communication between the Lake and the navigable waters of the Illinois; and for a military road, as it was then termed; in view also of the probable construction of a canal to complete the course of navigation from the river to the Lake. It will be observed that the tract ceded is a strip of land, averaging twenty miles wide, from the highest navigable point of the river to the head of Lake Michigan, making Chicago and Ottawa, the center points at each end. This old Indian boundary line, as it is called, can be found well defined on our oldest sectional maps. We have reason to infer that this extinction of title had some reference to the prospective plan of internal improvement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal; for as early as the year 1814, a plan for connecting "Buffalo with New Orleans," by a canal "from Lake Michigan down the river (Illinois) to the Mississippi," was suggested in Niles Register, and is there called a "stupendous idea."

The Pottawatomies, in consideration of the relinquishment of this territory, received a "considerable quantity of merchandise," and the promise of one thousand dollars worth of goods at cost price, for each year, for twelve succeeding years, to be delivered to them on some point of the Illinois river, not lower down than Peoria. We will anticipate the course of history by saying that the Pottawatomies ceded the balance of their territory, south of the above tract, by a treaty, Oct. 20th, 1832, and received an annuity of fifteen thousand dollars for twenty years; forty-five thousand dollars worth of goods delivered at the signing of the treaty, and twenty thousand the year following. *Billy Caldwell* was to receive six hundred dollars a year, and *Alexander Robinson* two hundred. In conjunction with other tribes, they ceded soon after what interest they had in the country at large, for other considerations and annuities, and a large number of debts to individuals, assumed by government; and they were removed beyond the Mississippi in the year 1836, having had quiet possession of the territory, with the reserved privileges, of hunting and fishing, up to the time of their removal.

The north line of the territory of Illinois, as defined by the ordinance of 1837, was a

line due west, from the south end of Lake Michigan. Hon. NATHANIEL POPE, who was a delegate in Congress from the territory of Illinois, in 1815, and perceiving the importance of a lake front for the proposed State of Illinois, as well as complete state jurisdiction, over any plan of internal improvement which should connect the Southern rivers with the Northern lakes, when the boundaries of the state were defined, procured an alteration of the original terms, extending the northern boundary to the parallel of latitude 42 degrees and 30 minutes north, thus securing an important portion of the northern section of the State to the present jurisdiction—the wisdom of which measure, cannot at this time be questioned. It gives an equitable advantage of the lake, the common property of all, to four of the largest states of the West. Our plan of state and inter-state improvement, as the canal and railroads, have by this change of boundary, the proper sanction of state legislation, without clashing of jurisdiction or state interests.

The same year in which the Indian title to the territory about Chicago, (in addition to the tract of six miles square ceded by the treaty of 1795,) and extending to the Illinois river, was extinguished, the troops returned again to this locality, and the new fort was erected. This re-occupation, took place July 4, 1816, near four years after its destruction at the time of the massacre. Capt. HEZEKIAH BRADLEY was the commander.

Under his direction the fort was erected. It stood upon the same ground as the fort of 1804, which had been burnt by the Indians. It was the same venerable structure, that has stood until recently the only special object of antiquarian interest, of which Chicago could boast. Most of the citizens of Chicago, from the time of their first appearance on this theatre, up to within three or four years past, were of course familiar with old Fort Dearborn. It is not long ago, since all the ground east of State street, known as the Reservation, was an open common, occupied by the buildings at the Fort and the light house, and a few "old settler residences"—and we all know what a distinguished mark was the old Fort. But the progress of improvement and the extension of business, swept the old relic away—and it was only as late as the summer of 1856, that the principal part of the buildings, including the quarters of the officers, and the barracks of the soldiers, were torn down; and the block house,



Fort Dearborn; erected in 1816.—View from the North-West.

the most attractive object of all, within a few weeks has been completely demolished. It is to be regretted that there was not enough of interest, in this relic of by-gone times, to have preserved it for future generations, as a specimen of Chicago antiquity.

The re-occupation of the fort by the troops, commencing July 4th, 1816, was continued until May 1823, when the troops left, and the fort was occupied by the Indian agent, and used for the temporary accommodation of families of residents recently arrived. Capt. BRADLEY, was the commander during this occupation by the troops.— During the time of this first occupancy, Capt. BRADLEY caused some factory buildings to be erected outside of the palisades, near the lake shore on the south side of the fort. Soon after, one of these buildings came into the possession of DEAN, an army contractor, who sold out in 1817, to the American Fur Company, of whom it was purchased by JOHN BAPTISTE BEAUBIEN, who continued from that time on, the occupant of the dwelling, and the premises, which comprised a garden and enclosure, till the year 1836, thus laying the basis for the pre-emption claim, which for considerable time, occupied the attention of the courts, and commanded the interest of the public. On the 10th of August, 1828, the fort was again occupied by a company of volunteer troops who had been drawn hither by the Indian disturbances among the Winnebagoes of the Rock River country, which for a time threatened the re-enactment of another Indian massacre. Afterwards there were two companies of regular troops stationed here, under the command of Major FOWLE, and Capt. SCOTT. In the absence of these officers the command devolved upon Lieut. HUNTER. Lieut. FURMAN of one of the companies, died at this station in 1830. There were also young officers, Lieuts. ENGLE and FOSTER, during this time of occupancy. Dr. FINLEY, was the Surgeon, assisted by Dr. HARMON. The troops remained here till May 1831, when it was again evacuated by the removal of the troops to Green Bay, and left in possession of Geo. W. DOLZ, as agent for the government, who afterwards delegated his charge to JOHN KINZIE, sub-agent.

Again on the breaking out of the Sauk, (Black Hawk) war, in 1832, it was re-occupied, and by a detachment under the command of Gen. SCOTT, and its occupancy continued till the removal of the Indians in 1836; and afterwards until quite recently was held by the government, for the occasional use of its army officers, engineers, and agents connected with the public works.

The Indian Agency, established here with the rebuilding of the fort, was placed under the charge of CHARLES JEWETT, Esq., of Kentucky. He was succeeded in 1820, by Dr. ALEXANDER WOLCOTT, of Connecticut, son-in-law of Mr. KINZIE, who filled the place till his death; JOHN KINZIE acting as sub-agent; and his successor was supplied, by the appointment of Col. THOMAS J. V. OWEN; GHOLSON KRA-CHEVAL, acting as sub-agent until the arrival of Col. OWEN, the next season. The agency was established in the log house, on the north side, near where now is the east end of the freight house of the Chicago and Galena Union Rail-road Company, and was familiarly known as "Cob-Web Castle."

The progress of improvement and settlement which may properly be said to have begun with the erection of the second fort, may be indicated by the number of buildings and the people who occupied them, from this period forward, until a more stable order of things prevailed. From 1816, to 1830, Chicago had gained the number of twelve or fifteen houses, and a population of less than one hundred, including three residences now within the limits of Chicago, and which at that time were considered as rather "outsiders."

We now approach the period in our city, when circumstances began to form themselves into the order of events, which have developed Chicago as the central city of the West. It is interesting to trace its course from its minutest beginnings. We shall endeavor to do this as we proceed, in a running picture, a panorama of its progress. Our picture will not therefore be exclusively sketches of its most important events,

but will be filled up by a multitude of small incidents, which will be valuable only as the back ground of other important matters, which are more vividly impressed from the strong contrasts presented. Perhaps no view more interesting to our citizens could be presented, than a picture of the land-scape on which Chicago is built, as it was in 1818, or any year up to 1830, for little change took place during that time. There are persons among us who remember Chicago as it appeared, when only a few huts and cabins marked the incipient town and city. From the description given to us by several of the oldest inhabitants, who are now permanent residents among us, we have that view of Chicago in our mind, and we can present it, in the only way possible for it to be painted, on the printed page of this history.

GURDON S. HUBBARD, Esq., a present well known citizen, has been a permanent resident of the city for nearly twenty-five years. He first came to Chicago in 1818. He was an agent of the American Fur Company, who at that time had trading posts at convenient distances in all this part of the Western country. While his engagements required his presence at other stations, he was frequently at Chicago, and often made this point for weeks and months together, his place of residence, from 1818, until he made here in 1833, his permanent home.

At the time of MR. HUBBARD'S arrival, there were only two families residing here, not connected with the military establishment. One of these families was that of MR. KINZIE, who resided in the old home he occupied before the war; the other was that of ANTOINE OUILMETTE, a French Canadian, who had married an Indian woman, and he occupied the same cabin near Mr. KINZIE'S, where he resided at the time of the massacre. These houses, with the insignificant cabin of Burns, were the only buildings of the settlement of Chicago, which had been spared by the Indians from destruction. The Agency house called "Cob-web Castle," at the Burns' place, had not then been erected, but the timber had been gotten out, and was on the ground.

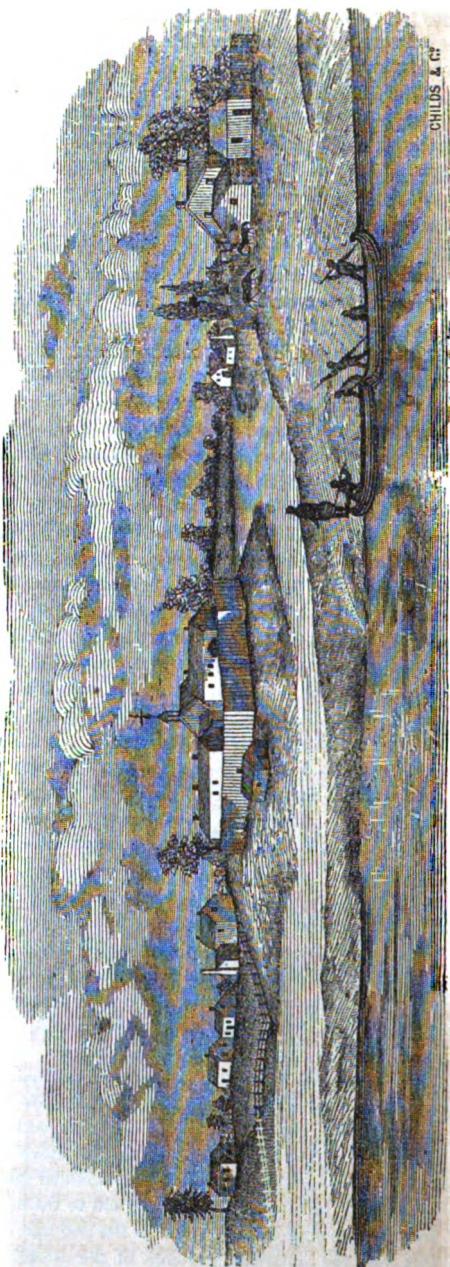
The North Side, with the exception of the sand hills along the lake shore as described in connection with the Kinzie house, and places which were low and marshy, was a body of thrifty heavy growth of timber. MR. KINZIE had a field opened on the North Branch, near Chicago Avenue, which he kept as a meadow for cutting grass.

On the West Side, none of the cabins, which a few years later made the settlement, or center of the city, called Wolf's Point, had then been erected. North of the old freight depot of the Chicago and Galena Union Rail Road Company, were the remains of a cabin, and old fields which had not for many years been cultivated—where once an Indian trader had lived by the name of GUARIE. He had kept a trading station, the first one ever established here; and he probably was the first white resident. The North Branch was at that time called Guarie's River, from the name of the old trader.

On the South Side there were the fort, erected two years previously, and the buildings outside, attached to the fort; and the factory, for the use of the Indian Agency. The fort stood upon the same site of the one of 1804. It was built on a larger scale, and in a more substantial manner. It was surrounded like the previous one, by palisades, made of timber standing upright, and driven into the earth. Inside of the paling, on the west side, were a row of buildings which were used for the quarters of the officers and their families. On the east side, nearest to the lake, were the barracks, or quarters of the soldiers. Gateways were left on the north and south sides, admitting a free passage through the parade ground and the enclosure. On the north, inside of the enclosure, was a brick structure, repaired from the old ruins, which was the magazine. On the south, on either side of the main entrance, was the store-house and guard-room. On the south-west stood the block house, which has remained the ancient land mark, until within a few weeks, when it has been removed to yield to the improvements about the locality of the old fort, in widening the river, and in the erection of the Rush street bridge. South of the fort were the cultivated grounds of the establishment, a fine garden, with a good

quantity of shrubbery, young fruit trees, currant bushes, &c., and which yielded in the season a large supply of vegetables and luxuries for the tables of the officers and the garrison. These grounds were enclosed, including a pasture and field, with a rail fence, extending as far south as Madison street, and west to State street, which embraced the tract since known as Fort Dearborn Reservation, which remained an enclosed field for many years, and afterwards an open common, while the original town of Chicago was rapidly being built, and had become a densely occupied part of the city; until after the decision of the *BEAUBIEN* claim of title, when it was sold by the government. From the south side entrance of the fort, and along the lake shore, east of the garden and the pasture, where run the Indian and army trail, was kept open a space for a road, on which were the buildings put up by the garrison for the factory, and the Dean house, erected by an army contractor. East of these, and on ground where now stands the Depot of the Illinois Central Railroad, and which was swept away by the action of the lake, was the garrison burying ground. Near here had been in olden time an Indian burial place. In 1856, while the laborers engaged by the contractors to grade and pave Lake and Water streets, were removing the earth for this purpose, from the cellar of one of the new buildings erected near this locality, on Michigan avenue, they exhumed a number of Indian skeletons, one of which was evidently a chief of distinction, indicated by the number of metal ornaments, and articles buried with him, which were much decayed. On the west of the fort were the barns, stables &c., and the root houses and cellars on the bank of the river west of the light house, in the same place of those of the old fort.

The West Side was an open prairie, entirely free from timber, as it appeared until recently built



CHICAGO FROM THE LAKE; from a view taken in 1890,—and as it appeared from 1818 to 1890.

over, excepting the grove up the south branch, this side of the canal, which surrounded the Lee Place. On the South Side, a body of timber grew along the river, extending east as far as Wells street, and following the bend of the river, crossed Clark street, and extending south two or three miles. To the south, from the fort, was a free and boundless prospect of open prairie, skirted by a belt of timber on the river side, and shut in on the left by the view of the lake and the sand hills of the battle ground. The South Side, on which the most valuable part of the city has been built, where lots are worth from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a front foot, was at that time generally low and marshy ground. Along the river shore was a strip of land still more marshy, where land and water mingled, covered with tall grass, reeds and rushes. Our public Square, and where stands the Court House and City Hall, was then a pond, where the Indians had trapped the musk-rat, and where the first settlers hunted ducks. To this pond, and draining also the marsh extending up Wells street, was an outlet in a little stream they called a "slough," which in a winding course passed over the site of the Tremont House, and entered the river at the end of State street; and up to a later date than 1840, where Water street passed this "slough," it was crossed by a log bridge.

Along the shores of the river, among the sedgy grass, the wild onions grew in great abundance. The Indian name for these peculiarly native productions, is *Chi-ka-go*.—The Indians gave names to places, localities, and streams, from some natural object or circumstance—and it was therefore very natural that the Indians should give to this locality that name which more than any thing else to their minds gave it character—therefore from the name of the wild onions, which grew so abundantly along the marshy shore of its river, they called it *CHI-OA-GO*. *Chi-ka-go-nauk*, in the Pottawatomie language, would mean Chicago land or place; *Chi-ka-go-sippi* would mean Chicago River.

This is a picture of Chicago, and of all that then composed it, as described to us by GURDON S. HUBBARD, Esq., as seen by him when he first came here, in 1818.

The person above others of our present population to whom properly belongs the distinctive title of being the "oldest inhabitant," is our respected citizen, JOHN H. KINZIE, Esq. He was born in Canada, but came here when an infant but a few months old, when his father first removed to this city in 1804. Here his early days were spent, and after the war he returned with his father again; but soon engaged as a clerk to the American Fur Company, he was called to other points in the West, residing much of his time at Detroit, Mackinaw, Green Bay, and Fort Winnebago; and he came here with his family as a permanent resident in 1838.

In 1817, J. B. BRAUBIEN came to this city and purchased of Mr. DEAN, an army contractor, the house and enclosure containing a garden and field near the fort, which was known as the Dean House, for which he paid the sum of one thousand dollars. Colonel BRAUBIEN built another house upon this place, and continued the occupant of it till 1826. In 1823 the factory houses adjoining, or on the same premises, were sold by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, to WM. WHITING, who sold the same to the American Fur Company, and of whom Col. BRAUBIEN purchased the buildings of the factory for the sum of five hundred dollars. Mr. BRAUBIEN by these purchases became the owner and occupant of all the premises of the so called Reservation, outside of the fort, and claimant to the lands, not covered by the buildings of the government. Upon these facts Mr. BRAUBIEN set up his claim as a pre-emptioner to the south-west fractional quarter of section ten, township thirty-nine north, range fourteen east, as being the sole occupant and in actual possession, on the 29th of May, 1830, the date of the pre-emption law. He therefore applied on the 7th of May, 1831, to the land office at Palestine, for a pre-emption, which was rejected; though on the same day a pre-emption was granted to ROBERT A. KINZIE, for the north fractional quarter of the same section, which was the part occupied by the KINZIE family, since defined as KINZIE'S Addition to Chicago. He applied again in 1834 to the land office at Danville, for a pre-emption, and was again re-

fused. On the 28th of May, 1835, Col. BRAUBIEN applied to the land office in Chicago, —the office in the meantime having been established here—and having proved to the satisfaction of the Register and Receiver that he was entitled to pre-emption, he entered the same and received his certificate therefor. The lands had been retained, and his applications resisted on the ground of the tract being claimed by the United States for military purposes. The land had been surveyed by government in 1831, and in 1824, at the instance of the Indian Agent, the Secretary of War requested the Commissioner of the General Land Office to reserve this land for the accommodation and protection of the property of the Indian Agency; and the Commissioner did inform the Secretary that he had reserved it from sale for military purposes. BRAUBIEN had received the Register's certificate—but his title to the property was resisted, and the case traversed the courts to the Supreme Bench of the United States, and the land was finally held by the United States, and was surveyed into lots and sold by order of the President in 1839. Mr. BRAUBIEN was allowed as a special favor some of the lots which had been covered by his homestead, which has proved a fortune equal to the original expectation of the whole tract of the Reservation. This part of the city has been rapidly increasing in value within a few years past, and the time is not far hence when the lots on the Reservation will stand the highest in point of value of any section of the city. The Illinois Central, and the Michigan Central Railroads, have here their passenger and freight depots, but a few rods from the old fort; and the most splendid and costly buildings of the city, for business purposes, are already erected in the Fort Dearborn addition to the city of Chicago. Mr. BRAUBIEN is a Frenchman by nativity, and has been a resident of the city since the year 1817. He is well known to all the people of Chicago, and was one of its indispensable personages in its early days. He was for a long time connected with the American Fur Company at this point, and a part of the time their agent here. He has always taken great pride in its military organizations, and in sustaining the citizen soldiery, and has passed by election and promotion through all the minor grades of office, until quite recently he has been elected to the office of Major General of the Illinois Militia. Within a short time he has made some changes in his estate in Chicago, and has removed with his family to his farm on the Des Plaines, near the Reservation of ALEXANDER ROBINSON, the late Chief of the United Tribes of the Potawatomies, Ottawas and Chippewas.

ARCHIBALD CLYBOURNE, Esq., is another of the few oldest inhabitants. In 1823, he came to this city, or the place now included within the city limits, which is known as Clybourne's, about three miles up the North Branch. This place the family called New Virginia, in remembrance of the honored state from which they had emigrated. Mr. CLYBOURNE emigrated from Western Virginia, his native place, upon the head waters of the Kanawha river, when that country was on the borders of population, making a long journey of a thousand miles on horse back, through the wilderness, and camping out nearly every night on the route. For the first four years, he was engaged in the fur trade. In 1828, he returned to Virginia, and brought back with him his father, brothers and other members of his family, and many friends from that part of the State, who settled in different sections of the West. After this Mr. CLYBOURNE engaged in agriculture, and no doubt in that line became a large contributor to the support of the early settlement, as he has since contributed largely to supply the wants of the city; as he was for a number of years one of the heaviest dealers in cattle, and in furnishing beef for the market of Chicago. Clybourne's has ever been a noted point in the suburbs of the city.

At some time earlier than this, the date of which we have not been able to ascertain, the American Fur Company sent an agent here to take charge of their business, by the name of JOHN CRAFTS. Mr. KINZIE at that time was not engaged in the business. Mr. CRAFT occupied for a time the Kinzie house, and used the little building detached on the east of the residence, as a store house. During his stay here, he built up the

cabin at Lee's Place and improved the land there. He gave to the place the name of 'Hardscrabble,' from the difficulty of access to it, which it afterwards bore, and which became the significant name of one of Major RICHARDSON'S Novellets, founded on the Indian massacre of the White family, which took place there the spring before the massacre of the troops. ANTONIE OUILMETTE about this time moved up to Bridgeport, and built him a cabin a little above Hardscrabble, and attended to the business of transporting goods by cattle teams across the portage between the Des Plaines, or Illinois river and the Chicago creek, the goods being re-shipped into canoes or barges, on the river at this place. Mr. CRAFTS died here, and after his decease, Mr. KINZIE, was appointed the Agent of the Fur Company.

At this time only one sail vessel in a year appeared here, which was sent by the American Fur Company for the purpose of furnishing supplies, and carrying away the furs and peltries. Mr. HUBBARD was on the vessel in charge of the goods, which arrived in 1828. On board of the vessel was Mr. HEACOCK, another old citizen with his family, and also the family of Mr. JAMES GALLOWAY, who soon left for some settlement on the Illinois river. Mr. HEACOCK'S family remained for a time in the apartments of the fort, which seemed often to be used for the purpose of accommodating citizens, or furnishing for the new comer a home, until it could be procured else where. From the fort he removed to the cabin on the South Branch, at Hardscrabble. This continued to be Mr. HEACOCK'S residence for a number of years. He was engaged probably to a limited extent in farming. But as society increased, and other artificial wants were demanded, Mr. HEACOCK found a sphere for another, and whether or not prepared by previous training and experience, we cannot say, but he came out the first lawyer in order in Chicago. He became, like most of the first men of the place, a character, and continued so till his decease, a few years ago. We have heard many anecdotes of his early practice before the courts, when in process of a year two courts were required, and justices, as well as lawyers. On one occasion he was called upon to defend a criminal, before a justice too, on the charge of perjury. The defense set up was, that it was not a crime recognized as such in the practice of the courts of Illinois. He had lived farther South, where then was the population of the State, and "down thar," the courts and lawyers took no notice of perjury; they all committed perjury as a matter of course; and he argued that it could not be supposed that a new settlement like that at Chicago should be more strict. The culprit was therefore discharged. Mr. HEACOCK was a man well posted in regard to the legislative affairs of the State, the management of financial matters by the officials, and the various schemes of internal improvement, particularly the Illinois and Michigan canal. His early residence was near the outlet of the proposed canal, and he had interested himself deeply in the progress of the work. When for the want of funds, it was feared that the State would fail altogether to make the canal, in consequence of the immense cost of constructing it on the original plan of a "deep cut," to take the water from the Lake through the Chicago River, Mr. HEACOCK strenuously urged the practicability of supplying the canal with the waters of the Des Plaines and Calumet, as feeders, on the shallow cut plan; and so pertinaciously did he urge his notions by talk about town, in speeches, and in communications in the newspapers, that he earned the *sobriquet* of "Shallow Cut," a term by which he was well known, though not particularly to his disparagement of judgement or intellect. Mr. HEACOCK was an original character—and his greatest fault was that he was wiser in his day than the children of his generation. Like many others of his early associates, his faith in the future of Chicago was unbounded.

THE WEST.

ALL lands have their charm to the true patriot soul,
 From the fierce torrid clime to the ice of the Pole;
 And fondly the heart travels back to its home,
 The haunts of dear childhood, wherever we roam;
 Yet, as manhood comes on, our horizon expands,
 We long to behold the far-distant lands,
 We sigh for a field fit for highest emprise,
 Where man shall be great as the earth and the skies.
 And the home of our choice special tribute may claim—
 The country's great heart in the continent shrined,
 Made ruddy and rich by the sun's sinking flame,
 And pulsing with life by no limit confined.
 What a theme for the bard is the glorious West,
 With the signet of empire displayed on her breast!
 A valley how wide do her rivers embrace,
 And seas like the ocean reflect her fair face;
 Her broad swelling prairies their riches unfold
 In spring's dazzling beauty and Autumn's deep gold,
 When Ceres pours out all the wealth of her horn,
 And thick-bearded wheat and tall crested corn,
 In fields without end, tell of plenty at home,
 And for millions who lack o'er the far ocean's foam.
 Oh! this is the land of our labor and love—
 Here fix we our homes, rear our temples above,
 And build up a Country, a City, a State,
 Rich, generous, wise, and as noble as great.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, land of the East, and thy green covered hills,
 To the voice of thy winds, and the song of thy rills,
 To the beauty and joy that thy mountain air yields,
 And the shadows that pass o'er thy beautiful fields.

Farewell to thy mountains, farewell to thy vales,
 To thy bright silver fountains and soft sighing gales,
 To thy cool summer showers and thy fast flowing streams,
 And the many glad hours that have passed like my dreams.

Farewell to thy glens, and thy lonely woods wild,
 To thy moss-covered stones and thy music-birds mild,
 To thy cold winter storms and the sun of sweet June,
 And to all of my hopes that have perished—too soon.

Farewell to thy people, farewell to thy flowers,
 To thy beautiful maids and their vine-covered bowers,
 To the songs of their mirth and the dance of their glee—
 Be their hearts e'er as true, and their spirits as free.

Farewell, though I leave thee, I will think of thee still,
Of the music that peals from the breeze and the rill;
I will think of thymountains, thy woods and thy vales,
Of the green sunny slopes, and the homes in thy dales.

I will think of the loved ones I leave in thy breast,
As the flowers we have laid in our bosoms to rest,
And the meed of my heart shall be offered in truth
To the home of my childhood, and the friends of my youth.

HON. WM. B. EGAN.

WILLIAM BRADSHAW EGAN was born on the banks of the beautiful Lake of Killarny, in the County of Kerry, Ireland. His family had been for some centuries among the landed proprietors of the County, and were of the same kindred as the O'CONNELLS. The father of Dr. EGAN had to depend upon his classical education for the support of his family; and this, it will be seen, was the subsequent fate of the Doctor himself. The reason of this was that the estates of the family had dwindled away, like those of many other Catholic families, during the existence and under the operation of the "penal laws" of Ireland.

The subject of our sketch is the youngest of nine brothers, all of whom received a sound, and indeed what might be called a brilliant education, and have distinguished themselves more or less in the various walks of life. Having finished his own classical education at home, WILLIAM went to England at the age of fifteen, and commenced the study of surgery and medicine. Returning to Dublin in a few years, he attended there a course of medical lectures, and then embarked for America. He obtained, soon after his arrival in Quebec, a situation as teacher in one of the schools of that city, and subsequently he taught school in Montreal and New York, and finally in the grammar school of the University of Virginia. In the latter Institution he also attended the lectures of two terms. On his return to New York, he received his diploma, and for a short time practiced there with Dr. McNEVEN. It was at this time that he married, his bride being the daughter of an old New York family.

In the fall of 1832 he was induced to go to Mississippi, where he engaged with success in the practice of his profession. But his own family, and he himself, were not exempted from the epidemics of the country, and sickness drove him once more to the North. The low stage of water in the Ohio River compelled him take the Wabash route to New York. Those were not the days of Railroads, and the progress of the little party was necessarily slow and tedious. On the way they met some of the officers of the United States army, buying horses for the Sauk war. These officers had been to Chicago, then called Fort Dearborn, and their descriptions of the situation of the place, and of the prairie country in the interior of Illinois, induced Dr. EGAN to determine on that route, by way of Detroit, to New York. The journey through Indiana and Illinois, to Chicago, was tedious, and accompanied by all the usual incidents of life in the back woods. One night, the party, composed of seven persons, stopped at "BAKER'S" on the Kankakee River, (then as now, a beautiful stream,) in a log room, it could not be called a house, eight feet by sixteen. Another night was spent at "Old KERCHVAL'S" on Hickory Creek, the house having been deserted for fear of the Indian's but a short time previously. Passing the houseless ford on the Des Plaines River, where Joliet now stands, and stopping at LAWTON'S, the Indian trader, the party came at last to the Widow BARRY'S, at Barry's Point. From this place to Chicago, a distance of eight miles, the prairie was covered with water from one to three feet deep, giving it the appearance of a vast lake.

Chicago however was safely reached, and INGERSOLL'S Hotel, at "The Point," or

"Wolf's Point," was made the aristocratic quarters of the Doctor and his young New York wife. Chicago, at that time, it must be remembered, was but a small settlement, a mere frontier town and military station. ROBERT KINZIE's store, on The Point, was resonant "from early morn till dewy eve," with Indian merriment. It was the resort of all, who came to hear or tell the news. The accomplished Indian Chief, BILLY CALDWELL was generally to be found there, and it was the usual lounging place of JOSEPH LA FROMBOISE, and the good-hearted "Old ROBINSON." This was the triumvirate that represented the Menomonees, the Winnebagoes, and the Pottawatomies. MARK BEAUBIEN, in those days, to use his own irreverent expression, "kept tavern like h—l, and fiddled like the d—l." Old ASHBELL STEEL had ventured lakewards half way down Randolph street, to where the Briggs House now raises its princely front.

The officers of the Garrison were Major WILCOX, and afterwards Major GREEN, Doctor MAXWELL, Captain BAXLEY, Captain THOMPSON, Lieutenant JAMESON, and the gallant Lieutenant KIRBY SMITH, whose blood has since watered the plains of Mexico. These were all agreeable gentlemen, and they gave a high tone to the social condition of the little town.

It did not take Dr. EGAN long to see the future importance which Chicago must attain, owing to her situation and relative position, and he determined to make it his home. He first purchased the present Tremont House corner, of General BEAUBIEN, and built thereon a row of five houses, which were called "*Egan's Row*." He has always taken a lively interest in the progress and prosperity of the city, and has been among the first to devise and carry through projects for the advancement of her commerce, the development of her resources, and the comfort and benefit of her citizens. He has been honored by the people of the city as their representative in the State Legislature, and has also been chosen Recorder of the City and County.

During the sessions of the Legislature of 1841 and 1842, Dr. EGAN was instrumental in accomplishing the settlement of Canal claims between the State and the purchasers of Canal lots in Chicago. The settlement of these claims may be considered as the epoch from which the city of Chicago dates the origin of her unexampled prosperity. Previous to that, real estate in Chicago was apparently of but little more value than in any other Western village; but now commenced a new order of things. Capitalists at once brought their money here for investment. The population rapidly increased. Dwelling houses could not be built quickly enough to accommodate the steady stream of new comers, nor stores put up and filled with goods sufficient for their wants. Every subsequent year exhibited a steady increase in population, in enterprise, and in real, substantial wealth. From that day, the progress of Chicago has been onward, until she now stands in the proud position of the third commercial city in the Union, with every prospect of being second only to New York. All honor to the men to whom she owes this brilliant destiny!

Dr. EGAN has done much, both by precept and example, towards beautifying and adorning the city. His beautiful gardens in the West Division, and his magnificent park, EGANDALE, five miles south of the Court House, on the lake shore, are evidences at once of his refined tastes and his enlarged public spirit. He is now enjoying in affluence the fruits of his past labor and enterprise; and he is one of those true benefactors of the human race, who will leave the earth more beautiful than he found it.

In person, Dr. EGAN is large and rather corpulent, but extremely active in his habits. In his disposition and temperament, he is genial, pleasant, and the very life of a social party. Possessing a warm heart, and a generous nature, he has made, in the course of an active and eventful life, troops of friends, and it may be, some enemies; as what public man has not? Years hence, when the history of Chicago shall be written, (as it will be written,) the public services of Dr. EGAN will be appreciated and properly acknowledged. If the material we have here suggested shall be of any avail to the future historian, the purpose of this sketch will have been answered.

THE YANKEE OUT WEST.

JAMES SMITH was cousin to JOHN SMITH. Let this important fact be remembered, for it is essential to the veritableness of this history, that we establish a correct genealogy. The Smith family are respectably distinguished. They are noted for the variableness of their characteristics. Human nature is unquestionably more extensively, if not better, represented in this than in any other family.

JAMES SMITH was a native of Massachusetts. To describe the place where he resided would be to give a familiar sketch of a place held dear to many a heart in this new country. A Massachusetts town is a thing peculiarly its own. The people understand by the town, a little cluster of residences and shops, where the inhabitants usually congregate for public and business purposes. There the meeting-house stands. Its location is indicated from afar by the tall spire. This, in the days of James and cousin John, was surmounted by a bird the Yankees called a "rooster," a weather-cock, which gave seasonable notice of any change in the wind. It was no rare or unnecessary object; for the importance of understanding the force and course of the currents of the wind, has never been overestimated. Not those alone who go down to the sea in great ships, are governed by the wind. While in a Massachusetts town the "rooster" is the most exalted creature, it has its other peculiarities.

The first noticeable feature is the wide street, the road crossing the main street at right angles, and opening avenues to the four quarters of the earth. This crossing, so accessible to all, will of course be the nucleus of the population, though ever so small. There also, shading the broad street, are the venerable elms planted by the first children of the Puritans. These fine green monuments of nature's rearing, beautiful in proportion, and magnificent in appearance, enjoin one of the best lessons taught to the descendants of any race—and peculiarly applicable to those emigrating West—set out trees! There too stood the shops of the black-smith and shoe-maker, and the domicil of the man of all

work—the repairer of wagons, the mender of clocks, and the painter of all shades.—But we must not pass the country store; that would be an indignity to the neighborhood, as well as the store-keeper. The beaten track shows that it is the resort of all, the general depot of human necessities, resplendent with mottled calicoes and factory goods; redolent of tea, hyson and bohea; odorous of codfish, and in times long gone by, of New England Rum. Here also is the general repository of the post office, though occasionally pitched about between the painter, shoe-maker, and store-keeper, as the tide turned in politics. But above all things, in the estimation of the good people, is the school-house. Without this no New England town either before or since, could be complete. The meeting-house always stood in the street, or upon an open common, free to all roving cattle and romping children; and the school-house hard by, as if under the shadow of the sanctuary. The church and the school-house constitute the complement of a Massachusetts town. The town is the center where all the legitimate necessities of an honest, industrious, religious and elevating, if not elevated, people, can be readily obtained. The store to them is the omnibus of all earthly goods; the tavern with its sheaf-of-wheat sign, invites the traveller to kind treatment, and emphatically *homely* fare. The school-house, like the sunlight, is a blessing every where, and free to all; for no family is so poor, and none so far removed, that they have not the equal privileges of the free school. This has done for New England, what no other institution has done, or can do, for any other land. From the pulpit, which is brooded over night and day by that unerring guide, perched upon the highest point of the spire, is dispensed weekly, regularly, that sound doctrine, which in spite of cynics and implacable doubters, is the salt of the earth. A rogue is he who suggests that the weather-vane indicated not only the direction of the wind without, but of the ministrations within.

In such a quiet town, amid such influences and such scenes, lived the subject of our sketch. Here was his childhood's

home. Could we describe that home, working it up into a living picture, and causing it to stand out, as some of us have seen our old homes down east, against the clear sky of the West, amid a glorious sunset—it would make many a heart among our readers leap for joy. Yet it was a very common sort of a home. It was very much like the former homes of most of us who have fled from the land of our birth in search of money or renown. We may clothe ourselves in the garments of fashion and pride, and strive to erase the memory of those humble homes, but we may as well endeavor to drive destiny from us, as to forget the homes of our childhood!

"We remember! We remember!
The house where we were born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peering in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
Though now we oft may wish the night
Had borne our breath away."

That house was one of the homes of olden days. The Smith family had lived in it for many generations. The Smith family had an undisputed right to call it their homestead, and to have a perpetual claim upon it, in the future; which right they could no more ignore than they could its possession by the Smith family in the past. Hence it was familiarly known through all the neighborhood as the "old Smith place." Long may it continue to perpetuate the name, and may the day never come, when from the greater attractions of more fertile lands, there shall not a Smith be found to claim it.

The house, like those of the Browns, the Williamses, and the Whites, had never been painted, holding in Puritanic abhorrence all assaults upon it, to whitewash or produce other deceptive exterior. Like its neighbors, it stood a few rods from the road on which it fronted. On either side of the heavy four paneled door were two windows. Those on one side enlightened the north room, sometimes called the parlor or spare room; and the other two admitted warmth and cheerfulness into the south or dining room. In the center of the house was a chimney, not less than twelve feet square, having large fire places on three sides, and a massive brick oven open-

ing towards the rear room, which was the kitchen. The house was two story in front, with a sharp pitch roof, sloping off behind to the height of one low story. In front was a beautiful grassy yard. A stone walk from the door to the gate divided it into two equal parts. Lilac shrubs, with white and red roses, were planted indiscriminately, showing however some disposition to cluster about the front windows. A maple and an elm tree shaded this green lawn; and by the road side, a short distance from the yard stood the broad spreading butternut. Here unchangeable as the years, the Smiths were born, married, lived and died; one generation following another, passing the same round of life, following the good ways of their fathers, tilling the same soil, and eating of the same fruits. Some primogenitor, provident for his posterity, had set out the elm for beauty and shade; had planted the butternut, the apple, the pear, and the cherry; and posterity had so far honored the good deeds of their ancestors, as to cherish and preserve them, and to replace those that had gone to decay. To the observer for many generations it was always the same; for it was Mr. Smith who owned all these good things; Mr. Smith who enjoyed them; and Mr. Smith's children who hovered here like doves around their nest.

James Smith was a younger son. He had gone through the regular course of discipline allotted to all the "neighborhood," as the good people called their part of the earth. He had had his portion of religious instruction under the faithful ministrations of Mr. Clark—and the benefits of the Sabbath School. These necessities of this part of his nature, had been as regularly attended to as his need of food and raiment. He was therefore religious from habit, if not from any other cause. It never was his province to dispute or doubt the completeness and adequacy of this part of his culture. The faith of his heart was as much an inheritance from father to son, as the old Smith place. His education was of the same systematic order—the same round of summers and winters in school, the same course in the same class of books;

Webster's Spelling Book, Murray's Grammar, the English Reader, the American Preceptor, Adams' Arithmetic, and Goodrich's Geography. When older he read the county newspaper, brought to the door by the post rider, and its arrival announced by the tin trumpet. In early days he was made to keep good hours, and obliged to remain at home evenings, lest he should fall into bad company; and yet it would puzzle one to know where he could find any other but good company, for the same laws of restraint rested alike upon all the boys of the neighborhood. No young idlers were seen around the shops, or hanging about the tavern or store. As he grew to manhood he was seen more frequently at these places, sometimes tarrying to catch the passing word, for it seems that the time had at last come when he must see and hear more of the world. The Sabbath School library, then an institution in its infancy, the antique collection in the house of the Squire, called the Village Library, and the somewhat larger one of the minister; with the floating books of the neighborhood, such as Riley's Narrative, Indian Wars, History of the Revolution, English History and Josephus, furnished him with abundance of reading matter.

Thus by such unobtrusive means was he trained into a rational acceptance of one of the trinities of New England discipline; to labor, learn and believe; which being interpreted means, to work and accumulate, (industry being a prime virtue)—to learn meaning faithful attendance upon the district school; and belief, constituting habitual attendance on the stated preaching, and assenting to the articles of the creed, founded upon the theory of John Calvin. This belief was honored by joining the church, and magnified by making emphatic that article of the creed which affirms human depravity.

Most wholesome emphasis that, which turns the dark side of the heart to common experiences. It has made the New England man cautious in his dealings, protected his pocket and his character, and preserved him as a sheep whose fleece is never shorn to make a garment for another's back.—

With this article of his creed, he is fore-armed against all sharpers; and it may be that this doctrine of Adams' apostacy, like a two edged sword, cuts both ways, while being a sure protection to the believer—for the Yankee is confessedly a sharp subject.

It may be supposed, that with such training and such adaptation to a soil of which his character seems the embodiment, the New England man would be unfitted for any other locality. But Providence has wisely ordained many compensatory laws, of which we take little note. New England may have too many men cast in this mould, but the world needs more of them. In obedience to the inflexible laws of progression, New England must continue to manufacture men to found other States, and glorious it is for the world that she does her work so well.

By reading and hearing, the mind of James Smith was drawn to the far West. His geography had made him acquainted with it topographically; that is, he knew what was on the *top* of it, a rich soil, a land pleasant to look upon, abounding in lakes and fine streams, and yielding to the labor of man both fruit and corn, fevers and ague. His common sense told him that if the rock-ribbed hills of Savoy or Shutesbury, were not made in vain, neither were the fertile fields of the West. But no burden of destiny pressed upon him to become a pioneer. That safeguard of New England population—the prejudice against everything Western—lay like an incubus upon the neighborhood. No tempter had been there with romantic and fanciful tales, to lure their young men and maidens from the homes of their fathers. But Smith could not shut from his mind the knowledge that came on the printed page, or through the listening ear. The period of life had arrived when he must take his place as a householder. The paternal acres of the Smith farm seemed small, when shared with his elder brother; and still smaller when compared with the quarter, and half section, farms of the West.

A letter from cousin John, who had been for some years in the West, seemed to turn the scale. He was then of age. The town

was never more surprised than when it was announced that James Smith was going out West "to look." The elder Smith was not such an old foggy, as to stand in the way of his son. Soon sufficient money was raised to pay his travelling expenses, leaving him two hundred dollars with which to purchase a quarter section, if he chose. Then came the bustle of preparation, and a greater one was never known in the Smith family, except at a wedding or a funeral. The brothers rendered prompt and cheerful assistance; the mother busied herself with procuring the extra coats, vests, pants, shirts, and socks; and to make these up the sisters for weeks industriously plied their needles. It was truly a great event in the family, and also in the town, when their first emigrant departed.

His traveling circuit had heretofore been limited to the adjoining towns, and he was probably not a day's journey from home, ere he would have been taken everywhere for a green Yankee.

The time when he set out upon this journey, was before the days of railroads. His route lay by the Erie Canal, then almost the only avenue of communication between the East and West. He soon learned that other people did not esteem his own little section as the most important part of the earth, and some men, otherwise intelligent, had never heard of the little town of his birth. This was a wonder to him; and that West Farms, or School Meadow, were not as widely known as Waterloo. The extent of the New York canal, the countless boats he encountered laden with every kind of Western produce, opened to his mind the vastness of the country before him. A steamer carried him over Lake Erie and landed him at Detroit. He was a long way from home, and yet he had not reached the charmed goal he sought. Like the rainbow it seemed to recede as he approached. Massachusetts people moved not around him. Massachusetts scenery filled not the circle of his observation; and the sun went not down behind Western hills, as he had seen it for twenty-one years. Going beyond that mountain barrier, once was as much to

him, as passing out this sphere of life. New worlds seemed opening around him, peopled with the same busy, restless, pushing beings. Though not born on Berkshire or Hampshire hills, some similar place owned their nativity, and had thrust them out for a larger range of action. He traversed the forests and openings of Michigan, for the place his fancy pictured as his home. Good land he found in abundance. Somehow he had got it into the crevices of his brain, that a hard soil and sterile lands, like original sin, were man's inheritance. Some of his theological opinions began to waver. Good lands in some parts of the earth, as well as poor lands in others, seemed after all to be the natural inheritance of mankind—and the good lands of the West, so Eden-like, appeared to have descended more directly from Adam. But pleased as he was with Michigan, for he looked at the country with a farmer's eye, and could perceive at a glance, every advantage it possessed as an agricultural country, he must move on to Illinois. He had not yet got to the West—he had not seen the prairies, and it would not do to go back to his neighbors, without being able to say, "I have seen the prairies—I have found the West, and have seen the sun go down upon vast plains of fertility and beauty, clothed in green, and sparkling with flowers—surely this is the West." Besides, cousin John lived in Illinois. He was a character there. John would be glad to see him. John would give him good advice. The Yankee is a perfect cormorant of advice. John could also help him. He could find him employment—tell him of the best place, and how and where to enter a quarter section of land, for which he had come prepared, with two hundred dollars in gold sewed up in a leather belt, which he kept safely about his person. On his way to see cousin John, he crossed Lake Michigan in a schooner from "St. Jo." engaged in the lumber trade. His first advent into Chicago, is a day long to be remembered, by himself and all the Smith relatives. By reference to his memorandum, in which we find all entries of expenses for dinners,

fares, &c., we find that arriving at Chicago, he put up at the old Tremont, on the north-west corner of Dearborn and Lake streets, kept by Ira Couch, the prince of landlords in Chicago. Here for the little time he staid, he was vigorously beset by a gang of speculators, who were bent on making him a rich man. Very benevolent men they were, appointed we might suppose, like city missionaries, to initiate all young men into the right way of making a fortune, as the missionaries initiate them into the paths of righteousness. He could make his fortune, they said, one and all, by investing a few hundreds in lots fronting on Lake, or Randolph street. It would not be long, before they would sell for as many thousands as they asked hundreds. Far seeing chaps those speculators of 1835 and '36, were. It must be confessed he felt a little inclined to follow their advice, but his Yankee cautiousness held the reigns upon him, and he concluded to wait until he had seen cousin John. Perhaps he made a mistake in not investing, but everybody but the speculators then thought not. But future events have proved everybody in the wrong—and we think the speculators were taken in “over the right,” for once.

He left in the night, in one of John Frink's stages, on the *route* towards Ottawa, to say *road*, at that time, would be trenching on the veritableness of history. He paid his fare to the good Mr. Stowell, the stage agent, and while he looked into his face and saw his honest good nature standing out, he felt as if the light of Massachusetts had fallen upon him. The old coach had much of a home look about it; it seemed the very same thing, the red body and green stripes, that twice a week came down over the hill, rolling and pitching like a ship on the waves, down by the old homestead. He had seen nothing before that looked so home-like—and ten to one it was the same old coach, for when John Frink emigrated, he took along with him a regiment of old coaches, which had passed in every direction, the highways of Massachusetts.

Daylight sprang upon him, and revealed

to him the bright green of the prairies, twenty miles south-west of Chicago. It was the first sight he had ever had of that magnificent view. It was another event in his life. The fires of early spring had consumed all the old grass, and the first greens of the May growth, was beautiful beyond imagination—how intensely green!—and what a scene was opened there for the first time to his view!

Before the close of the day he found the home of his cousin,—and John and James Smith in the most cordial and fraternal sympathy met on the prairies of Illinois. John Smith lived in a neatly constructed cabin, made of hewn logs and quite tastefully erected, and situated in the edge of a grove. It would have been selected as one among a hundred others, as the house of a Yankee out west. He had surrounded his plain and unassuming home, with many comforts; and trees of his own planting were already casting their shadows about the place, although small in growth. He had also put out around his front yard many plants and flowers. John Smith's wife, the daughter of Squire Brown of Vermont, was a woman of taste and education. She had brought with her the seeds of all the flowers she used to love to cultivate in the yard of that little red house in the Vermont village, which some of us have seen. She had brought out the roots of a lilac, for she could not wait to have them grow from the seed, and her careful attention had saved it and multiplied it so that a cluster of them surrounded the log cabin, which were now in full bloom, and exhaled odors sweeter far for being the perfume of home and childhood, more delightful than the odors of myrrh and flowers of Araby.

Good fences enclosed his yards, his ample well cultivated garden, and extensive fields. John Smith had been some time in the state, and had gotten along pretty well. At a glance James Smith saw that John had made himself a good farm, which embraced a large domain, compared with the paternal acres in Yankee land. Thus with joy and hope triumphant, James was made welcome into the bosom of the fam-

ily, as a loved kinsman, recently from one of the homes of the numerous banches yet remaining at the East.

James put himself at once in conjunction with the new enthusiasm, which by down east folks is called the Western fever, when possessed by the people there. He could now realize somewhat, the length, breadth and depth of the newly promised land; and the destiny which was linked to it. John Smith's house, by the little grove, looking out south, upon a boundless expanse of prairie, groves at the right, and at the left; newly opened farms here and there—droves of cattle cropping the green grass, which was waving in the wind, like a sea of green—was a sort of "Mount Prospective," from which in his mind he looked out over the whole country. Day by day, and hour by hour, since he had left home, his heart had been growing larger and larger, and his head had kept pace with his heart. His compound person, which embraced, body, mind and spirit, seemed while there to have been compressed in bandages of narrow views, like the compresses upon the feet of the infant Chinese, which make them infants forever;—and now that they had been removed, he had rapidly expanded into the dimensions of a man. Just to the extent of the enlarged area of his vision or the proportion of expanse of prairie with field at home, so had he found an enlargement of his comprehension and the ideas which govern it. With an intuitive knowledge, for which he was never indebted to the school master, he could see something of the future; of population increasing, farms multiplying all over the range of his vision, and that vision extended hundreds of miles in every direction—towns growing up, great cities expanding, railroads and canals stretching over magnificent distances. By the short process of his reasoning, that God had made this a glorious country, and decreed that it should be farmed—he concluded that when it should be farmed, as all our wealth and prosperity is grown from the soil,—it must give support to a dense population, and mechanical and commercial employments commensurate to the great laws of demand

and supply. The summing up was, that the West was a great country. But a few days had passed after he had taken up his home with his friends, ere he worked out this problem. This he did while seated one calm afternoon, on cousin John's cosy piazza fronting South, and while John was cogitating on "stern chases," and cousin Sally's little Dickey and little Lizzie, were interrupting him with their sports, and in high glee at their acquaintance with their new cousin.

James had come out west to stop for a year or two, if he should be suited. John needed his help for the season, and glad was he to get a live Yankee to assist him, on his extensive farm. In a few weeks he found a "first rate chance" to enter a quarter section, with sufficient timber upon it for a good farm; and James' two hundred dollars were invested. Thus he stuck his first great stake, as a Yankee out west. For the season's work, John could well afford to give him a good round price, as he did. In the fall he went up to Chicago, to superintend the sale of wheat, and other bountiful crops of the farm; he took his wages and invested according to the former advice of a speculator, in a city lot in Chicago fronting on Lake street. Here he stuck his second great stake; and it was a great stake indeed, as it proved to him, by the amount of rent which at this time, he draws from it. He was willing he said to salt down one summer's wages in a city, with such a fair promise, upon its face.

We might be too tedious if we were to trace very minutely James Smith's course, after we have got him fairly out West. We have this lesson to enjoin: that Yankees at home are a class not made in vain. The system of education, both morally and intellectually, which they are made to pass through, though narrow and contracted, as some people say, like the narrow limits of their States, or their fields, or the compressed areas between their hills, is nevertheless the best system for success in the enlarged sphere of the West. Their industry and perseverance, essentially fits them for the field of operation required "out West," where a great harvest of success

can be gathered from effort well laid out. So therefore the enterprise required "down East" to get a living, to bring to a proper degree of subjugation, the rocks and hills, and to improve its water power, quarry its granite and marble, ship off to a sunny clime its annual crop of ice,—and make money out of every thing—gives energy and endowment of character, which must conquer on our fertile fields in every strife for success, as Napoleon's well drilled battalions ever conquered on the sunny plains of Italy. The Yankee out West, is an enlarged and improved edition of a specimen of the species man. While we see him trudging over his granite hills, he makes us think of a boy too large for his pants, or an uneasy walker in tight boots. But here he becomes the easy, self-possessed, comprehensive man, with pants and boots that fit him like a gentleman. He walks with ease, talks like a man who understands himself; and conscious of his power, carries energy on his countenance, and success in his fist. These are the men we have everywhere around us. They have projected our railroads, and their energy has made the life of the West. Their money, and the money of their fathers and brothers, they have left behind, who have earned it by the slow process of penny accretion, is nourishing our enterprise, and becomes the life blood of Western vitality.

From this stand-point—(such a stand-point, as our friend James Smith found on the south front piazza of cousin John's cabin, on that calm sunny afternoon;—from this stand-point, we repeat, we see now why the part of the world we call New England, was made—and after it was made, why it was put in that particular spot, so that the Puritans should first stumble upon it. Had there at first, been no East, rigid stern, honest, strict and putritanical—a land where industry is made a prime virtue, and accumulation is like unto it, because these were the higher laws growing out of the means of their subsistence; there would have been no West, fertile, expansive, progressive and liberal, where philanthropy is religion, and where industry and enterprise ripens into prosperity.

The Puritan character of 1600, could have found nurture on no other soil, ice and rocks being so near akin to it. The Puritan offspring of 1800, warmed into eternal life, by the lights of education, science in all its ranges, and the brighter meridian sun of Christianity, can flourish on any soil, because it carries a world's sympathy fluttering in its heart.

From this stand-point also we see, why our little knotty, rocky, shivering and sunny Yankee land, is the school house for the nation; and the value of those innumerable sums from Addition to Rule-of-three, —and Fractions not excluded,—which have been drilled into the brains of every little urchin; and why Webster's Spelling Books have sold by the million, and have filled the place in circulation next to the New Testament, which is the Yankee's judicious abridgment of Revelation. And we can see now the practical use of orthodoxy, as an institution for this world. We had supposed that this was a principle, which as a very distinguished politician said of the Bible, in contrast with the constitution, for Heaven not for earth. But looking through our object-glass from its Western end, we perceive that the creed of the New England believer, and the various trinities which have been insinuated of its worship, and the points of its profession and practice,—when all have been moulded into a unity of the believer's character, he is just the sort of a man which the age, which the place, which the occasion required. We have then a most natural inference, that the Yankee at home, is an excellent specimen of a man, and he fills his place well, aye, too well, for his place is too small for him. He is nestled there as a child in the cradle—his, the cradle of States and nations—and in time he walks out of it, as the child naturally learns to take steps. He is born to emigrate. And when he has departed to the home of his maturity, he carries with him his outfit of religion, morality, perseverance, cuteness and tact; and when transferred to the area of favorable circumstances, is enlarged to the altitude of the best specimen of a man.

The portrait of such a man we have drawn

in the greenness of his youth, and the stiffness of his native hills—and this is JAMES SMITH; and his second self is seen in thousands of living portraits, which are not walking skeletons, nor men without hearts or brains; and their number is legion, seen all over the Six States, represented in one man, and he the YANKEE OUT WEST.

THE SALT LAKE VALLEY AND ITS PEOPLE.*

A CONCLUSION.

"Visa est enim mihi res digna consultatione maxime propter periclitantium numerum. Multi enim, omnis aetatis, omnis ordinis utriusque sexus etiam vocantur in periculum et vocabuntur."

C. Plini Secundi Epistula xvi.

HAVING reviewed the country and history of the Mormons, we come now to the consideration of their Institutions, Religious, Political and Social. The subject though more abused, is not uninteresting. The vagaries of Religion—of human thought generally—if often painful to the philanthropist, are ever curious to the philosopher.

As regards their Theology, it is of the strangest and most inconsistent kind.—"Mormonism," says Lieutenant Gunnison, who specially studied Mormon Theology, "is an elective religious philosophy, drawn from Brahmin mysticism in the dependence of God: the Platonic and Gnostic

notion of Eous, or a moving principle in element: Mahomedan sensualism, and the fanaticism of the sects of the early church; and there is the good and evil of Ahrimianism, with the convenient idea of the transmigration of souls, from the Persian." In addition, as he goes on to state, it partakes of many of the *isms* of our own day.

God is supposed to be a man perfected with "the person, image and very form of a man." There is a strange hymn to this effect, beginning:

"The God that others worshipis not the God for me; He has no parts, nor body, and can not hear or see."

More than this, there is supposed to be an ancestry of Gods; and farther, that by perfecting themselves, men may become Gods, "and attain to the power of forming a planet, peopling and redeeming it," and reigning over it for ever.

Man is supposed to be a spirit, begotten by the Father, in an earthly "tabernacle" of flesh. Spirit and body are reckoned alike material, but the former is more refined and elementary, permeating and vivifying the latter. The spirit is supposed to have its choice, whether or not to enter a "tabernacle." By so doing, it ignores its past existence, but has the opportunity of rising to a much superior state. In case of its failing to make good use of its opportunities, it is assigned at death to a lower tabernacle, and this process is continued until it is properly subdued. The first degree of disgrace, is the habitation of an Indian tabernacle. The second, of a Negro, and the third, of the brutes.

As regards the relation between God and Man, and the duties and effects resulting therefrom, they hold the following doctrines, as set forth in "Short account of the Faith and Doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter Day Saints," which is a "standing advertisement" on the fourth page of the "The Mormon," and which follows in full:

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost, who bears record of them for ever.

"We believe that all mankind, through the transgression of our first parents, were brought under the curse and penalty of

*In addition to works previously mentioned:

- 1 The Book of Mormon. Third European edition, Liverpool, 1852.
- 2 The Book of Doctrines and Covenants, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; Third European edition, Liverpool, 1852.
- 3 A series of Pamphlets by Orson Pratt, Liverpool, 1851.
- 4 Journal of Discourses by Brigham Young, president of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints; his two Counsellors; the Twelve Apostles and others. 2 vols, Liverpool, 1854.
- 5 The Government of God, by John Taylor, and of the Twelve Apostles, Liverpool, 1852.
- 6 The Pearl of Great Price, Liverpool, 1851.
- 7 Defence of Polygamy by a Lady of Utah.
- 8 Evidences in proof of the Book of Mormon, &c., by Charles Thompson, Batavia, N. Y. 1841.
- 9 Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the church of Jesus Christ, &c. Eleventh edition, Liverpool, 1856.
- 10 Edinburgh Review, April 1854.
- 11 Putnam's Magazine, March 1855.
- 12 United States Magazine, Sept. 1856.

transgression; but that through the sufferings, death, and atonement of Jesus Christ, all are to be redeemed from any effects of original transgression; that as they were placed under a penalty without any act of their own, so they were delivered from it precisely on the same terms. 'For as by the offence of one judgment came upon ALL men to condemnation; even so, by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon ALL men unto the justification of life.' Rom. v. 18.

"We believe that little children are innocent, and not under transgression; that they are incapable of obeying any law, not believing good or evil; and Jesus says 'of such are the kingdom of heaven;' but, then when they arrive at years of maturity, and know good from evil, and are capable of obeying a law: if they then transgress, they will be condemned for breaking a known law.

"We believe that no man will be condemned for not obeying a law that he does not know; and that consequently millions of the human family who have never had the gospel, are better off than those who have had that privilege, and disobeyed it. That mankind will be judged according to what they have, and not according to that they have not done, 'according to the deeds done in the body.'

"We believe that faith in God, and in the sufferings, death and atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in his resurrection and ascension on high, and in the Holy Ghost, which is given to all who obey the gospel, and is one of the first conditions.

"That the next is to *repent* of—to confess, and to turn away from their sins, and make restitution to all whom they have injured, as far as it is in their power.

"That the third is to be baptized by immersion in water, in the name of the Father Son, and Holy Ghost, '*for the remission of sins.*' And that this ordinance must be performed by one having authority, or otherwise it is of no avail.

"The fourth is, to receive the laying on of hands, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the gift of the Holy Ghost. And this or-

dinance must also be administered by the Apostles, or Elders, whom the Lord Jesus has called to lay on hands; nor then is it of any advantage except to those persons who have complied with the afore-named three conditions.

"We believe that the Holy Ghost is the same now, as it was in the apostolic days formerly; and that when a church is organized, it is their privilege to have all the gifts, powers and blessings which flow from the Holy Spirit.

"Such, for instance, as the gifts of revelation, prophecy, visions, the ministry of angels, healing the sick by the laying on of hands in the name of Jesus, the working of miracles, and in short, all the gifts as mentioned in Scripture, or as enjoyed by the ancient saints.' We believe that inspired apostles and prophets, together with all the officers as mentioned in the New Testament, are necessary to be in the Church in these days.

"We believe that there has been a general and awful apostacy from the religion of the New Testament, so that all the known world have been left for centuries with the Church of Christ among them; without a priesthood authorized of God to administer ordinances; that every one of the churches have perverted the gospel; some in one way and some in another. For instance, almost every church has done away '*immersion for the remission of sins*'; Those few who have practiced it '*for remission of sins*', have done away the ordinance of the '*laying on of hands*' upon baptized believers for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Again the few who have practiced the last ordinance have perverted the first, or have done away the ancient gifts, powers and blessings which flow from the Holy Spirit, or have said to inspired apostles and prophets, 'we have no need of you in the body in these days'. Those few, again, who have believed in and contended for the miraculous gifts and powers of the Holy Spirit, have perverted the ordinances, or done them away. Thus, all the churches preach false doctrines and pervert the gospel, and instead of having authority from God to administer its or-

dinances, they are under the curse of God for perverting it. Paul says, Gal. i. 8, 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.'

"We believe that there are a few sincere, honest and humble persons who are striving to do according to the best of their understanding; but in many respects, they err in doctrine because of false teachers and the precepts of men, and that they will receive the fullness of the gospel with gladness as soon as they hear it.'

"We believe in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and in living and continued revelation; but we also believe that no new revelation will contradict the old.

"The gospel in the 'Book of Mormon' is the same as that in the New Testament, and is revealed in great plainness, so that no one that reads it can misunderstand its principles. It has been revealed by the angel, to be preached as a witness to all nations, first to the Gentiles, and then to the Jews, then cometh the down fall of Babylon. Thus fulfilling the vision of John, which he beheld on the Isle of Patmos, Rev. xiv. 6, 7, 8, 'And I saw,' says John, 'another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying, with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven and earth and the sea, and the fountains of waters. And there followed another angel saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.'

"Many revelations and prophecies have been given to this church since its rise, which have been printed and sent forth to the world. These also contain the gospel in great plainness, and instructions of infinite importance to the Saints.—They also unfold the great events that await this generation; the terrible judgments to be poured forth upon the wicked, and the blessings and glories to be given

to the righteous. We believe that God will continue to give revelations by visions, by the ministry of angels, and by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, until the saints are guided into all truth.

"We believe that wherever the people enjoy the religion of the New Testament, there they enjoy visions, revelations the ministry of angels, &c. And that wherever these blessings cease to be enjoyed, there they also cease to enjoy the religion of the New Testament.

"We believe that God has raised up this church, in order to prepare a people for his second coming in the clouds of heaven, in power, and great glory; and that then the saints who are asleep in their graves will be raised, and reign with him on earth a thousand years."

"We believe that great judgments await the nations of the earth, on account of their wickedness, and that when the gospel shall have been sufficiently proclaimed, if they reject it they will be overthrown and destroyed; that plagues, pestilence and famine will be multiplied upon them; that thrones will be cast down, empires overthrown, and nations destroyed; that when the Spirit of God ceases to restrain the people, the world will be full of blood, carnage and desolation; that peace will be taken from the earth, and from among all people, religious and irreligious. It shall be as with the people, so with the priest. &c., Isa.

"We believe that the Lord will gather his people from among all nations, unto a land of peace, and give them pastors after his own heart, who shall feed them with knowledge and understanding, and they shall be the only people upon the earth that shall not be at war with one another.

"We believe that the ten tribes of Israel, with the dispersed of Judah, shall soon be restored to their own lands, according to the covenants which God made with their ancient fathers, and that when this great work of restitution shall take place, the power of God shall be made manifest in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds far exceeding anything tha

took place in their exodus from Egypt.—Jerusalem will be rebuilt, together with a glorious temple, and the Lord shall visit them also, as well as his saints in Zion.—In that day, the name of the Lord shall become great unto the ends of the earth, and all nations shall serve and obey him, for the wicked shall have perished out of the earth.

“We believe in all principles of truth that have been revealed; in all that is now being revealed, and are now prepared to receive all that God will reveal.

“We believe that the gospel now being preached by the Latter Day Saints is to call the honest in heart out of Babylon, that they partake not of her sins, nor receive of her plagues.

“We believe in morality, chastity, purity, and honesty; and wish to promote the happiness of our fellow men.”

My object being to set forth the Mormon's creed rather than their reasons, good and bad, for holding to it, I shall enter here into no discussion of its absurdity and incongruity. An examination will show many reasonable doctrines held by others, and many fanatical and unreasonable peculiar to themselves. Among these latter we may place the Dependence and Finiteness of the Deity: the Materiality of the Soul, Perpetual Inspiration, Prophecy and Gift of Tongues, and various strange notions derived from a literal understanding of Scripture.

The church Government consists of a Presidency of three persons (corresponding to the Trinity in Heaven), of a travelling High Apostolic College of twelve apostles; of high priests, priests, elders, bishops, teachers, deacons and missionaries. A High Council to advise with the Presidency, is chosen from the High Priests. These fathers of the Church receive tithes of all property coming into the community, and a tenth of all time and income ever after. A comfortable ten per cent. on property *not* their own!

Their Political Institutions are Republican forms filled with a theocratic energy. They go through nearly all the details of democratic government, but the heads of

the church guide every movement. Occasionally, a Delegate may be started to Congress before the people have elected him; but such slips of prudence do not often occur.

But their social Institution of Polygamy has drawn greater attention to the Mormons than any other fact of their history. Polygamy, the worst feature of the worst of Oriental despotism, in its effect upon individual or social progress, could not raise its front in our young American republic without exciting strong feelings of wonder, abhorrence and alarm. It had its origin, probably, in the licentiousness of the leaders of the church. It received the divine sanction by revelation, and is made a religious desideratum to woman by the declaration that she cannot be saved, unless the wife of one of the “Saints.” It is defended, as certain Southern divines have defended slavery, by an appeal to patriarchal practice, and also by reference to the excess of men over women in Great Britain. It guarantees every woman who applies, a husband, and punishes any contumacious “intended” who cannot give reasons for refusing a wife. It is, if we may believe credible eye witnesses, subverting society in Utah. Woman is there degraded and faithless; man sensual and tyrannical; childhood precocious and prurient. No home is safe from wanton desire; no public resort but is liable to such scenes as no modest woman can endure.

It might be wondered at—is wondered at—that such a people, with such a faith, should increase so rapidly. The answer is not difficult. To begin with, many of our own country, and more yet of England, are fearfully ignorant. Old faiths, too, have lost much of their vitality, keeping not “close to the great beating heart of humanity.” To such men, too ignorant to detect imposture, yet eager for light, the advent of a sect claiming immediate revelation from Jehovah, and preaching the terrors of an imminent judgment day, was irresistible. Add to this, that the needy laboring man of the old world is promised peace and plenty in the new, and the sensualist is not

bidden to await the Houris of another world, and the reader will readily see that there is sufficient to account for the great, though exaggerated emigration to Utah.

Here they are gathered, a numerous people, composed of numerous ignorant or weak-minded followers, and of a few cunning leaders. The persecutions they have undergone have the more completely isolated them and given their leaders greater power. Here holding supreme power, if rumor is true, they transgress justice, and put out of the way such as are in it, with a savage obedience to their masters. Despised, and if women, degraded elsewhere, here at least they find sympathy and friends.

Thence, as has been before mentioned, they have sent out missionaries to every part of the globe, who, by word and pen, advocate their doctrine with a boldness that in itself often convinces the credulous. They have translated their books into many languages, and written many new in excessively bad style. Of these curiosities of literature, most notable are the Hymns, a few specimens of which may not be unacceptable to the reader. Here is one of the best—a farewell hymn sung on the emigrant ships:

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well!
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee
Far in distant lands to dwell?

* * * * *

"In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in distant lands to dwell!

"Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell!
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!"

This, however, is adopted from a missionary hymn, as the reader will find by consulting the Plymouth Collection.

Here is something decidedly more original:

An angel came down from the mansions of glory,
And told that a record was hid in Cumorah,
Containing the fulness of Jesus' gospel,
And also the covenant to gather his people.

O Israel! O Israel! in all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord when you hear these glad tidings.

A heavenly treasure, a book full of merit,
It speaks from the dust by the power of the Spirit;
A voice from the Saviour that Saints can rely on,
To watch for the day when he brings again Zion.

O Israel, &c.

* * * * *

The following extract in laudation of "the martyred Joseph," appears to go to the tune of "The sea, the sea, the open sea:"

"The seer, the seer, Joseph the seer,—
I'll sing of the Prophet ever dear:
His equal now cannot be found,
By searching the wide world around.
With Gods he soared in the realms of day,
And men he taught the heavenly way.
The earthly seer! the heavenly seer!
I love to dwell on his memory dear;
The chosen of God, and the friend of man,
He brought the priesthood back again;
He gazed on the past, on the present too,
And opened the heavenly world to view.

The following, in its delineation of temporal benefits to be gained by taking up the Mormon cross, discloses no insignificant motor of European Latter Day Saint emigration:

The Upper California, O! that's the land for me,
It lies between the mountains and great Pacific sea;
The Saints can be supported there,
And taste the sweets of liberty.

The Upper California, O! that's the land for me,
O that's, &c.

We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go there and be free,

We'll go to California and have our jubilee,
A land that blooms with endless spring,
A land of life and liberty,
With flocks and herds abounding—

O, that's the land for me, O that's, &c.

* * * * *

I come now to the practical question of the admission of Utah, or Deseret, to the Union of the American States; or to go back of that, of the agreement of their institutions with our own. The matter is well opened by Dr. LIEBER, in his "Civil Liberty." "As to that unhappy and most remarkable sect, called the Mormons, who have sprung up and consolidated themselves within our country, and who doubt-

less may become troublesome when sufficiently numerous to call on us for admission into the Union, I take it that the political trouble they may give cannot arise from religious grounds. Whether they have fallen back into Buddhism, making their god a perfectable being with parts and local dwelling, cannot become a direct political question, however it may affect society in all its parts. The patent question which will offer great difficulty, will be, whether a Mormon State, with its theodemocratic government, as they term it, can be called a republic in the sense in which our constitution guarantees it to every member of the Union. It will then, probably for the first time in history, become necessary legally to define what a republic is. The other difficulty will arise out of the question, which every honest man will put to himself, can we admit as a State a society of men who deny the very first principle, not of our common law, not of Christian politics, not of modern progress, but of our whole western civilization, as contradistinguished to Oriental life—of that whole civilization in which we have our being, and which is the precious joint product of Christianity and antiquity—who deny monogomy."

The territorial policy inaugurated by Mr. FILLMORE, and I believe commended by the more prudent, was to permit the Mormons to carry out their own ideas into practice in their secluded valley, and stand or fall by them. It was felt, and with truth, that previous persecution had but strengthened their hands, driving out the base and drawing in the pure; and an attempt was now made to carry out the policy of GAMALIEL, the Pharisee. This policy, although somewhat imperfectly maintained, has been since pursued by our Government. BRIGHAM YOUNG has been Governor, and all, or nearly all of the territorial offices have been filled by the Saints. Nor, if we can credit our informants, has this long leisure for reflection been without its good effects upon the minds of many. The GLADDEN, and other dissenters have sprung up; and license disgust and abhorrence among the less depraved, working its own sweet will, has excited.

The question of the admission of Utah as a State is, however the more important. To the Pseudo-Democracy the problem is of easy solution. These claim, or have claimed:

The Right of a Territory to admission as a State.

The Right of a State to regulate its domestic institutions.

That Slavery is not inconsistent with a republican form of government.

Utah, therefore, whose theo-democracy is certainly republican, if slave-democracy is so, (since the former is only another form of demagoguism while the latter is a virtual aristocracy), having the inviolable right to have her way, will, if Democrats be consistent, become one of the States. The Republicans, on the other hand, having declared themselves equally against Slavery and polygamy, say:

The Territories *may* be admitted.

That every Territory applying for admission must have a republican form of government.

They deny the obligation to admit every State, and reserve the privilege of defining a republic, in accordance with Dr. LIEBER's suggestion: either of which doctrines can preclude the admission of Utah and remand it to its present state of probation, which appears to be generally deemed the best.

This question our next Congress will probably have an opportunity to discuss. A Democratic President, Senate and House, will offer as warm a reception to the new constitution as it seems probable it will ever receive, though they will probably not accept it. Yet Mormon sympathy is given to Democratic triumphs, however little desired, and the support of another State in defence of the peculiar institution will be sadly needed. Who knows what the end may be? "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows."

[The author of the above articles deprecates the displeasure of the public toward the printer who made him declare, on page 145 of last number, that SIDNEY RIGDON was in Pennsylvania "doing washing."—That eminent ex-Mormon, has not yet met the ignoble end of Mr. MANTALINI. He is "doing nothing."]

THE BUCHANANS OF BUCHANAN'S STATION.

WILL the readers of "The Chicago Magazine, The West as it is," not be interested in learning, even from an old woman, some incidents connected with the history of the West as it was, three quarters of a century ago? So I asked myself—asseated in my cosey corner, surrounded with all the appliances of comfort needed in this inhospitable climate. I had read the first number of this Periodical.

My story however, will not be one of the West, strictly speaking, especially as our West is now considered, bordering the Pacific; but of the South. Here let me premise, I am very anxious that the reader entertain a good opinion of me. If therefore, gentle reader, you are tempted to imagine that it is the garrulity of old age, which induces a woman of three score and ten to write; pray banish the thought as unjust—and remembering the pleasure you have received from hearing an "Indian Story" from the lips of your mother or grand mother, kindly believe me to be actuated by the most benevolent intentions in now writing—the many times told tale.

My grandparents, John and Janet Buchanan, emigrated from Pennsylvania to South Carolina at the commencement of the fierce conflict between the Whigs and Tories. To illustrate the savage nature of the struggle, I will relate but one of the many atrocities which occurred in Carolina, where, in those early times, the Tories were numerous. A young woman of more than ordinary personal attractions, named Winnie Scott, was betrothed to John Hepburn, a zealous Whig. Early one morning, a noted Tory by the name of Bill Cunningham, accosted Miss Scott, by hallooing at her father's door, that John Hepburn had gone where all traitors would go—to hell, as he had just had the pleasure of putting a bullet through his head.

It was impossible for my grandfather, who warmly espoused the cause of the Whigs, to remain with any safety or comfort in Carolina. Happily at this time,

accounts of a most delightful region began to reach their ears. Already had Daniel Boone penetrated the Indian "Dark and Bloody Ground," Kentucky; and rumors of fertility, which seemed to Carolinians as almost fabulous, soon led many of them to seek in that new country, a refuge from Tory oppression, a yoke more galling to them, than even the fear of Indian barbarities.

A journey on horseback from Carolina to Kentucky, in those early days, was a most Hereulean task, involving the same fatigue and suffering, that the overland journey nowdoes from Missouri to California or Oregon.

It was impracticable in the state of the roads to cross the mountains with wagons. Every thing that was brought, had to be packed on horseback. A steady old horse laden with pots and kettles, missed his footing, and rolled from the top to the bottom of the mountain. The pots were broken, but the horse was not seriously hurt. He was always afterwards called, "Jinglety Bang."

The privations endured by our ancestors, however, after reaching their destined home were much more severe, than those endured by emigrants to the Prairie West. In the latter case, the Hudson's Bay Co., and Missionary establishments, had already provided beef cattle and wheat in abundance. Such was not the case with the first settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee. The gun of the skillful hunter, generally provided his board with game; but bread even of the coarsest kind, was a luxury in the first year of a settlement. It was impossible to convey to their new homes, more than was absolutely necessary.—Corn for seed must be secured; but few had a sufficiency for bread, until the ground was cleared and the first crop raised. I remember to have heard my father say, he never could forget the delightful flavor of a sandwich of corn bread and bacon, given him when he was a lad, by a newly arrived emigrant, his breakfast, dinner and supper having been for the last six weeks confined to the one article of boiled flaxseed.—The whole settlement was a year without,

bread, excepting at one time, which was on the joyful occasion of the Captain's wedding.

I only profess to relate a few historical incidents connected with my own family.—The history of many other families, might be more varied with hair-breadth'scapes, or horrid massacres, but though I have heard many of these, I do not so clearly remember them.

In the year 1780, my grandfather migrated from Kentucky to middle Tennessee, and chose French Lick, since known as Nashville, as the place of his residence.—Full half a century has rolled by, since I bade farewell to this beautiful region, but its natural scenery is all daguerreotyped on my mental vision. The picturesque banks of the Cumberland and of Stone's river; the green closely matted cane brakes; this was all very beautiful, while as yet unchanged by human industry. It was so when the wide cabin, the corn field and cotton field, showed where manly courage and enterprize had found a home. It is doubtless still more so, now that fifty years have added the luxuries and refinements of more highly civilized society. But it is not because of its beauty that my heart turns to it as the land most interesting to me of any other. There was the home of loved ones, and there are the graves of my fathers. It matters not, though many of my reminiscences are sad ones; they, equally with those which are otherwise, endear the place of their occurrence.

The home of my grandfather Buchanan, though made sunshiny by the bright loving faces of three sons and two daughters, was not, of course, a secure and permanent one; his cabin resembling the tent of the wandering Bedouin, in having to be frequently deserted.

At the horrid cry of "Indians," far more terrible than that of "fire," the fear-stricken inhabitants, if unable to defend themselves—hastily *cached* whatever of value they could not convey away, and unroofing their cabin escaped to some place of greater safety. It was at the home at French Lick that my uncle, Alexander Buchanan, Leiper, and four others, fell by the hand

of the Indians. The place was at that time commanded by Capt. Robinson.—Fearing an attack, he selected these men to reconnoiter. The Indians, who had collected in force on the steep banks of the Cumberland, in ambush, lying flat on their faces, quietly awaited the approach of the men from the fort. When these were sufficiently near, the Indians rose with a shout of defiance, and immediately surrounding them attempted to cut off their retreat, cried; "Fly for your lives." "Stand and fight." In the confusion there was some delay, which proved fatal to the six I have mentioned. The bodies of these brave men still lie undisturbed in the grave, then so hurriedly made by the road side, now one of the streets of Nashville. Four miles South East from French Lick, on Mill creek, my grandfather next removed, and commenced "Buchanan's Station." It was fortified in the usual manner by palisades, with block houses at the corners of the enclosure. Soon, even in these troublous times, the hand of persevering industry relieved their most pressing necessities; a mill was erected on Mill creek, and fields were cultivated in the immediate vicinity. There was always risk from attacks by the Indians on persons who were working outside the fort, so that it was necessary to have one stationed as a guard, while others were plowing. My uncle Samuel Buchanan, with several others, went to plow in a field across Mill creek early one morning. They were in jubilant spirits; my mother, who had been nearly prostrated with grief at the death of her elder brother, looked after them and said: "Look at my brother Samuel, how perfectly beautiful! his clear, soft blue eyes, so expressive, his features so finely moulded, his every movement so graceful. He is a noble brother to be proud of." In a few hours she saw that noble brother brought home on the shoulder of one of his fellow laborers, a mangled corpse.

A number of Indians had concealed themselves behind the brush fence with which the field was surrounded. The guard did not discover them till they arose, when he cried: "Indians." They all ran

and escaped to the fort in safety, except Sam. Buchanan, who in jumping down the bank of Mill creek, hit his knee against a rock, which threw him down, and so much delayed him, that an Indian wounded him mortally with a tomahawk.

"He sweetly sleeps uncoffined in his grave.

What boots it, he was beautiful and brave."

The sojourners at Ft. Buchanan were never permitted to remain long unmolested by the Indians, depredations being continually made on their property. Stacks of corn and hay were often destroyed. A Frenchman by the name of DeRat, who had long lived with the Indians, became enamoured of a woman in the station and frequently visited there. He informed the woman, that on a certain night, at midnight, the Fort would be attacked by a large body of Indians. Preparations therefore for defense were immediately commenced, the gate and palisades repaired and strengthened. Guards were set at night. A whole week had elapsed since the night the attack was to have been made, and every one was beginning to feel easy again, thinking the Frenchman meant to frighten them. John McRory—an Irishman, was paying his addresses to a young widow in whose company he sat till after midnight. While going home, the moon shining brightly, he saw fifteen Indians coming up abreast to the gate. He immediately fired his gun to give the alarm. When the Indians knew they had been discovered they remained stationary till the main body, consisting of seven hundred men, came up. In the Fort there were but twenty-five men.

I was at that time but four or five years of age, but remember it as well as if it were but yesterday, my being awaked by my mother, and taken from the house in which we lived, to one of greater security. The moon shone so brightly, I thought it was daylight. A woman came to my mother wringing her hands, and saying, "Oh! Mrs. Todd, we shall all be killed." "No," answered my mother, "none of us will be killed." How those words comforted my childish heart.

My uncle John Buchanan the commander, was a man of excellent sense and great energy. My aunt Nancy Mulherron sister

of John Buchanan, moulded bullets for the guns till the engagement was over. There were many more guns than there were men to use them; so that it was necessary for the women to do any thing in their power. There was a half witted fellow named Billy O'Broad, who could not load a gun, but could shoot it off when loaded. It was his great delight to fire off a large blunderbuss, the only large gun in the Fort. Fifteen balls were put in it, and Billy was told to fire it. "Arrah Captain" said he "I gied it to 'em." In the noise and confusion no one knew whether it was really fired or not. It was again loaded, but next time every body knew when the big gun went off, with its double load. The Indians imagined the whites had cannon, and by the kick of the gun was poor Billy O'Broad knocked flat on his back.

An Indian had, unobserved, crept up to the palisades, and was trying to set the fort on fire. He was discovered and shot at several times; but so much were their fears excited by the imminent and terrible danger from fire, that it was often imagined during the engagement that the Indian was heard blowing the fire again. Next morning the poor creature was found literally riddled with bullets.

During the engagement my mother once looked out of one of the port holes. While so engaged, a friend of hers, a Scotchman by the name of Turnbull, said: "Jennie, let me look out, what good can a woman do?" So she drew away her face, and before his own was fairly in the hole, a bullet passed through, knocking the dirt into their faces.

The largest, as well as the most pretentious looking building in the station, was the smoke house, built like the other edifices, of hewed logs, but having, unlike the rest, a pyramidic roof, surmounted by a lofty spire of wood. Into this house, as the place of greatest safety, hied the timid Mrs. Bryant, where, wrapped in a feather bed, she spent that night of terrors. It was afterwards ascertained that the Indians supposed this smoke house to be the arsenal, which was the reason they directed their fire so perseveringly to poor Mrs. Bryant's place of refuge. The bullet holes

were to be seen in the door of the smoke house, many years after every other house in the Fort had been destroyed. The firing continued on both sides till daylight, when the Indians retreated, driving off a great many cattle, and burning the mill. It could not be ascertained how many Indians fell in the battle, as they always carry off their dead with them in their retreat, when it is possible. There are few instances on record where a fortification so slight, and frail as Buchanan's Station, has been defended so long, against such fearful odds. At Nashville, where the firing was heard in the night, but little hope was entertained that any belonging to the station would escape. Great was the joy therefore, of the gentlemen who rode from that place early next morning, to learn the fate of their friends, to find that not so much as one had been even wounded.

Though this battle was very decisive in its results, yet were the whites still, for some time longer, subject to constant annoyances from the Indians.

My uncle, JOHN BUCHANAN, had, after this, a narrow escape; having been surprised, while he was out hunting, by a party of Indians. He ran to the Fort, but was so hotly pursued that the Indians were but a few steps behind him when he reached the gate; as it was shut, he ran to a pig pen close by, and dodging round the corners of this, he escaped every shot. Before they could re-load, the gate was opened and he ran in.

The gate of the Fort was generally left open after breakfast, while the men were laboring in the fields outside, attacks from the Indians being rarely apprehended in daylight. My grandfather, being an old man, seldom left the Fort. He, doubtless, now hoped that the bitterness of death was past, and that the two of his three sons, who had been cut-off in the prime of life, were all that would be required of his family as victims to Indian barbarity. He was, however, to meet the last enemy—as his sons had done. In an unguarded hour, all the men capable of working being then outside the Fort, a party of Indians broke into it and shot my grandfather in his own door. My

grandmother, in answer to prayer, as we verily believe, was spared. She saw her husband fall. Raising her hands, as she saw the Indian point the gun to shoot her, she exclaimed: "Lord preserve me." The Indian immediately lowered his gun, and saying something in the Indian language, left her unmolested.

The whites, who had acted at first altogether on the defensive, now began to carry the war into the enemy's country.

After the battle of Nicke-jack, full accounts of which have lately been published, the Indians were so thoroughly broken, in that part of the country, as to give the whites little more trouble. Though the Indians suffered so severely, the whites returned from that battle nearly unscathed. One man was killed in a somewhat singular way. At night, while the men were bivouacked, before reaching the scene of battle, the alarm of "Indians!" was given. One man being terribly frightened, climbed up a tree, where, falling asleep, he fell down and was killed. Only one other lost his life in this important battle. In the words of a doggerel ballad, very popular at the time—

"Not one was killed upon the ground.
But Joshua Thomas got a wound;
He did not die upon the field,
But did at home his spirit yield."

I only remember one other verse of this song, in which is described their manner of crossing the river:

"The boats to cross the river wide,
We made of tough old bullocks' hide,
A splendid plan you may rely,
It took our guns all over dry."

Both my grandmother and mother died peacefully at home, after all fears of the Indians had passed away; he former at the advanced age of seventy-seven. My recollections of her are of the most pleasant kind. She was a woman overflowing with kindness to every human being. I remember, when a little girl, of walking with her when, though feeble, she would stoop to pick up a stone or a stick in the road: "It might cause somebody's horse to stumble," she would say.

My mother, who in her youth had been accustomed to live in a good comfortable

house, had been anxious to have one better than a cabin, but was called away by death before the new house was finished, and while I was still a little child. I can now recall, with great vividness, the whole scene; particularly my father, standing at the head of the coffin on which drops of rain were leaking from the roof. "Poor Jennie," said he, "you were anxious for a house, now you have a good one." I then thought, in my childishness, he meant the coffin; not thinking of those mansions of eternal rest to which I now know he referred.

After my mother's death, I lived with my uncle, JAMES BUCHANAN, until my father removed to the State of Ohio, in 1806. Few incidents in my own history can interest any one, except those which relate to Indian warfare, which were all in the earlier part of my life. I may mention that I was at my uncle Mulhaddon's, at breakfast, when Gen. JACKSON and AARON BURR were present. BURR was at that time concocting his ambitious schemes for a Southern Confederacy or Monarchy, but his treason was not at that time suspected. I know I thought him a very polished and affable gentleman.

In 1806, when my father went to the neighborhood of Cincinnati, Ohio, it was not so large a place as Lexington, Kentucky.

In "Old Town," Green Co., Ohio, and in Bellbrook—both near the Little Miami—I saw bullet marks on many trees, and knew, from the description my uncle ALEX. BUCHANAN had given, that those were the two places where he, with a small party from Tennessee, had had a skirmish with the Indians twenty-six years before.

I am now an old woman, but age cannot wear out some things. I can never forget the horrors of the Indian war-whoop. How my heart thrilled with the old feeling, in the past year—not on my own account—but for my children and grand-children in Oregon. In concluding I will state, that my first great grand-son was born in Oregon the day the volunteers from the Wallamet valley started to rescue their country from threatened destruction.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THEIR HISTORY.

Of the condition of the people of the Sandwich Islands when discovered little need be said but that it was as low as can well be conceived. They lived in huts thatched with grass, ill adapted to keep out the rain; their scanty clothing was made from the bark of the paper mulberry, and their food consisted of fish, and "poi," a paste made of the taro root. They were crushed by the most terrible civil and religious despotism that ever existed. They were serfs bound to the soil, conveyed with it from one chief to another, and absolutely possessed of no rights whatever. They were burdened with taxes for a series of land-holders, from the petty "hakuaina" to the king, each of whom held his land in fief from a superior, and collected taxes not only for himself but for his suzerain.

It will give some idea of the immense gulf between chiefs and common people to review some of their "tabus," or prohibitions.

If the shadow of a common man fell on a chief it was *death*; if he stood on those occasions when he should prostrate himself, e. g. when the king's mantle was carried past, or at the mention of the king's name in song, it was death; or if he put on a garment belonging to a chief, it was death. There was a perfect alliance between the chiefs and priests, and whoever displeased the former was sure of being selected by the latter as victims for their bloody worship. I have been told by eye-witnesses that just before the consecration of a new heiau or temple, whole villages have fled to the mountains from fear of being taken and sacrificed on the occasion. Their religious "tabus" were as sanguinary as those we have mentioned. For instance, if a native was found in his canoe on a tabu day, he suffered death; if a woman ventured to eat pork, cocoa-nuts or bananas, she died; and if a man ate in the same cabin with his wife, they both suffered death. For these statements, incredible as they seem, there is abundance of the best authority, viz: the unanimous testimony of intelligent natives. They describe a state of things very

different from the Paradisiacal innocence and happiness ascribed to the aborigines by Hermann Melville & Co. Infanticide was very common, the sentiment of purity unknown, while drunkenness, gambling and theft were universal.

To judge from their traditions, cannibalism must have existed in ancient times, but gradually decreased, till at the time of Cook's discovery hardly a vestige remained. There are many stories yet told of robber chiefs who infested mountain passes and the recesses of forests, from which they sallied forth and preyed on defenceless travellers. The natives seem to have regarded them very much like the ghouls of Eastern tales, and the warriors who dared "beard these lions in their dens," were immortalized in songs and romantic tales, like Prince Arthur or St. George of Mediaeval Romance.

One of these cannibal chiefs, named "Taro-ai-kanaka," or "Taro, the man-eater," lived in Warmia, on the Island of Oahu, a narrow valley in shape like a horse-shoe, surrounded by steep mountains, and well fitted to be the strong-hold of a desperate marauder. Here the natives point out a large flat stone, as "Taro's meat-platter," on which he used to carve at his cannibal feasts. At length the brother of one whom he had entrapped and killed, vowed revenge, and sailed for Kauai, where he spent a year in perfecting himself in the sciences of boxing, wrestling and single stick. On his return he repaired at once to a certain narrow pass which he knew to be the favorite lurking place of the man-eater. He had need of all his "science" in the contest that followed. After a long and desperate struggle he succeeded in hurling Taro over a precipice, thus ending the career of the last Hawaiian Cannibal.

It is possible that these cannibals belonged to a different and more ancient race, perhaps the same as that which peopled the Feejee Islands, and that it is owing to an amalgamation with this inferior race that the Hawaiians are so much darker in complexion than the Marquesans and Tahitians. At this day nothing will enrage a native sooner than to intimate that his an-

cestors were cannibals, or in particular that they ate Capt. Cook.

Capt. Cook, like Columbus, was a re-discoverer, America having been visited by the Northmen in the eleventh century, and the Sandwich Islands by Spanish ships in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This is shown by the fact that groups are laid down on old Spanish charts within a few degrees of the Islands, by the fact that they lie directly in the track of the Spanish galleons between Manila and the Mexican coast, and lastly by numerous traditions. Enough can be gathered from the latter source to justify us in saying that centuries ago vessels visited or were wrecked on these Islands, and that parties landed from these vessels and left offspring, whose descendants were known by their lighter complexion, and are proud of their origin.

The Sandwich Islands were first seen by Captain Cook on the 19th of January, 1778. The ships and their crews created the greatest excitement, fear, and wonder. As the Mexicans on the arrival of the Spaniards were awaiting the return of a benevolent deity, so the Hawaiians for many generations had been expecting Lono, an ancient and beloved king, to be restored to them with the attributes of divinity. When Capt. Cook arrived, no doubt existed that he was that god, and to this day he is known as Lono. On his return in the following year he was worshipped as a divinity. He was carried from one place to another, had long prayers and chants addressed to him, and offerings made of fruit and swine, all of which was intended as religious homage. The whole island was taxed for his benefit, while nothing was received in return but wanton injury and insult. At last by his rash and tyrannical measures he provoked the natives to a collision, in which he perished, together with four of his crew. The rock on which he fell is still pointed out, and is fast disappearing, for nearly every visitor carries away a piece, as a memento of the great navigator.

The Sandwich Island group was first united under one government by Kamehameha, who reigned from 1780 to 1820. Originally but the chief of a petty district, on the

Island of Hawaii, he fought his way, step by step, till in 1796 he was master of the entire group. He organized a regular system of government, and pursued an enlightened and liberal policy toward foreigners, which attracted commerce to his kingdom. In short, he exhibited qualities which entitle him to be called the Napoleon of the Pacific. To this day the Hawaiians are proud of their old warrior king; they love his name, and his deeds form their heroic age.

On his death, in 1820, his son Liholiho succeeded him. For many years the old religion had been losing its hold on the fears of the people, and none had a more hearty contempt for their pagan rites than Liholiho. Accordingly soon after his coronation he gave a feast at which both sexes ate together, in defiance of all the ideas of customs of centuries. The multitude gladly followed his example, the heiaus were demolished, the idols burned, and the islanders, uniting in an exulting jubilee at their deliverance, presented the strange spectacle of a nation without a religion. At this opportune moment the first missionaries arrived. Their success is known to all. Liholiho visited England in 1823, where he was received with all the respect due to his rank, but died of consumption soon after his arrival. His remains were conveyed to his native country in the British frigate *Blonde*, commanded by Lord Byron, cousin of the poet. From this time till 1831, the islands, during the minority of the late king, were under the regency of Queen Kaahumanu, who was really an extraordinary woman, and whose character reminds one of the great and good "Queen Bess." From 1833 till 1855 the throne was filled by Liholiho's brother, Kamehameha III. It is now occupied by his son, Prince Alexander.

Ever since Kaahumanu's accession, the history of the country has been one of rapid and peaceful progress. The serene current of their prosperity has been ruffled only by the turbulence of licentious foreigners, who have done their utmost to arrest the progress of the nation towards a Christian civilization, and by the wanton

interference of foreign governments in its internal affairs.

On this topic justice demands that certain facts be more generally known. Would that we had time to describe, or ability to characterize as it deserves, the policy of France throughout the Pacific, at the Sandwich Islands, at Tahiti, and at the Marquesas. In 1839 Capt. Laplace, of the French frigate *L'Artemise* arrived at Honolulu. In a few days he sent to the king four demands, declaring that if they were not complied with, war would immediately commence, and the islands be involved in a conflict with the whole naval power of France. The chief points demanded were that French brandies should not be made to pay a higher duty than five per cent., that a site should be granted for a Catholic cathedral, that all Frenchmen should be tried by a jury of foreign residents selected by the French Consul, and that \$20,000 be deposited with him as security for the observance of the treaty. Thus did France wrest from an independent government the power of regulating the national religion, of restricting the traffic in ardent spirits, and of administering its own criminal law. Intelligent men both in this country and Europe believe that Capt. Laplace made the demand for \$20,000 with the confident assurance that such a sum could not be raised on the island on three days notice, that his object was to obtain the islands and not the \$20,000.

In 1843, the British Consul at Honolulu, a man distinguished for his brutality and insolence and opposition to all reforms, made such representations to the British authorities on the coast that they immediately sent the *Carysfort*, commanded by Lord George Paulet. He proceeded to make a series of demands for the redress of alleged grievances, threatening, if they were not complied with in 24 hours, to make an attack on the town of Honolulu. Some of these demands were considered not only unjust, but beyond the power of the government to comply with. Under these circumstances the king made a provisional cession of his crown to Great Britain, submitting the matters in dispute to

the decision of the Home Government.—For five months the islands were governed by British Commissioners, who proceeded to raise and drill a native regiment, to amend the revenue laws, to sit on land titles, &c., as if the islands were a permanent British colonial possession. At the end of that period Commodore Kearney of the American navy arrived, and entered a vigorous protest, both against the act of the king in making the cession, and the course of the commissioners. A week later Admiral Thomas, commander-in-chief of the British naval forces in the Pacific, arrived in the frigate *Dublin*. He sought an immediate interview with the king, disowned the acts of Lord Paulet, and restored the independence of the islands, with imposing ceremonies, on the 31st of July, which has ever since been the great national anniversary. It was a great and noble act, and worthy of a great nation. The islands were again exposed to serious danger in the year 1849. It is remarkable as perhaps the only case in which a nation has acted successfully on Quaker principles.—Consul Dillon, who has since rendered himself notorious in San Francisco, had succeeded in embroiling himself with the government, and at last invoked the aid of Admiral Romelin of the French navy. The gallant admiral arrived in September with a frigate and steamer of war, and lost no time in sending to the government ten demands. These demands related either to the "liquor question," or to petty disputes between Protestants and Catholics. He notified the authorities that if these demands were not complied with before 3 o'clock P. M., of the following Saturday, he should "employ the force at his disposal." The government made a firm but temperate reply, exposing in a masterly style the puerile folly of his demands, and concluded by informing him that no resistance would be made to his force, but that he would be held responsible to God and the civilized world for the consequences that might ensue. The government was backed up by the remonstrances of the American commissioner, the British consul, in fact, of every representative of a civilized nation

in port. As the hour set for hostilities drew near, the French steamer ran out and shotted her guns, and brought her broadside to bear on the fort. Business however went on as usual in town, while crowds of natives and Americans thronged the wharves to see the French land. After giving the government another hour to reconsider their decision, a force of two hundred marines was landed with scaling-ladders, ambulances, surgeons, in short everything requisite for storming a Kanaka Malakoff. The gate of the fort being wide open while a carpenter was peaceably repairing it, they marched in triumphantly, the Hawaiian flag floating over their heads as it continued to do during the whole time of their occupation. They placed a garrison in the fort, set a guard over the government officers, blockaded the harbor, and seized the king's yacht. Meanwhile the protest of the British consul, declaring the occupation of the fort by the French to be a violation of their treaty with Great Britain, and the spirited letter sent to Admiral Romelin by the American Commissioner, doubtless had their effect. At all events after spending ten days in fruitless attempts to negotiate, the admiral raised the blockade, spiked the few rusty guns in the fort, sacked the Governor's residence, which was within it, and sailed away carrying with him as prize of war the king's favorite yacht. *Vive la glorie!* The Hawaiian government immediately despatched an embassy to Paris to demand reparation, and to revise the existing treaty. They did not accomplish their object at that time, but during the past year the matter was finally adjusted in a manner, we believe, satisfactory to both parties.

In the year 1854, the subject of annexation was on the tapis, and probably a treaty to that effect would have been submitted to Congress before the late king, had it not been for the firm stand which the Hawaiian government made on one point, viz., that the islands should enter the Union as a sovereign state or not at all. Under the present king, who is in a great degree influenced by British advisers, the subject may be considered as indefinitely postponed.

The first constitution of the Hawaiian Islands was framed in 1840. It was remarked as a voluntary surrender by the King and chiefs of privileges which had belonged to them from time immemorial. Still, the silent influence of the High School graduates, of the Mission, and American residents produced a gradual advance in popular intelligence and activity of thought on political subjects, which resulted, in 1854, in a new constitution, modeled in most of its features after our own. The principal difference is that their chief magistrate is hereditary and not elective, and the upper house consists of hereditary nobles and the members of the cabinet.

This constitution has conferred two inestimable benefits on the common people, viz., the elective franchise, and a fee-simple title to the land on which they live. Formerly they had no rights of property, and were bound to the soil like Russian serfs. During the years '47, '48 and '49, the old federal system was abolished and the present one established. All the lands in the Kingdom were divided into the crown demerues, the shares of the landlords, and the homesteads of the common natives. This was a tedious and intricate task, especially in a country where written deeds and courts of Registry had been unknown, still it *was done*, and its good effects cannot be overrated.

The poorest native knows that he holds his little farm by a title which the King himself cannot take from him. Every one will understand the influence of such a consciousness on the native character, the tendency of free homesteads and the elective franchise to elevate the people to a manly independence and enterprise.

The school system is well organized, and brings the rudiments of education within the reach of all. The proportion of persons who cannot read or write is said to be less than any state in the Union excepting Massachusetts. The old law allowed no marriage certificates to be granted to such persons. Every parent is obliged by law to send his children to school between the age of seven and fourteen. There are very few cabins in which you will not find the

native bible, while in many you will see one or more of the newspapers published in their language.

Besides the 400 common schools are four of higher grade, and above them all the Seminary or college at Lahainaluna, founded by the Am. Mission 1831, and conditionally resigned by them into the hands of the native government. The graduates of this institution take the lead every where. They supply the preachers, teachers, magistrates and members of Parliament.

Another college, designed for the children of Americans, has been chartered under the title of the "Oahu College." It is delightfully situated, the grounds are extensive, and substantial buildings have already been erected. Possessing as it does, a president of acknowledged energy and tact, it bids fair to be a Polynesian Oxford, diffusing light and civilization throughout the Pacific.

It is in general, however, the social condition of a people that furnishes the best criterion of its civilization. The Hawaiian nation is in a transition state, and presents a curious mixture of barbarism and civilization. In the backwoods you may still find the straw-thatched hut its half-clad inmates squatted in a ring on the floor, gorging themselves out of the same calabash. On the other hand in the town of Honolulu, the wealthiest natives live in comfortable stone houses, furnished in American style. The writer well remembers Paki, a noble specimen of that noble race of chiefs which is so fast passing away, over six feet in height, and finely proportioned, with that graceful and commanding air which his class have acquired by the exercise of uncontrolled power for centuries. In many respects he lived like an American gentleman of wealth. His home was furnished with elegance, not excepting a handsome grand piano, on which his daughter, the accomplished wife of an American lawyer, "discoursed elegant music." Withal he was still somewhat of a barbarian in his taste and style of thought, and no doubt found his new manner of living rather irksome to him.

Like all semi-barbarous people they are

fond of finery, and always select the most conspicuous ornaments, the brightest colors ect. A story is told of a native who paid his shoe-maker half a dollar extra to "put more squeak in his shoes," as he expressed it. It is often amusing to see a Hawaiian dandy in his broadcloth suit with glossy beaver and kid gloves to match, emerge from a wretched grass-covered shanty which probably cost less than the suit on his back.

Passionately fond as they are of riding, they may be seen to advantage on Saturday afternoon, the gala day of Honolulu, which is for them what Sunday is to the Mexican. The whole plain south-west of the town is thronged with riders, so that it seems as if all Honolulu were on horseback. Hawaiian *senoritas*, decked in all the colors of the rainbow, may be seen galloping, "a la califorchon," in every direction, attracting attention by their vigorous merriment and dashing horsemanship.

Like all tropical races they are gay, improvident and indolent. They have not the stern virtues of the American Indian, for centuries of oppression had well nigh crushed out all courage and independence. Still they are a hospitable, warm-hearted, confiding people.

Once a nation of drunkards they are now as temperate as any population in the world.

Once a nation of thieves they are in general remarkably honest. In no country is property more safe, or robberies less frequent.

Several of the missionaries are entirely, and the rest in part sustained by the native churches.

It may be said that they give more to benevolent enterprises in proportion to their means than any population of equal number on the face of the globe.

Yet it seems as if christianity had come too late to serve this people from extinction. Forty years of unrestrained intercourse with the off-scourings of civilized nations brought upon them terrible and wide-sweeping evils which now seem inseparable. In addition it has twice been decimated by pestilence.

In 1848, the measles, in 1853, the small pox swept over the group with fearful rapidity, each time carrying off from 6 to 8000, or nearly *ten per cent* of the entire population, which is now estimated at 70,000. A doom seems to rest upon the race, felt even by themselves, and it is with melancholy forebodings that they repeat an ancient prophecy, "The coral shall spread the palm tree shall grow, but man shall cease."

Yet though the missionaries fail in preserving the aboriginies as a race, they are performing another important work, viz, that of giving tone and character to the future Anglo-Saxon republic already forming on those shores.

That such is the destiny of these islands is so evident that "he who runs may read."

Of 540 whale-ships that visited the islands in 1852, 500 were American, and four-fifths of the mercantile marine is owned by Americans.

The same influence is paramount in the government. Three seats in the cabinet out of five are filled by Americans, and the handful of naturalized Americans who are elected to Parliament are looked up to and their opinions received with deference by the native members. The sugar and coffee plantation, the growing farms as well as the stores, are generally owned and carried on by Americans.

English is fast supplanting the native dialect, and in fifty years will probably be the national language. The eagerness of the natives to learn it amounts to a mania. It is well that it is so, that they should exchange their own meagre uncultivated dialect, which contains names for every vice, but not one for a single virtue, for the tongue of Shakespeare and the common Law. Only in this way will they be brought into connexion with the intellectual movements of the age, only thus can they become truly civilized.

Let me not be understood as advocating or even anticipating Annexation.

No! let them remain independent, enjoying all the practical benefits of annexation without its evils. Let them exhibit to

the world the spectacle of a model republic, embodying all our excellencies, while avoiding our faults, a Republic free, by a merciful Providence, from the anomaly, the incubus of *slavery*; I would therefore honor those brave pioneers of 1820, not as devoted missionaries to the heathen, but also as founders of a fine Anglo-Saxon Republic. They went forth like their forefathers on the Mayflower, to an unknown and barbarous shore, to plant under a tropical sky the seeds of a second New England.

AMERICAN BELLES-LETTRES.

SCHOLARS, and men of letters, have always disagreed as to the precise definition of the term *Belles-Lettres*. It appears to us, that the limitation of the term involves a philosophical distinction; and, in order to furnish a satisfactory answer to the inquiry, what is polite literature? we must not be content with merely pointing out this or that department of thought, but we must be able to tell what are the controlling elements in such departments. It is a recognized fact, that elegant literature is not at all of an exclusive character. It numbers among its votaries, men of solid and extended attainments, and men of brilliant, but superficial knowledge. On the broad arena of polite learning, kings and cobblers, philosophers and jesters, rich merchants and poor poets, book-worms and butterflies of fashion, may meet without inconvenience, exchange repartee, and go their way without fear of molestation. It is clear, that a literature which commends itself to so great a variety of tastes, must appeal to some universal principle in human nature; or, must contain within itself such various attractions, that the reason and the understanding, the imagination and the fancy, the intellect and the moral sentiment, are equally interested and equally excited.

Elegant literature, is the literature of refined taste. It is founded on reason, penetrated by passion, humanized by sympathy, and illustrated by imagination and fancy. Its province is neither simply to instruct, or simply to amuse; but to com-

bine in the highest degree of perfection, all varieties of intellectual pleasure. It is the fruit of that equal exercise of all the faculties in which the reason does not alight the imagination, or the imagination the reason, and which addresses itself to the understanding and the feelings, the intellect and the heart.

In the department of history, for instance, we should be disposed to exclude Niebuhr's Rome from the domain of polite learning, while we would admit Macauley's England, or Prescott's Mexico. Because the former is a purely philosophical work, without pretension to eloquence or poetry, while the latter adorn their philosophy with all the attractions of rhetoric and imagination.

If our definition be correct, it will readily be seen that the field for critical display which our title opens out before us, is an extensive one. Novelists from Brockden Brown to Nathaniel Hawthorne; poets from Trumbull and Barlow to Taylor and Bryant; historians from Cotton Mather to George Bancroft; essayists from Wirt to Whipple; orators from Patrick Henry to Charles Sumner; must all be passed under general review, commented and criticized upon, and assigned their respective positions in the muster-roll of fame. Interesting as such a task might be, our present object partakes of a more limited character; and our ambition will be amply satisfied, if we succeed by an analysis of particular works in obtaining some general idea, as to the state and tendencies of American *Belles Lettres*.

In the department of Poetry, to which we shall first direct our attention, it has always appeared to us as an interesting and singular fact, that whereas our literature is already rich in songs and lyrics, odes and pastorals, it is lamentably deficient in dramatic composition. If foreigners should choose to inquire, who reads an American play? they would find it a difficult matter to obtain an affirmative answer. It cannot be complained that there is a want of dramatic taste in the public, for our theatres, which are filled night after night with interested and ex-

cited audiences, are a standing denial to such an assertion. Neither can it be said that our stage is deficient in dramatic talent; for it may reasonably be doubted whether either London or Paris can furnish an array of ability equal in extent and power to that which adorns the American stage. The drama cannot exist without the people. But in this country, the people demand, and are willing to pay for the drama. In view of these facts, the poverty of our dramatic literature is a complete anomaly. Literature—especially dramatic literature—reflects the life and spirit of society. It reproduces the follies and foibles of fashionable life, arrays them in ludicrous and ridiculous lights, and thus furnishes a continual corrective to the false ideas and tastes of a people. No weapon is so sharp as satire. They who cannot be moved by persuasion, are very often the first to yield to the potent shafts of a sarcastic wit; and those whom habit has blinded to the impositions of prevailing opinion, will have their eyes fully opened, when tickled by the feather of ridicule. A domestic drama, is therefore desirable on many accounts. Society does not exist in different countries under similar organizations, and what, on the other side of the Atlantic, may be a national weakness, on this, may be a national virtue. We cannot, therefore, arrive at an accurate estimate of our social short-comings, if we attempt to measure them by a foreign standard. And yet this is precisely what we are attempting to do. Instead of placing a prohibitory duty upon foreign importations, and employing our poetic talent in manufacturing a domestic drama, we content ourselves with laughing at the French and English, forgetting amid the blandishments of self-love, our own imperfections. The argument might be placed on the broad ground of patriotism and nationality. We choose to argue for its necessity by an appeal, not to national pride, but to the interests of society. And on this ground, in the judgment of all liberal and impartial men, we believe ourselves to be safe. The interests of society certainly do not demand an immoral drama, nor a drama

which indirectly connives at immorality. But a refined dramatic literature, produced upon a stage that is properly conducted, we conceive to be a powerful instrument of social elevation. If it is more particularly the part of comedy, by appealing to our sense of the ridiculous, to assist in eradicating the errors of society; it is the province of tragedy, by appealing to our sense of admiration, to awaken within us surprise and wonder at whatever is lofty in sentiment, or beautiful in action. This is the crowning glory of the drama. It summons, by one movement of its potent wand, all our moral faculties into life and activity. It fills us with horror at the terrible crime of Othello, at the same moment it calls forth tears of pity for the fate of the gentle Desdemona. It excites our mirth at the ridiculous plight to which Shylock is reduced, at the same moment it excites our sympathies for the severity of his punishment.

This double part which the drama is called upon to play, in consequence of its relation to the serious and the comic sides of human nature, must always render it a very effective agent in the cause of social morals and refinement. Who can deny the influence of Aristophanes and of *Æschylus* over Athenian morals? Or, of Corneille and Moliere over Parisian taste? Or of Shakespeare—whose universal genius combined both the serious and the comic sides of life—over the public morals of England? We seek not to deny the fact, that America stands more in need of the comic, than of the tragic drama. Whatever is admirable in human action, will excite our emotions, and awaken our sympathies, whether it may have happened five hundred years ago in France, or three thousand years ago upon the soil of Greece. A beautiful action is not the property of time, place or country; nor can its influence be restricted to any narrow limits we may assign to it. But with comedy, the case is different. Its combinations are directly dependent for their force and influence upon the condition of the social system. Its legitimate sphere of action, is derived from

the state of *national* manners and customs ; and it is ridiculous to expect that an American audience in the nineteenth century, can take a lively interest in a comedy, the point of which can only be appreciated by a thorough understanding of foreign men and manners.

In the order of intellectual development, the drama does not come first. The infancy of nations is reflected in its poetry ; and this poetry consists of fresh and simple conceptions, expressed in a natural, and therefore forcible style. As civilization advances, as knowledge increases, as the interests of society become more complicated and involved, man's taste becomes vitiated ; he is no more a creature of impulse, but of habit and custom, and all those falsities of conventional life appear, which render him a fit subject for jest and ridicule. At the same time, new insight into the laws of art, and increased knowledge of the nature and influence of poetry, enables him to add the effect of scenery and dialogue, and thus enlist the senses as well as the intellect, in the cause of the poetic art. It is unfortunate for our self-love, that no parallel exists, or can possibly be drawn between the infancy of America, and the infancy of other nations. We were born with all the advantages of a matured civilization. We were ushered into existence full grown, with all our energies developed, and all our faculties completed. If then, in respect to our poetic progress, an analogy does seem to exist between ourselves and other nations, we need not seek for its cause in the law of intellectual development, but in some one or other of those secondary causes which are continually intervening to retard or turn aside the stream of intellectual progress.

If we turn from the drama and contemplate our poetic development under other forms, we meet with everything to gratify our pride as a nation. The poetic genius of America is decidedly lyrical. Unquestionably the lyric is not the highest form of poetry. It is the expression of personal emotion, which constitutes the charm and substance of this species of poetry. Con-

sequently it requires no profound knowledge of human nature, such as enable the great masters of tragedy to comprehend intuitively all varieties of character, and preserve their identity through all the shifting scenes of the drama. The lyric poet, so far from studying human nature in the events of the world which lies around him, involuntarily turns his eyes from the contemplation of this spectacle, to arrest and define his individual emotions. "His intellectual plummet sounds the depths of personal experience." He seizes upon some solitary emotion, considers it, until it is divested of all ambiguity in his mind, and presents it to us in the light of imagination, and in the garb of poetry. The perfection of lyric poetry, is, therefore, dependent upon the unity and the clearness of the idea or emotion expressed. If the emotion is of a mixed character, unity of impression is destroyed ; and if is not clearly defined in the poet's mind, the poem will partake of that intellectual mysticism which is not only characteristic of much of *our* contemporary literature, but which is conspicuous in the works of the poet-laureate of England. Classical refinement of language, which, to a certain extent, is desirable in poetry, may become if too much insisted upon, quite incompatible with a free development of genius. In poetry, a minute attention to form, is invariably attended with a sacrifice of strength. As a general thing, noble and generous ideas naturally clothe themselves in forcible and commanding language ; and those ideas which are devoid of strength and clearness, seek to defend themselves by a display of rhetorical bravado.

Mr. Bryant, whose poetry is perhaps the finest expression of our lyrical Muse, is guilty of the charge of sacrificing the substance of his conceptions, by a useless attention to form. We are struck, while reading his poems, with their lack of poetic fire. No one can deny to him vigor of conception, truth of illustration, and refinement of taste. But the angular points of his ideas are rounded down, polished away, and robbed of their genuine characteristics. Such poetry cannot be very

well criticised, because its failings are simply of a negative character. We can say of an idea, that is not forcibly expressed; but we may instantly be challenged to produce it in a more effective form; and if unable so to do, our criticism must pass for a bare assertion. But with whatever beauty Mr. Bryant may declare his ideas, he is always true to nature. He gives utterance to emotion, not as it *appears* to him in imagination, but as he has *experienced* it in his own soul. His poetry is therefore accompanied with that depth of feeling which gives life to the simplest expressions; and, where it is deficient in strength, it overflows with tenderness. Of all our poets, he has best appreciated and caught the spirit of our scenery. Mr. Longfellow, in some of his earlier poems, was animated by this same spirit, but a later acquaintance with German literature, appears to have entirely changed his poetic creed; and it is only in his *Evangeline*, that glimpses are again afforded us of nature under its American aspect.

The fact is, it is not in the department of poetry that we must seek for the most original exhibitions of Cis-Atlantic genius. Of all arts, the poetic requires the most solitude, meditation, and mental exclusiveness. Its food is reflection. Its lofty ideas, and beautiful imaginings; its maxims of universal power, and its scenes of surpassing grandeur, invoking at once our sense of justice, and our sense of admiration; can only be inspired in those lonely and solitary moments, when the interests of external life dwindle to a point, or vanish as a dream, and the spirit dwells in rapture and in ecstasy, amid the ideal splendors of the universe of moral beauty.

It is in vain, that in the present stage of our national progress, our authors contend against the demands of external life. In vain they strive to isolate themselves. The click of the hammer penetrates into the very caverns of their solitude. The busy hum of labor drowns the whisperings of inspiration. The Temple of the Muses is besieged by the armies of material progress. The contemporary poetry of America, will, however, lose nothing in compa-

ri-son with that of northern or southern Europe. Longfellow is Tennyson's superior in everything but musical simplicity of language; and the popularity of his poems attests their power, and their truth. He draws his inspiration, not from nature, but from the soul.

"Look, then, into *thine heart*, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn voices of the night,
'That can soothe thee, or affright.
Be these henceforth thy theme."^{*}

This accounts for the universal favor with which his poetry has been received by the public. His sympathies with the joys and sorrows of humanity; and every vibration of the human heart finds its sweet response in the tender and compassionate language of his Muse. The rhapsodies of Smith, Tendys, and Bailey, cannot for a moment be compared to the earnest utterances of Lowell and Whittier; and the lyrical genius of Halleck,† in his *Marco Bozzaris*, developed itself with a force and enthusiasm which rivalled the masterpiece of Dryden. France, in the persons of Beranger and Lamartine, certainly possesses two of the noblest poets of the age; but France, equally with America, owes the sweetest breathings of her Muse, to the exhaustless inspirations of Freedom. The creative power of genius is quite as necessary to the production of novels such as *Corinne*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *Consuelo*, as to production of dramas such as the *Merchant of Venice*, or the *Prometheus Vincit*. The drama, equally with the novel, is a creation of art, demanding plot and counter-plot, sentiment and character, imagination and reason. Nothing higher can be demanded of either, than that they should satisfy the ends of poetic justice. Their difference is more in form than in substance. But this very difference of form, by appealing to the senses as well as the intellect, establishes the superiority of the former. A noble sentiment will find its way to the heart much quicker, expressed in the language of poetry than expressed in the language of prose; and the greatest orators after exhausting the resources of rhetoric, reinforce

^{*}Longfellow's Poems—Prelude.

† Bayard Taylor's *Hymn to Air*, deserves a particular mention in this connection.

themselves from the intellectual armory of the drama. Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, is a much more effectual instrument of ridicule, than Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; for multitudes will flock to the theatre to see the former, where one will remain at home to read the latter. Next to the poet, we conceive the novelist to wield the most potent influence in literature; and the literature of America is the richest and most complete in the department of novels. The first impulse in this direction was given by Brockden Brown,* upwards of sixty years ago, and it is no small tribute to the force of his genius to say, that his fictions have continued to survive as an intellectual power until the present time. Mr. Brown's novels were characterized by philosophic subtlety, clearness of conception, and force of expression. But he failed in his attempt to harmonize the natural and the supernatural, and our impressions are consequently weakened by a sense of the improbability of the events which he relates. Mr. Hawthorne, following in his steps, but more directly influenced by the mind of Germany, has attempted with considerable success, to engraft modern superstitions upon the natural course of events. It is no doubt the privilege of the Romancist, to substitute to a certain degree, the combinations of the fancy, for the realities of life. While subjecting himself to the laws of art, he may, at the same time so contrive to blend the fact with fiction, and so throw a halo of mystery around characters and events, as to captivate the heart and the fancy, without shocking our sense of probability.

In the *Blithedale Romance*, it is impossible to deny genius to an artist who has made so admirable a use of suspicious material. Mesmerism is too closely associated with the superstitions of the time, to be introduced with effect as a mystical element into a romance. Fouque in the romance of *Undine* (or the water-spirit) availed himself of the Rosicrucian philosophy. His philosophy being far removed from modern prejudices, and nowhere asserting itself as an object of belief, could

be contemplated in the light of a purely romantic mythology, and was easily rendered subservient to the purposes of art. This, Fouque has done with such wonderful skill, that his work is elevated from the character of a simply fanciful extravaganza, to that of a work of genius, pregnant with the vitality of imagination. *Undine* is undeniably the most exquisite prose romance of modern times. It is quite necessary, in surveying this department of literature, to draw a distinction between the romance and the novel. The novel admits of no supernatural element in its composition. Its characters are drawn from the world of realities. Its sentiments are woven of the common staple of every day life. These characters may be historical personages, or individuals selected as the representatives of classes; but in either case they must be so nearly assimilated to the flesh and blood realities of life, as to leave no question regarding their identity. It is allowable for the romancist to transcend the limits of the possible, so long as he maintains unity of impression by conforming to the rules of art. But the novelist is limited not only to the world of possibilities; he must keep within the range of probabilities, by following in the track of human experience. If actual inspiration is the measure of an author's power, the genius of Hawthorne took its boldest flight in the production of the *Scarlet Letter*. It might be disputed, whether or not this work is properly a romance or a novel. Its plot is laid far back in those times when Puritanism was not a name or a ceremony, but a principle and rule of life. That feeling of superstition which accompanies periods of universal religious excitement, and which, under favorable circumstances takes the form of fanaticism, is developed with remarkable power in this work. The course of events flows on like a solemn river through forests of immemorial grandeur, and beneath a darkening canopy of clouds. One solitary ray of sunshine, in the character of the child Pearl, penetrates into its gloomiest recesses, and enlivens the otherwise sombre character of the work. The character of Pearl is like a

* A very complete and interesting analysis of this author's works, is to be found in Prescott's *Miscellaneous*.

thread of gold woven into the web of the "stern old stuff of Puritanism."

Without once transcending the bounds of human nature, or introducing a single romantic element into her composition, Mr. Hawthorne has contrived, simply by the effect of light and shadow, to give to Pearl a personality so singular, that we are tempted at times to believe her either a sprite or a witch. His analysis of character is so delicate and complete, he is so thoroughly versed in the metaphysics of human nature, and he adds to this a style of such wonderful force and transparency, that we have no difficulty in assigning to him the first place among the living novelists of America. His descriptions of nature rank among the most exquisite things of the kind in any language. Emerson seizes upon the spirit of a scene with more profound poetic emotion, and Irving elaborates with more pomp of language, and brilliancy of coloring; but Hawthorne combines at once the mind and heart of the poet, with the rhetorical graces which flow from inspiration. The following selections from the *Mosses from an old Manse*, has always commended itself to our taste for its truthfulness and feeling.

"Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, yet the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow it passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water, and dip their pendant branches into it. At one spot, there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream, with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places, the banks are almost on a level with the water; so that the quiet congregation of trees set their feet in the flood, and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal flowers kindle their spiral flames, and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond-lily grows abundantly along the margin; that delicious flower which, as Thoreau tells me, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight, and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has beheld beds of them unfolding in due succession, as the sun-rise stole gradually from

flower to flower; a sight not to be hoped for, unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to a proper focus with the outward organ. Grape vines, here and there, twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water, within reach of the boatman's hand. Oftentimes, they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will, and enriching them with a purple offspring of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied, till it shall crown the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage, and a cluster of its grapes."

Hawthorne is unquestionably considerably more than a commonplace novelist—he is a poet and a man of genius. His intellectual qualities are of a very high order. Associating, as he has done, with radicals, mystics, dreamers, and authors, he has maintained, with a remarkable degree of firmness, the integrity of his mind, never allowing himself to be swept away into the sea of mysticism, never clinging to the theoretical, when it would not abide the test of experience; but always ready to take his stand on the broad ground of solid reality, and only giving currency to ideas, when they have been subjected to a searching analysis, and stamped with the seal of truth. Mr. Mitchell, whose Reveries of a Bachelor created a temporary sensation in the literary world, is the opposite of Hawthorne in every respect. The former is effeminate. The latter is masculine. Mr. Mitchell is sentimental to a fault, and fastidious to an exquisite degree. Mr. Hawthorne never allows sentiment to degenerate into puerility, or sacrifices strength to delicacy. Mr. Mitchell's taste for pathos, betrays him into composing for effect; and his elaborate pictures are too often overdrawn—or rather wire-drawn. When Mr. Hawthorne works upon our sensibilities, he does it by no direct and open attempt, but by a combination of circumstances which carry with them more than the force of a pathetic description. It is

the fault of Mr. Mitchell's style of composition, that it addresses itself entirely to the feelings, and ignores the reason. He appears to forget that this universe is composed of both *men* and *women*: and that humanity has a head as well as a heart. His sentimental descriptions are often enlivened by gleams of fancy, but never strengthened by an analysis of motives. He is too little of a philosopher to produce a profound impression, and his affectations of exquisite feeling, are calculated from their exaggeration of tone, to limit the period of his popularity. The sentimentalism of Rousseau would have long since destroyed his influence, had it not been connected with remarkable qualities of another description.

Those productions which have survived the decay of nations, and perpetuated the memory of their ancient glory, will be found to have a solid foundation of reason, as well as the more attractive adornments of the imagination and fancy. Uncle Tom's Cabin, although written by a woman, is of a far more masculine character than Mr. Mitchell's *Reveries of a Bachelor*. As a work of art, it cannot take precedence of the *Scarlet Letter*, but aside from the decided advantage it obtained by being written in the interest of a party principle, it contains elements of popularity derived from the novelty of the subject, and the originality of its treatment, which have given it an unexampled circulation.

The novel is the great moral reformer of the times. It makes itself heard on all themes of popular interest, addressing itself to the understanding and to the passions; and wielding national sentiment by the force of dramatic illustration. It appears to be a question, whether it is not ultimately destined to supercede the drama. Dramatized novels have met with signal success upon the American stage;* and, genius increases in fertility, if not in power, by being liberated from formal restrictions. It is remarked by Hazlett, that "the most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral. *The*

professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system; and the philosopher is too apt to warp the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference; if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault." This is one of those acute critical sentences which go to make up the reputation of its author. Mrs. Stowe, although professedly writing in the cause of an interest, which indeed, is identified with the cause of humanity, leaves her moral to inculcate itself. She never forsakes the legitimate path of the novelist, to become a special pleader for the doctrines, to which the story is continually making a tacit allusion. Uncle Tom's Cabin, therefore, stands upon its own merits as a work of art; and as a picture of men and manners, such as had not been popularly drawn by any previous artist, it has commanded universal attention. Its sketches of character are bold and vigorous, and its humor peculiar and delightful. When reading it, the smile is on the cheek, while the tear is in the eye. It is the perfection of *tragi-comedy*. Its mingled seriousness, and gaiety, its passages "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and the vitality of its descriptions, are calculated to enlist the attention, and interest the mind, without exhausting their powers by degenerating into tediousness, or destroying the effect by intensity of coloring, and exaggeration of outline.

The *Hyperion* of Longfellow, which reminds us somewhat of Richter, is a prose poem, or rather a romance of love, literature and travels, without any of Jean Paul's forced abruptness, and occasional forgetfulness of expression. Its descriptions of nature are surpassingly beautiful; and enlivened with wonderful displays of imagination and fancy. The author seems to be intoxicated with the spirit of the scenery around him, and utters his inspirations, in the language of pathos, sentiment and humor. A thread of delicate satire is woven into the substance of the work, which, at times, as in the chapter of Transcendentalism, raises to the surface. Longfellow's

*We need only allude to the unprecedented run of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the National Theatre of New York, and David Copperfield at Burton's.

humor is like Longworth's still Catawba, of a transparent color, and of an excellent flavor. It sleeps upon the surface of his book, like sunlight upon a quiet dimpling sea. The discrepancy which often exists between one's desires and his ability to perform, is happily illustrated in the character of Mr. Churchill, in that delightful tale of New England village life—Kavanagh. His mind lacks the energy necessary to realize its own ideal. Mr. Longfellow, however, has fallen into a capital mistake in his conception of this character, in presenting Mr. Churchill as a man of genius, and yet denying him force of will. Genius is never divorced from moral activity. The very definition of the term implies to create. It is charged with elective vitality. *Genius exists, acts and suffers.* There is no possible sympathy between laziness and genius. It is a popular fallacy, which cannot too soon be got rid of, that men of genius are men whose intuitive powers comprehend knowledge without labor, and that they are personifications of natural wisdom. Genius must obey the necessities of its being. I believe it is Coleridge who speaks of an engraving, in which is represented an artist ascending an infinite flight of stairs, which develop themselves in fading perspective. This is the symbol of genius, which converts knowledge into power, and facts into stepping-stones. Tennyson impressed the idea when he sung,

"I hold it truth with one who sings
To a clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Knowledge is the Jacob's ladder, reaching from earth to the skies, and on it genius ascends to the "highest heaven of invention."

It is characteristic of Mr. Longfellow's works, that they never fail to leave a well defined impression upon the mind. The Yankee character has preserved him from the fascinating seductions of German mysticism. In works of imagination, impression is the true standard whereby to recognize the presence of genius. A novel may mechanically conform to all essential rules of art in the construction of its plot and *denouement*; but if it is destitute of poetic fire, and not impressed with individuality

of genius, it will not interest us, nor can it abide the test of time. On the contrary, if an author relying upon his own judgment, defies, or rather transcends the recognized canons of taste; but, at the same time contrives to captivate our imaginations, and impress our understandings, we are content to judge of his production by its effect upon our minds, and not condemn it on conventional principles. In works of imagination, there can be no standard of taste, because every development of genius discovers new forms of beauty, and taste is simply the capacity of detecting the beautiful in art and nature. Mr. Longfellow's poetry is superior to his prose; and his genius—despite the difficulties of Greek hexameter—never rose higher than in the Evangeline.

"Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce
change a line,
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral Evangeline.
That's not ancient or modern, its place is apart
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure art,
Tis a shrine of retreat from earth's hubbub and
strife,
As quiet and chase as the author's own life."^{*}

From Longfellow to Irving, from the first of American poets, to the first of American prose writers, the transition of natural and agreeable. Washington Irving is the type and representative of our Belles-Lettres. His reputation on both sides of the Atlantic is the highest that this country has, as yet, produced; and this reputation is founded on qualities of no ephemeral character. He has had imitators by scores, but imitators rarely succeed beyond copying the faults of their master, re-producing occasional felicities of style, and rendering themselves ridiculous. Mr. Irving's style is the chaste and fitting expression of his intellectual character; and that character is a genial mixture of elegance, strength and sweetness, presided over by a humor, which we hesitate not to say, is second only to that of Shakspeare and Cervantes, Moliere and Rabelais. Mr. Lowell, in that brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, a Fable for Critics, has done poetical justice to the intellectual character of Irving.

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm and fine
brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,

^{*}Lowell's Fable for critics.

And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there,
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching
 I shan't run directly against my own preaching.
 And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dan-

tes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—
 To a true poet heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-

will.
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
 The fine old English Gentleman simmer it well
 Sweeten just to your own private liking; then strain
 That only the finest and clearest remain;
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives,
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through
 green leaves,

And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserv-

ing
 A name either English or Yankee,—just Irving."

The genius of Irving is generally influenced by the serious and ludicrous in human life; his sympathies are universal, and the qualities of his mind are so happily balanced, that in making a selection from his writings, it is difficult to decide as to what species of composition we shall give the preference; whether such an essay as *The Wife*, displays more genius than such a tale as *Rip Van Winkle*. His style, and the quality of his humor—unlike that of Addison—is absolutely inimitable, and incommunicable. Steele reproduced Addison's felicities of style and humor with such exactitude and elegance, that criticism unaided by external evidence, must have failed to discriminate between their productions. Addison, in his best efforts, is always restrained by certain conventional rules of decorum, and employs his humor with such a scrupulous regard to social proprieties, that we are sometimes tempted to believe he is not quite proof against the shafts he launches with such visible effect. Irving writes as if secure of the good-fellowship of all mankind, and determined to make everybody as happy as himself. Addison gives constant indications of latent fun. Irving's humor smacks of the "warm south, full of the true, the bluish Hippocrene, with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." Addison writes as if "there were wit in his head and would out: so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking." The diffusive humor of Irving resembles an iridescent spar which is full of warm and beautiful colors on which ever side you

behold it. Addison laughs at people. Irving *with* them. Addison points the arrows of wit at the follies of life. Irving seizes upon the ludicrous aspects of human nature; and gives them to us without a design—except to make us laugh—and without a moral that is forced and apparent. The mother of Goethe is reported to have said, that "he who laughs can commit no deadly sin." The saying was a wise and a deep one; for notwithstanding the fancied "terrors of wit," humorists, after all, are the most inoffensive of humanity. Irving mixes up wit and humor in the most delightful manner possible; but his humor always has the upper hand of his wit. Humor gives taste and color to his intellect; wit is the delicate spice that seasons it. As a general thing, humorists are men of wit; for humor is the expression of the fancy and the intellect combined; but wit is simply an effort of active intellect. Humor co-exists with genius; wit with talent. The former is *creative*, like the imagination. The latter *combines*, like the fancy. A touch of humor, like a touch of nature, "makes the whole world kin." A stroke of wit begets animosity, and sets the world by the ears. Humor stirs up the heart, puts a smile on the countenance, and perchance a tear in the eye. Wit is a feather, that tickles the intellect, and calls forth a short, abrupt, explosive burst of laughter. Humor bears the same relation to the mind, that the sun does to the earth—it gives light and heat; and like a gentle shower, it fertilizes where it falls. Wit, like lightning, kindles and blasts. "Truth," remarks Addison, "was the father of Good Sense: Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue, Humor." When wit and humor are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its object somewhat as old Izaak Walton dealt with the frog, he used for bait—running the hook neatly through his mouth, and out at the gills, and in so doing "using him as though he loved him!"* Humor pats a man on the back, while Wit picks his pocket; or holds him by the button while

*Whipple's Lectures.

Wit knocks him down; as in the tart irony of that sentence in *Rip Van Winkle*, where in Rip is represented as "taking to the outside of the house," in order to escape the importunities of his termagant wife, the author quietly adding, "the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband." When Rip awoke from his twenty years sleep in the mountains, the first thing that entered his head was "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?" Alas! the Dame was dead, buried, and deaf to all his excuses.

Whatever department of literature Irving has attempted to illustrate, he has not only succeeded, but his success has been a complete triumph. In "forging an apposite tale" he has no superior. For a description of life and manners, in which the facts of history are exhibited in the light of humor and fancy, where shall we look for anything equal to his *Knickerbocker*? Who has portrayed with a more graphic pen, or poetic beauty, the peculiarities of Western life? What literature, of any age or century, can produce a narrative history of more exquisite finish than his life of Columbus; a history which combines all the attractions of a romance, without once departing from the truth of experience. To use the eloquent language of Prescott, "what eye has not been attracted to the spot on which the light of his genius has fallen?" In fact, to analyze and sum up the excellencies of Irving, is a task which it is not easy to accomplish, for the harmony and regularity of his genius furnishes no salient points on which to hang a criticism or a metaphor. The qualities of his genius are too refined for statement, and too subtle for analysis. He is a man of varied accomplishments, exhibiting more breadth than depth, more genius than talent, more humor than wit; of an imagination and fancy which essentially combine elegance and force; and with a taste, the refinement and delicacy of which, can only be appreciated by those, who have come under the magic influence of his faultless and inimitable style.

In the department of History, there are three names of unrivalled merit in their

separate spheres, which present themselves for consideration; and these are Bancroft, Prescott and Irving; and as a contributor to the history of literature, let us not forget to add that of Ticknor. Mr. Bancroft represents the philosophic historian. Mr. Irving the narrative historian. The philosophy of Mr. Prescott is not as profound as that of Bancroft, nor his style as finished as that of Irving; but his strong sense, never fails him in detecting erratic principle, and deducing positive laws from the network of events; and his gifted pen clothes the nakedness of fact in the garb of imagination, reproduces the life, manners and spirit of society, and endows the dead past, with the breath and spirit of immortality. Mr. Bancroft discerns the connection of events with the law of historic development, draws inspiration from logic, and recognizes the finger of God in the progress of revolutions. Mr. Prescott deals with individual faults and excellencies, gives elaborate delineations of character, masterly descriptions of external life and events, genial criticisms of literature, and fuses all in the alembic of a creative imagination. Mr. Irving enters into the spirit of nature, discovers external beauty in the magic light of genius, and combines poetry and truth. Mr. Bancroft, acknowledging the wisdom of the great poet, when he said

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them as we will,"

finds the true method of history in the law of human destiny. Mr. Prescott and Mr. Irving find their method in the chronological order of events. But it is not merely as a philosophic historian that Bancroft excels. To intellectual pride, and audacity of speculation, he unites a warm and genuine love of nature; and by this auspicious combination of philosophic penetration, and poetic insight, he is enabled to bathe the realm of barren abstraction in the golden light of imagination. His descriptions of Indian life and manners are master pieces. His searching and able analysis of the philosophy of Locke, and the philosophy of Penn is a master-piece. His character of Benjamin Franklin is a master-piece. His philological dissection of the languages of

the American aborigines is a master-piece. Mr. Bancroft is one of the few historians who have comprehended the breadth and depth of history as a science. History is not a narrative of facts, but a development of law. In the light of imagination, it is a wonderful confusion of wonderful events. In the light of science, order is evolved out of the apparent chaos; the revolutions of Time, are seen in their connection with eternal principles, and the Law of Progress is demonstrated upon the ruins of dynasties, and the desolations of war. In the midst of apparent retrocession it discerns actual progress. It traces the onward movement of humanity, from the plains of Greek and Roman civilization, through the dark valley of the middle ages into the dawning of the nineteenth century. It throws the light of the finite past, far forward into the darkness of an infinite future: It shows that the life of nations, like the life of individuals, is dependent upon the existence and operation of inevitable laws, the violation of which entails disease and final death; and the observance of which will constitute but the fulfilment of the dreams of the human mind. Mr. Bancroft perceived that the science of history involved two ideas—the idea of a Deity, and the idea of Cause; and that they were present in the midst of every eternal manifestation, working out the great problem of this and every age—the problem of human destiny. Endowed with qualifications which guaranteed him eminence as a statesman, a diplomatist, a philosopher, or an essayist, he selected for himself exactly that department of literature which allowed the fullest activity to all his powers, and came to his task penetrated with a sense of the austere grandeur of the subject he was to illustrate, and inspired by a vision of man's ineffable destiny.

The discovery, colonization and final enfranchisement of America, is the grandest of historic epochs; possessing a sort of epicurity in its development; and full of wonderful material for the poet and the philosopher; but it was reserved for Mr. Bancroft to comprehend the vast capabili-

ties of the subject, to undertake the record of it in the face of discouragement, and to carry it forward to a triumphant completion. Hegel's division of history into narrative, systematic and philosophical, finds its exponents in the works of Irving, Prescott and Bancroft, and in their respective departments, these historians are unrivalled. Mr. Prescott's style is admirably suited to his historic method. It is

"strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." preserving just such a medium as combines dignity with grace and ease. The style of Macaulay is better fitted for philosophic, than for systematic history. Its brilliancy, and sustained dignity degenerates into awkwardness, when the interest of his subject demands a graceful treatment. The puerility of the thought is brought into unfavorable contrast with the eloquence and pomp of language. Too high praise cannot be given to Mr. Prescott for his analytical survey of Castilian literature in the second volume of the Ferdinand and Isabella. Rarely is history illustrated with a chapter of such forcible and genial criticism. We should not like to offend its author, by contrasting it with Mr. Alison's juvenile exhibition in the same line, who has omitted Shelley in his criticisms of the poets, and denied Coleridge immortality. In order to understand the history of a nation, it is quite as necessary that we should be informed of its mental as of its physical progress, of its scientific and literary culture, as well as of its governmental changes. Mr. Prescott has perhaps introduced this subject too much in the form of an episode to give variety to his work, and not enough in the spirit of philosophical inquiry. This defect however, could only be obviated by a change in his historic method. Criticism as an art, reviewing the evolutions of the human mind from a high stand point, and tracing the relations of literature to its age, and to the law of development, is very different from criticism such as we find it in newspapers and second-rate magazines. The foundation of criticism is good taste and common sense. It is the office of criticism to discover the beautiful and the true, wherever, and whenever it exists, to

reject what is false and unnatural, and to refer all its conclusions to such general principles as we can derive from the light of nature. Criticism translates the language of art and nature into the language of common life. Its office is not to construct, but to reveal; not to write an epît, but to tell how well an epic is written; and the difference between a genuine critic and a genuine dunce is, that while the former always gives a reason for the faith that is in him, the latter never has a reason to give. The aim of true criticism "is not to teach how beautiful things may be made, but to exhibit before all eyes, and help all minds to understand the lustre of those things which are beautiful. Its aim is to increase the number of lofty and refined spirits—minds of liberality and sagacity, of delicacy and enlightenment; it is to prepare for men of genius and of talent, whenever nature may choose to inspire such, a public worthy of receiving them, whose admiration may animate them, and whose severe taste may calm and moderate their too exuberant activity."*

This is the office of criticism. To educate the public in the true principles of art; to administer justice without respect of persons; and never did American literature stand more in need of such criticism than at this present moment. The country is threatened with a second deluge, in the shape of political novels, autobiographies, and every species of intellectual abortion. Genius is being supplanted by mediocrity. Fools are rushing in, where angels have not hitherto dreamed of setting their feet.—The public is seized with a literary mania, which threatens to subvert the whole fabric reared by art and taste. The publishers realizing fortunes out of the people, by duping and flattering them in every possible manner.

Mr. Barnum comes forward and says to his constituents, "I have swindled you under all manner of false pretenses; taken you in and done for you; imposed upon your credulity and upon your good nature; and realized"—slapping his hand upon his

pocket—"a handsome sum of money: here is my autobiography, telling how the whole thing was done, and I want you to buy it;"—and Young America goes upon a pilgrimage to Delphos to consult the oracle. Mr. Barnum is followed by Mr. Wikoff, who holds the public by the button half a day, while he entertains it with a relation of his exciting adventures when in pursuit of a Stag of Ten. Then Helen Dhu—whom we take to be a strong-minded woman in bloomers—mounts the rostrum, and expatiates upon the virtues of a quack medicine labelled Stanhope Burleigh, warranted to cure chimerical diseases—and everybody buys a bottle. Then Ruth Hall, following in the illustrious footsteps of Lady Bulwer, plucks the feathers from her friends and serves them up to the public. Verily, the golden age of authors is upon us. Mr. Bagwind no longer dwells in an attic, shivering over a "rusty grate," and involved in depths and darkness. He is not obliged to dodge the sheriff and bilk his benevolent landlord. Oh! no. Mr. Bagwind has a house of his own—a palatial residence, *without* a door-plate, as everybody is supposed to know where Bagwind lives—and he can walk Broadway and confront his tailor, without being tapped on the shoulder, and reminded of "that little bill." Goldsmith is no longer rated and starved out of lodgings by his landlady; and Johnson always has a balance of a few thousands with his publisher. The demand for white-washed heroines, maudlin sentiment, mock morals, and extravagant caricature, is fully equalled by the supply. Judged by any lofty ideal of excellence, these works have neither positive merit or originality. Patriotic sticklers for a national literature may possibly find cause for congratulation in them, but so far from combining freedom of thought with respect for morality and religion, they appear to us to be the essential embodiment of poverty of thought, having an eye to the "Almighty dollar." They are raree-shows, in which the puppets are strung upon the wires, and made to go through a given quantity of horrible pantomime. They are mechanical contrivances, not creations of genius. They are not

*Anonymous translation from the French of the *Duke De Broglie*.

the genial products of thinking minds, penetrated by imagination and passion, and humanized by sympathy. They are nothing more or less than the genuine inspirations of mammon.

The American mind, as it develops itself in literature, and as it develops itself in life, presents a profound and irreconcilable antagonism. In the pursuit of gain, its characteristics are sharpness, quick practical insight, marvellous power of combination, and invincible energy of will. In the pursuit of truth, it is impatient of logical method and induction, but it displays a sure and intuitive perception of the beautiful, and an enthusiasm which is continually being modified from contact with the chilling philosophy of conventional life. On the one side we behold the remorseless materialism of grasping ambition; on the other, the mystic idealism of Emerson. In no other country is the love of money so universal and intense; in no other country is absolute truth, and absolute beauty more earnestly sought after, or more completely embodied in literature and art. The ideal tendencies of the American mind have been developed in the shape of a protest against the materialistic spirit of the age. Transcendentalism, as it sprung from the brain of Kant, was a protest against a material philosophy of life. Transcendentalism, as it exists in the works of Emerson, is a protest against the immorality and irreligion, not of an intellectual theory, but of a physical fact. The peculiar charm which the writings of Emerson exercise over the youthful world of literature, is to be sought for partly in the poetic mysticism of his style, and partly in the suggestive character of his thoughts. He makes no pretension to logical formula; he does not even insist upon the intrinsic value of such truth as he dogmatically announces. He professes to be simply a seeker after the good, the beautiful, and the true. The isolated thoughts which lie upon the surface of his essays, will be generally found to have a secret and unapparent relationship, when we view them in their connection with the central principle which he is striving to illustrate; but never do they have an appa-

rent logical sequence. His sphere is not in the circle of relative, but of absolute truth; he is not a logician, but a poet.

The literature of a nation always reflects, in a greater or less degree, the reigning system of philosophy. Thus, in Germany, the ideal philosophy gave shape and tone to the writings of Goethe, Schiller and Richter; in England, to the works of Carlyle, Coleridge, De Quincey, Shelley and Tennyson; in America, to the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne and Bancroft. The paramount influence maintained by Transcendentalism for a succession of years over the literature of England and America, has however at last been broken. The positive philosophy of Comte* is making asure and gradual progress among the thinking minds of the age, undermining the foundations of idealism, and asserting its power through translations and reviews. That it is destined to a wide influence cannot reasonably be doubted by such as have accustomed themselves to watch the evolutions of the human mind in its reactionary processes. Its final triumph, while it would have an unfavorable effect upon the arts of sculpture and painting, and upon the elegant literature of the age, would secure for us a success in the domain of physical science, as splendid and enduring as we have already achieved in the flowery paths of the BELLES-LETTRES.

* The writer, while he professes to have but little sympathy with the material philosophy of Comte, cannot but acknowledge that he has failed to receive impartial justice from the Transcendental critics. M. Comte has vitiated his entire theory by referring all knowledge exclusively to the senses, and denying the validity of higher intuitions. His philosophy is therefore so far as the main scope and purpose of it is considered, decidedly atheistic. But while his hostile critics lay very great stress upon the practical tendencies of his philosophy, they intentionally overlook his splendid contribution to the cause of truth, in demonstrating the phenomenal relationship of the sciences, and in classifying them according to their mutual dependence. It is true M. Comte has classified the sciences according to the dependence of phenomena, and not according to the profounder relations of thought—this is a defect, which as we have already said, vitiates his entire philosophy. But after every deduction is made, there still remains enough of truth in the 'Positive Philosophy' to secure for it an extensive, and a permanent influence.

HISTORY OF AURORA.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on both sides of the Fox River, in Kane County, Illinois, where the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad crosses that River, forty-three miles by the road, west of Chicago, stands AURORA, a city recently incorporated, and containing about seven thousand inhabitants. The ground rises gradually from the river, on each side, for about eighty rods to an elevation of some seventy feet from the water, and then back from the summit of the bluff it extends some distance in a beautiful and almost level plateau. On that slope and plateau the city is built.

Justifying the application of its classic

name, it is a brilliant and delightful situation—fair as the morning. Having travelled over some twelve different States of this Union, including most of New England, the writer of this article can safely, and conscientiously affirm, that he has never yet seen a city, whose location, in every respect, pleased him so well, or which was more desirable, as regards society, and all the elements and advantages which make society pleasant. Does any one, who reads this notice, desire to enjoy, in quietness, the pleasures and comforts of elevated social life, we can particularly commend Aurora to his attention.

FOX RIVER,

Upon which the City of Aurora stands, is a large mill stream, with considerable fall at this place, and constitutes a permanent and valuable water power. This water power attracted the hardy pioneers who made the first settlement.

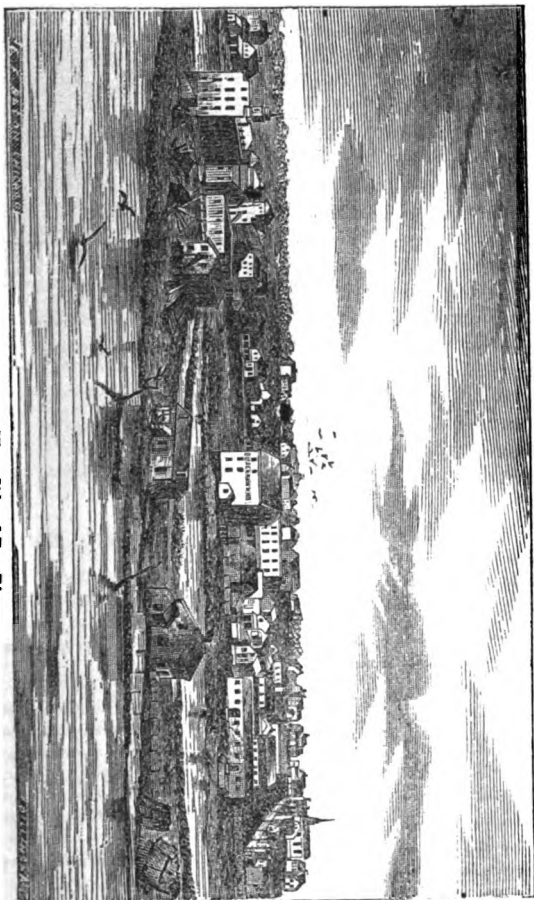
PIONEERS.

Impelled by an active spirit of enterprise, and a commendable wish to make or better his fortune, Joseph McCarty left Elmira, N. Y., in the Autumn of 1833, to look for a desirable situation in the wilds of the Great West, for himself and his brother Sam'l.

Both of the brothers were mill-wrights—Joseph being at the time twenty-four years of age, and Samuel twenty-two.

In his prospecting tour the elder brother took passage down the Ohio River and up the Illinois. It was his intention to make a claim at Grand Rapids, on the Illinois, now Marseilles, in La Salle county; but finding the water power there already covered by a claim, he ascended the valley of Fox River.

View of Aurora, West Side of Fox River.



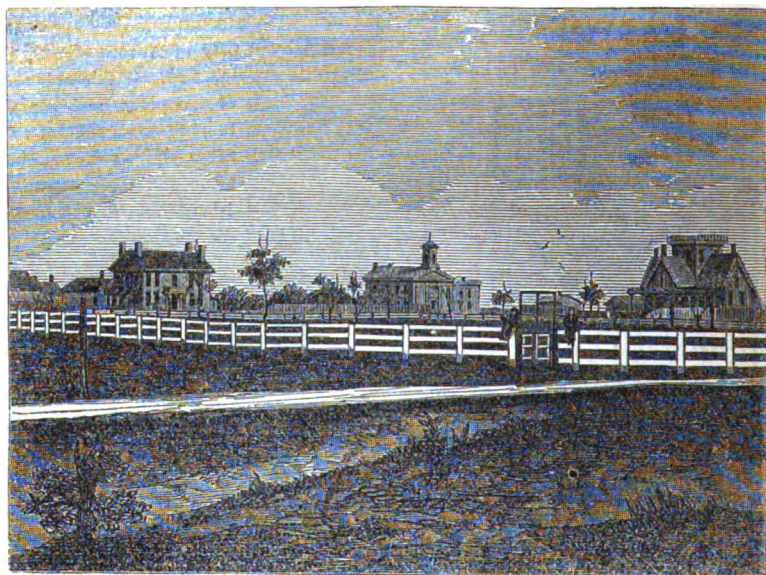
At Dayton, in his journey up he made the acquaintance of a man by the name of John Green, and his sons, who had already in possession that locality; and still continuing his journey up the river, he found a favorable location unclaimed, where this city now stands, and in April, 1834, he made his claim, by driving stakes and taking possession, according to the law of squatter sovereignty. His claim included about 360 acres, on the east side of Fox River, and somewhat over one hundred on the west side.

About the same time, a man whose name

Samuel, the younger McCarty mentioned, arrived on the 6th of Nov. 1834, making a laborious journey of three weeks, by the most speedy route, exhibiting a striking contrast between the rapidity of travel then and now.

Three long tedious weeks were then consumed in a journey, at cost of sixty dollars, which could now be comfortably performed in less than twenty-four hours, at a cost of twelve; and then Elmira was in *effect* more than ten thousand miles further from Aurora than it now is.

When Samuel McCarty arrived, as before



View of the Public Square.

is not recollected by our informant, made a claim to some four hundred acres, adjoining the elder McCarty on the south, which he purchased for his brother Samuel, who had now joined him, paying the squatter therefor some sixty dollars—a property which is now worth more thousands than it was dollars then.

Assisted by a young man who was learning with him the trade of mill-wright, Joseph put up a log house, fourteen by sixteen feet, and then to procure help to make a dam across the east channel of the river, he went to Chicago for a supply of provisions and men.

stated, the mill dam, which his brother Joseph had undertaken to build, had reached an elevation of more than two feet, and the saw mill was framed and ready to be raised. To procure sufficient aid to do it, Joseph visited all the white settlements at Naperville, Plainfield, and Oswego, and succeeded in obtaining the assistance of a dozen men, a very inadequate force to be sure, but after three days hard work the job was accomplished.

THE INDIANS.

In this region of the Fox River Valley, there were at the time of which we are speaking, two hundred Indians to one white



View of the South Side of Main Street.

man. Wauhansia, a tall noble looking specimen of aboriginal humanity, was the war chief of the tribe. He was a pretty fair representative of the race before they were degenerated by the wicked influence of white men and whiskey.

The village of Waubansia, where some six or eight hundred of the Indians either temporarily or permanently resided, was situated at a little distance from the city, on what is now called the McNamara farm.

The settlers preserved the most amicable relations with those Indians, as such relations can always be preserved, where whiskey and dishonest, dishonorable sharpers can be kept away from them. Not the least difficulty occurred between the whites and natives, until a short time previous to their removal westward, by the United States Government, in 1836, and that was owing to whiskey, introduced among them by men who cared not how much degradation and misery they created, so long as, by the traffic, they could accumulate gain.

In the true and child-like simplicity of their savage and untutored natures, the neighboring red men used to gather around the saw mill of the McCarty's, in large

numbers, and, with manifestations of unbounded delight watch its motions and operations.

During one of these visits to the mill a circumstance occurred which came near leading to serious consequences; and as is often the case, was referable to whiskey. Just as Samuel McCarty was about to shove at one time a heavy slab off below the mill, he happened to discover an Indian lying dead drunk, right underneath, where it would have fallen. It was a narrow escape for the Indian, and perhaps, too, for young McCarty, for had he been killed or greatly injured, and had such a casualty happened, even though accidental, it might have exasperated his comrades, and have proved disastrous to McCarty.

The first sawing done in this mill for customers was, according to the "blotter," for Mr. Wormley, who made a claim June 1st, 1834, near Oswego, and who still lives upon it.

This saw mill was the first ever built on Fox River, and was an honorable testimony to the perseverance, enterprise and energy, of the pioneers in the settlement of Aurora.

EMIGRATION.

Towards the close of the year 1834 settlers began to be attracted to the place. The first additions to the list were Stephen Aldrich, who kept a boarding house for the McCartys, R. C. Horr and family, W. J. Strong, and others.

Following these, in 1835, were Winslow Higgins and family, Dr. Eastman and wife, R. N. Matthews and wife, Joseph Huntoon and family, from Canada, Robert Foracre, and Jearum Atkins, from Indiana, Seth Reed and Theodore Lake, from Ohio, Cha's Bates, B. F. Philips, Elgin Squires, J. M. Leonard, William F. Elliott, Peter Mills, and E. D. Terry, all former acquaintances of the McCartys, from Chemung Co., N. Y., besides a large number not mentioned in this list.

In that year Zaphna Lake bought the dam which had been erected across the West channel by the McCartys, for here Fox River is divided into east and west channels by Stolp's Island. He also bought the McCarty land claim on the West side, paying therefor, in various articles, \$500.

During this year the first village plat was laid out, including an area of about forty acres. The lots varied in size, from sixty-six feet by 120 to 170, and were rapidly disposed of at prices which were then

thought to be large, but which now look extremely diminutive.

At the close of 1835, Aurora could boast of a well built mill dam across the channel, four feet high, a saw mill with one saw, a small frame house and barn, two or three log houses, and two or three frame houses in the course of erection. Around the village, within a mile, were located some twelve or fifteen squatters with their families.

In the spring of 1836 the brothers McCarty undertook the task of building a grist mill, which was very much needed. Finding, however, that they were unable to complete it without assistance, they, in September, formed a partnership in the business with Robert Miller, and on the 8th of February, 1837, it was completed and commenced running.

During the latter part of 1835, and the whole of 1836, the influx of emigration into Aurora was immense, and village lots rose rapidly in value.

During the great revulsion of 1837, when financial ruin swept so like a hurricane over the whole country, a stagnation of business however ensued, as in almost every village in the Union, and for a year or two it remained almost stationary.

From 1840 to the present time Aurora



View on the West Side, including Baptist Church, Public School House, &c.

has increased steadily in wealth, population and business, and has become one of the most flourishing inland towns of Illinois.

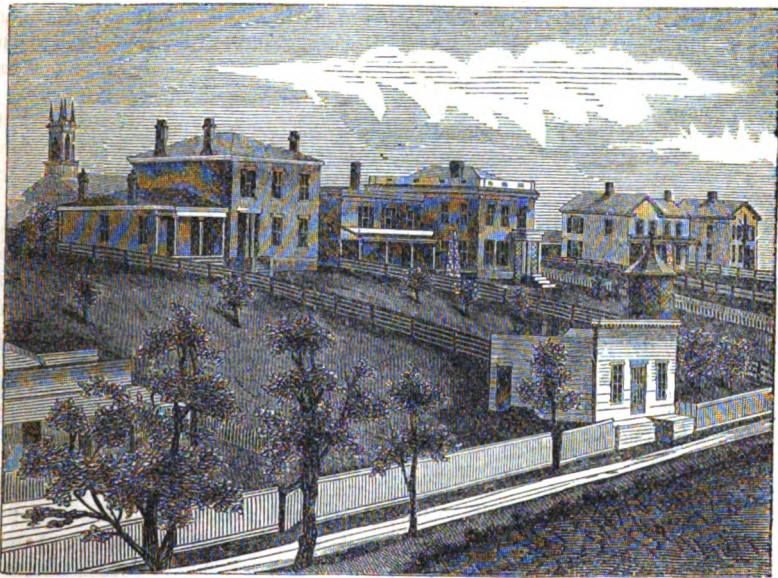
There are one or two other circumstances, which occurred in 1836, worthy of notice before we pass on.

In November of that year Mr. Samuel McCarty, with his team and some men, spent several days in staking out a road from Naperville, through Aurora, to Little Rock. They also cut down brush, made log bridges, glazed trees, and constructed nearly an air line connection between the two points.

The original State road, from Chicago

to Galena, crossed the river at Grey's, three and a half miles below. Mr. McCarty induced the mail contractor to remove the stage from the old road and send it over the new, by agreeing to keep the drivers and teams free of charge for the first month—a very politic move, so far as his own interests were concerned, he being a large property holder, and one very beneficial to the village. As it attracted most of the travel from the old road to the new, it was a great triumph to Aurora, but gave Greytown a blow from which it never recovered.

A stage route being established, the next



View of the East Side Bluff.

step in policy, was, of course, to secure a Post Office. Samuel McCarty drew up a petition for the establishment of one, and the appointment of Burr Winton as Post Master, circulated it on both sides of the River, and obtained the signatures of 30 citizens, with which he started the next morning for Naperville, to get the signature of the Post Master, it being a rule of the Department to obtain the signature of the nearest Post Master, for the establishment of a new office.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon, however,

a rival petition was gotten up and circulated upon the West side, among the outside settlers, during the evening, asking the appointment of Mr. Livingston. Of course the farmers were all ready to sign the first petition presented to them for a Post Office at Aurora.

Next morning, therefore, Mr. McCarty very unexpectedly met several of his neighbors, who had procured the signatures for the Post Master, and were celebrating the triumph of the West Side over the East. But Mr. McCarty bore their jokes quite

calmly, remarking that they who laugh last laugh *best*. After counselling with his friends upon his return home, affidavits were forthwith procured, representing that the wishes of the people were not consulted in the recommendation of Livingston—that the petition for his appointment was circulated in a clandestine manner—and that the whole proceeding was underhanded. The result was that Winton was appointed instead of Livingston.

Great excitement was produced by an affair so trivial, and for years there existed a bitter and conflicting feeling between the two sides, originating in their conflict for the Post Office, so true is it that, in the language of Cowper, "Lands intersected by a narrow frith, abhor each other."

That conflicting antagonism, so injurious, was never removed until the late amicable union of the two sides of the river in a common city incorporation.

Before that period there were two incorporated villages, one on each side of the river, with all their interests bitterly at variance; and that animosity was fostered and kept in activity, year after year, by *designing* men, on both sides, very much to their discredit. But the disinterested masses

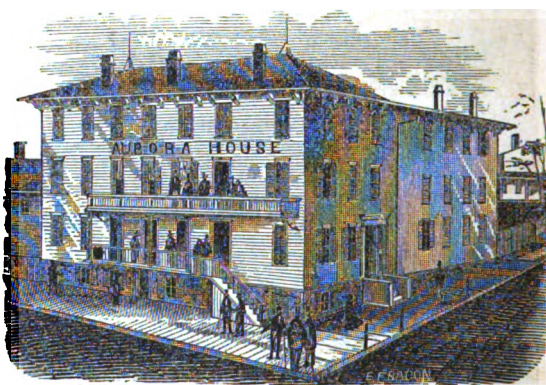
in time became dissatisfied and disgusted with this state of things, and effectually curbed this spirit of animosity. They saw plainly that those conflicting antagonisms only taxed the pockets of the people to pay for two municipal governments, when one would answer a much better purpose. When, therefore, last winter, the proposition was made to unite the two villages amicably under one common city charter, with enlarged municipal powers, it was assented to with almost perfect unanimity and the result was a harmonious consolidation of hitherto conflicting interests, which cannot but be lastingly beneficial.

It might be expected, perhaps, that we should, in continuation of our history of

Aurora from 1840—the last year mentioned—relate some incidents of each year's growth and progress of the place, up to 1857. But this would be useless, dull and tiresome. Let the intimation we have already made that its growth was rapid and steady, be sufficient, without particularization.

MERCANTILE BUSINESS.

It cannot be expected, in an article as limited as this must necessarily be, that we should specify, in detail, the name and firm and business transactions of each merchant. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that in no inland city of seven thousand inhabitants, that we are acquainted with, either East, West, North or South, is there a more prosperous mercantile business done, than in



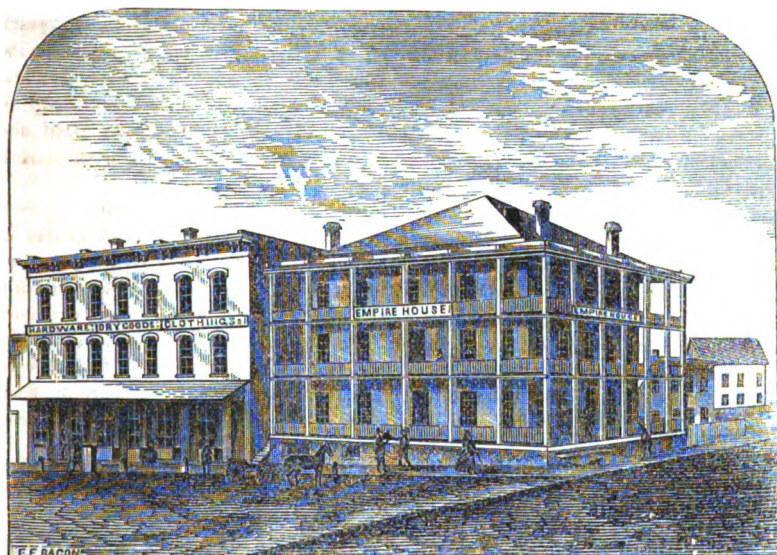
Aurora House.

Aurora; and that business is constantly, healthily and steadily increasing. Large amounts of produce of various kinds center here, for the Chicago and Eastern markets, and large amounts of grain are converted into flour.

MILLS.

On Fox River, which supplies a permanent and excellent water power, there are three flouring mills doing an extensive business.

The Black Hawk Mills, situated upon the channel west of Stolp's Island, is a large and well-built edifice, owned by Messrs. Squires & Whitefield, and can manufacture, when taxed to its utmost capacity about



Empire House and Stone Block.

one hundred and seventy-five barrels of flour per day.

The Eagle Mills, located on Stolp's Island, and the Aurora City Mills, situated on the east side of the east channel, are both owned by Mr. Charles Gill. The first can turn out eighty barrels of flour per day, and the latter one hundred barrels, besides having a run of stone for coarse work.—Attached to this latter mill is a good saw mill, owned by the same gentleman.

Besides these mills, there are the woolen factory of Mr. Stolp, situated on his Island a large building, 60 by 111 feet, and five stories high; the sash factory and planing mill of Messrs. Reeder & Merrill, on the same Island; and the Messrs. Hoyt's machine shop, on the West Side.

MECHANICAL.

There are three quite extensive carriage manufactories in Aurora. The largest is owned by Messrs. E. & A. Woodworth.—They employ 85 hands, and turn out, in the course of the year, an immense number of fine and common carriages, buggies and lumber wagons. They have, in the course of erection, and which will soon be completed, a large and substantial stone build-

ing for their business, 66 by 100 feet, and four stories high.

The next manufactory in size, is that of Mr. McCollum, one of the pioneers of the town. He employs an average of 25 men during the year, and carriages and ploughs are the principal article of his manufacture. These two establishments are located on the West Side of the River.

On the East Side is a carriage and wagon manufactory on a smaller scale, owned by Messrs. Moore & Hough, giving employment to an average of 18 hands.

There are various other smaller workshops of the kind in Aurora, but it would make this article tediously long to notice them in detail.

CHICAGO & BURLINGTON R. R. BUILDINGS.

Located in Aurora are the principal buildings for the manufacture of machinery and rolling stock for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Great benefit has the location of these works there been to the town. It is supposed that not less than a quarter of a million of dollars in bridges, embankments, buildings and grading, has been expended by the company there and thereabouts; which must, of course, have

aided very materially to build up the town.

The locomotive shop, which is the principal building, is a massive edifice of hewn stone, 50 by 180 feet, two stories high, and 16 feet each story. In this department there are employed two hundred hands, at a cost of about eight thousand dollars per month.

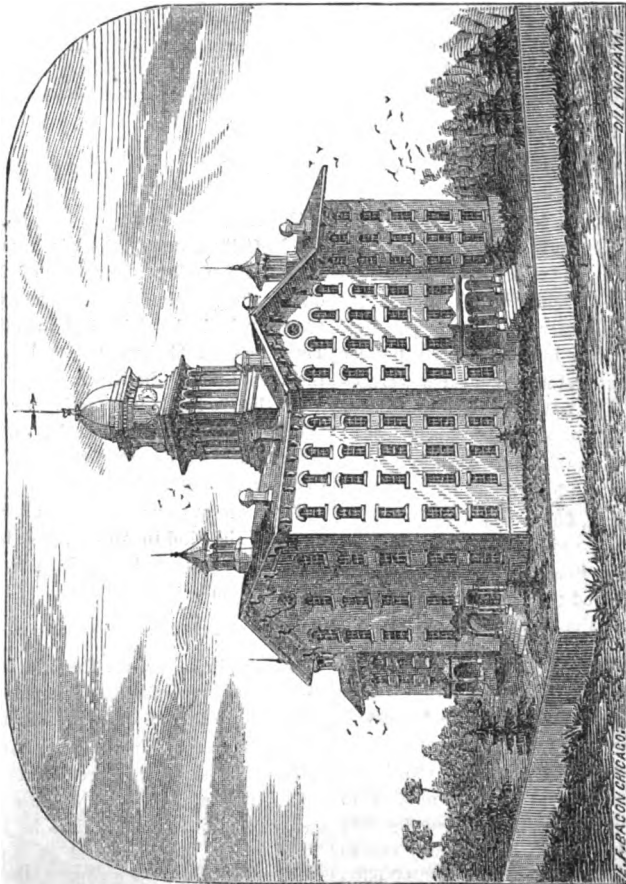
The round house is 50 feet inside, and the circle upon which it is built is 264 feet in diameter. There are 22 stalls and pits for locomotives completed, and when the whole circle of the round house is finished, there will be, in all, forty stalls and pits.

The blacksmith shop is 50 by 154 feet, the car shop 63 by 284, the carpenter shop

30 by 100, the paint shop 43 by 200, oil shop 20 by 22. The lumber kiln 17 by 22, of stone, and the stack 10 feet square at the base, 6 feet at the top, and 80 feet high; containing in its structure 85,000 brick.—The area of the flooring of all the buildings is two acres.

In all the departments beside the locomotive shop, there are employed 135 men, at a cost, per month, of \$5,400, making in all, an aggregate about the works, of three hundred and thirty-five hands, at a cost of \$13,400 per month.

The whole estimated cost of all the buildings and machinery is \$176,000; a sum the expenditure of which has been of vast benefit to Aurora.



Clark Seminary

CLARK SEMINARY.

There is another object of prominent public interest, which we shall briefly notice in this connection.

Rev. John Clark, a devoted missionary of the M. E. Church, who spent some time laboring in Fox River Valley, conceived the project of founding an institution of a high order, somewhere in that valley, for the education of our western youth, and the preparation of them for spheres of extensive usefulness. Upon consultation with Dr. Hinman, President of the North-Western University, Messrs. Levi Jenks, Benjamin Hackney and others, Aurora was chosen as the proper location for it, and a beautiful and commanding site was selected, which overlooks the whole town. Upon that spot it is now in the process of erection. It is to be very substantially built of hewn stone, and will be a model of architecture, an ornament to the city, and a credit to the Western country.

Messrs. Hodgman & Babcock, building contractors from Fort Edwards, N. Y., are two of the best architects in the whole country, East or West, and they intend that this edifice shall be no discredit to the reputation they have gained.

The main front edifice will be 40 by 125 feet, and five stories high. The Ell will be 45 by 70 feet, and four stories high. From the observatory, on the main front edifice, when completed, one can overlook the valley of Fox River, north and south, for a great distance, and the rich prairies east and west, some fifteen or twenty miles, constituting one of the richest views in the whole Western country.

This institution is founded and endowed upon the principle of stock, \$40,000 of which is already taken, and \$25,000 is to be raised, making \$65,000 which is required to finish the buildings that are now in the progress of erection, and put the institution in operation.

The seminary, when the edifice now rising is complete, will accommodate 500 students; and when another building in the complete plan is erected, at an additional cost of \$35,000, the seminary will accommodate 1,000 students.

The intention of the efficient board of trust, is that in the election of the faculty to preside over this institution, reference shall be had to the very best talent of the country.

Doubtless by the tireless exertions of their energetic agent, the Rev. J. C. Stoughton, the balance of the stock will be subscribed this Summer, and the edifice move on to completion without any hindrance.—We predict a brilliant future for the seminary.

BRIDGES.

Fox River, when the ice breaks up in the Spring, frequently rises rapidly and very high, and sweeps off dams, bridges, and every thing else in its course.

Experiencing considerable difficulty in crossing Fox River, the enterprising McCarty's, with the aid of the citizens, built a bridge in 1836; but when the ice broke up in the Spring of 1837, it was swept off.

Being determined, however, to make Aurora a place of importance, the enterprising proprietors of the town rebuilt the bridge in 1838, at a cost of \$2,000; but in 1840 this shared a like fate with its predecessor.

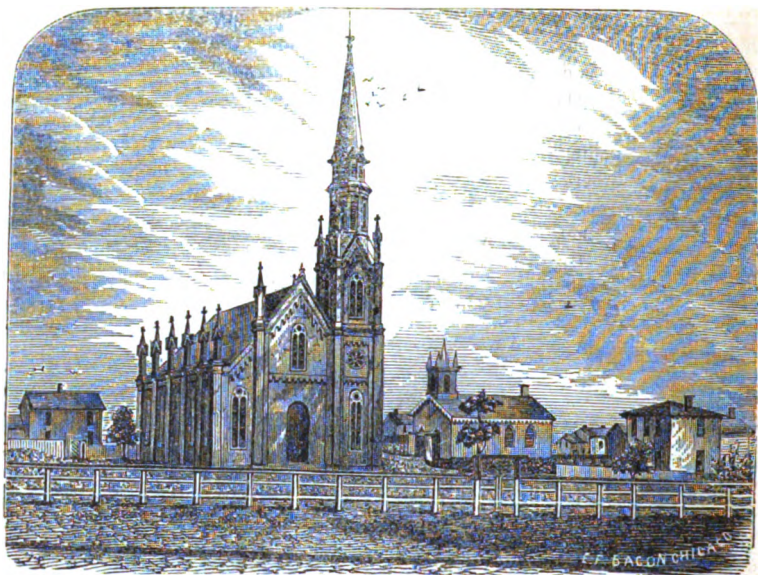
From that time until 1845 a ferry was established over the dam. In that year the bridge was again rebuilt. How long that stood we are not informed.

In 1855 and '6 an expensive causeway and high bridges were built, elevated, as was thought, above the reach of floods, but the sudden and remarkable rise of Fox River last February swept them all away, with the railroad bridge below town, and caused a damage and destruction of property in Aurora, to the extent of some \$100,000.

But by the indomitable energy of the authorities and the citizens, the bridges are again completed, and built some four feet higher than ever, and probably above the possible reach of any future flood.

NEWSPAPERS.

There are two very respectable weekly newspapers, the Aurora Beacon and Guardian, issued in this city, and one good sized daily, which has been in existence nearly a



View of the New Congregational Church.

year, and which will probably be continued permanently.

BANKS.

The Bank of Aurora, under the direction of Messrs. Hall & Brothers, has an issue of \$230,000 upon the deposit of stock securities, and Messrs. Albert Jenks & Co., private Bankers, employ a capital, in their business, of \$100,000.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The very liberal manner in which the citizens of Aurora have aided to illustrate their place, in the *Chicago Magazine*, shows that that population is remarkably enterprising. In this number we insert nine views of the town. In the next number we shall insert six more, which are not executed in season for the present. The splendid Ambrotypes from which these illustrations were designed, were taken by Mr. Pratt of Aurora.

CHURCHES.

As in the days of the Pilgrims, so in the settlement of Aurora, those who founded the place considered, and truly too, that Christianity is the best and most enduring basis whereupon to build the prosperity of any place. They therefore wisely estab-

lished churches, and although, in the infancy of the settlement these churches had to struggle against many embarrassments, yet these are all overcome, and they are mostly in a condition of prosperity, and exert a healthful and benign influence upon the community.

Here we close our rapid sketch of Aurora. Much more that is favorable and important might be said, had we space. But this is sufficient to give a general indication of its beauty, the desirableness of its locality, and the rapidity and healthiness of its growth.

JAMES LANGWORTHY, ESQ.

BIOGRAPHY, AND EARLY HISTORY OF DUBUQUE.

(Continued.)

BLACK HAWK surrendered a prisoner of war, and, with other hostages, was conveyed to Rock Island, to arrange the provisions of a new treaty.

The war being closed, most of the troops were sent to other localities, and the volunteers discharged, except a few whose knowledge of the country was requisite in determining the proper limits of the lands to be given up to the Government. Among these

none had explored the territory in question more thoroughly than Mr. LANGWORTHY, and he remained six weeks at Rock Island, by direction of General WINFIELD SCOTT, in furnishing geographical and other data necessary to make up the history of the campaign, and afford additional knowledge of the natural resources of the country. This treaty with the Indians was an important epoch in the history of Iowa. The Territory was then a part of Michigan, and subsequently a part of Wisconsin, and the rapid settlement that followed, required in a few years the organization of the State, with its present boundaries.

The first act resembling civil legislation within the limits of the State, was done at Dubuque, in June, 1830. Mr. LANGWORTHY crossed the river with a company of his fellow miners, and, by permission of the Indians, was allowed to dig for mineral. A government agent was at this time enforcing some necessary regulations in reference to the mines on the east side of the River. The necessity for some rules was apparent, for the government of explorers at Dubuque. The miners accordingly met by the side of an old cottonwood drift-log, stranded on the shore, where the Jones Street Levee now offers such a commodious landing for steamboats, and appointed a Committee to prepare such regulations as might be deemed expedient. The original of the following document is still preserved. It was written by Mr. LANGWORTHY, upon a half sheet of coarse, unruled paper, laid upon the old log around which were assembled the voters, who at that time little thought that in twenty-five years the prairie before them would be occupied by a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Dubuque Mines, June 17th, 1830.

We, a Committee having been chosen to draft certain rules and regulations by which we, as miners will be governed: and, having duly considered the subject, do unanimously agree that we will be governed by the regulations on the east side of the Mississippi River, with the following exceptions, to wit:

ART. I. That each and every man shall hold two hundred yards square of ground, by working said ground one day in six.

ART. II. We further agree that there shall be chosen, by the majority of the miners present, a person

who shall hold this article, and who shall grant letters of arbitration on application being made, and that said letter of arbitration shall be obligatory on the parties concerned, so applying.

To the above we, the undersigned, subscribe.

J. L. LANGWORTHY,
H. F. LANDER,
JAMES MOPHEETERS,
SAMUEL H. SCALES.
E. M. URN.

It appears from an endorsement upon the paper,—“Article deposited with Dr. JARROTE,”—that the Doctor was the first person in the Territory selected by the people to be clothed with the judicial power “to grant” letters of arbitration.

In the haste and anxiety of thirty or forty men, at this time, each endeavoring to secure the best claims to mining ground, and maintain a right of possession by some show of residence, the clear-headed foresight of the LANGWORTHY Brothers was evinced by their taking possession of what has since been called Langworthy Hollow. JAMES succeeded in erecting his cabin a few hours before any one else, and the same kind of indomitable energy, perseverance and success, has marked the character of the family ever since. The two brothers obtained, in a few months, in 1832, three hundred thousand pounds of lead: but the Indian treaty not being yet confirmed by the Government, orders were given to remove the miners from their claims, and the LANGWORTHYS accordingly removed their property to an island near the west shore of the river, and erected rude huts in which to pass the winter, by the side of their piles of lead, while the soldiers occupied the houses they had built at the mines.—In June, 1833, the treaty having been perfected, the whole eastern portion of the present state of Iowa, became the theatre of the white man's enterprise, and the Dubuque miners took possession, for the last time, of their well-earned “prospects,” and other claims. These brothers were now joined by EDWARD and SOLON LANGWORTHY, the latter having served the Government as a dragoon in an exploring expedition, and the four have been partners in various branches of business, sometimes under different firm-names, for more than twenty

years. They now constitute the well known house of J. L. LANGWORTHY & BROTHERS, and they are no less distinguished for their success individually, than in their joint interest as Bankers, extensive dealers in real estate, and in their liberal contributions for any public benefit.

In the same year, in October, 1833, the settlement having been permanently established, the LANGWORTHY Brothers, with a few neighbors, erected the first school-house built in Iowa. It stood but a few rods from the site of that beautiful structure, the Dubuque Female College. This institution, as well as Alexander College, has received liberal subscriptions and patronage from the same source.

We have but little space left to note events in the pioneer life of Mr. LANGWORTHY or his family, or to describe the methods by which his exertions have placed him at the head of the wealthiest firm in Iowa. Even as recently as 1854, this house paid one-twelfth of the whole city tax of Dubuque. A great part of the property in the City and vicinity has passed through the hands of the LANGWORTHYS, and such has been their business care that most of the citizens, in obtaining or transferring property, consider any title traced to them as sufficient, without further research. These brothers deserve the honor they receive for being the judicious pioneers who have opened the way for the fortunes of thousands of followers, and they may congratulate themselves on the position they occupy in society, in relation to wealth, and to the history of Dubuque and the West.

A few years of border life, in the exercise of that firm courage and rough manner incident to living for a time in a state of half-civilization, often gives a roughness of manner that after association can scarcely remove. This is the case with Mr. LANGWORTHY. But there is a hundred fold amend for this in the noble traits of character that have made the whole family public benefactors. There is such an outspoken frankness in the expression of his opinions that everybody may know just what he thinks of anybody. For this, he has, of

course, many acquaintances who look on him with no friendship, and also a greater number of friends whose esteem is more than equalled by his reciprocal attachment.

Mr. LANGWORTHY remained a bachelor until 1840, when he married Miss AGNES MILNE, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland. In 1846 he spent some six months in Europe, accompanied by his family; visited all the principal places in England, Ireland and Scotland, and also many of the neighboring islands.

He lives in a pleasant residence on the bluffs at Dubuque, commanding a beautiful view of the River, and of a large part of the land within the corporate limits of the city. Like his brothers, he is liberally educating his children, and at the age of fifty-seven is surrounded by a large family, with whom he enjoys in a high degree the pleasures of social life, and the domestic associations that make him so much loved at home and esteemed by his friends. He recently gave a party to four hundred of his fellow citizens, and among them all there was not one who has done more to build up the city of Dubuque, and give it a substantial prosperity, than JAMES L. LANGWORTHY.

CHILDISH FANCIES.

I was a dreamy, thoughtful child,
'Though sometimes full of glee;
I thought the stars were fairy queens,
And oft they sang to me.

I thought the flowers had living souls,
Like children such as I;
That angels brought them to the earth,
From gardens in the sky.

I feared to break a tiny stem,
Lest I might still its breath,
And make its green and glossy leaves
Grow pale and still in death.

The feath'ry clouds that floated by,
I thought were angels' wings,
The moon's clear light on hill or stream,
The type of holier things.

How blest those childish fancies were,
Those happy early days!
Ere had my heart familiar grown,
With th' world's unholy ways;

And ere my spirit ceased to trust,
And learned to doubt and dread,
O thou bless'd faith of childhood years!
Say, whither hast thou fled?

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC
FACTS.

SINGULAR FACTS.—Hall's Journal of Health states that recent scientific observation is confirmatory of the fact, that the last thing seen by those who are instantaneously killed, is painted with perfect minuteness and correctness on the back part of the eye. And, perhaps, if the retina is examined immediately after death, in case of murder, the image of the murderer may be distinctly seen.

Dr. Thomas Jefferson Hall, a gentleman of singular personal piety and professional skill, at the moment of dying, raised his hands and called upon his mother and minister, both of whom were dead. It is no unusual thing for the departing to mention some loved name gone before, while angels seem to hover around the good, as if ready to bear them upward towards their heavenly home. Who knows but, if some skillful dissector could be present and could make the examination at the next instant succeeding dissolution, that delicate canvas, prepared and painted by divinity, might not foreshadow "things unutterable!" might not give the long and earnestly coveted glimpse—coveted by multitudes—of something beyond that "bourne whence no traveler returns!"

HORSE SHOEING.—In shoeing horses, the frog of the foot should never be cut, only trimmed very sparingly. The life of the foot is in this part, and if it is cut it dries up, becomes small and pinched, and essentially injures the foot. I have observed that this is the practice invariably with the best horse shoers.

Some blacksmiths pare the heel strong, and the toe light; such men do not understand their business. If the heel is cut away too much, and the toe left long, it forces the animal to bear too heavily on the heel, which sometimes occasions tender feet.

Both the heel and the toe should be pared so as to give a handsome form to the foot, and to let the horse find equal support

on the whole surface of the foot. A good shoer gives the horse a heel sufficiently high to make it strong and firm.

Not uncommonly are shoes set on a horse without any regard to the anatomy of the foot, by driving in nails too far back on the heel. Nails should not enter a horse's foot back of the quarter; if they do they deprive the foot of its elasticity, which nature has provided for, in order that the body of the horse may not be shaken severely by the force of the blow, when he sets down his feet.

DIAMOND DUST.—The demand for diamond dust within a few years has increased very materially, on account of the increased demand for all articles that are made by it, such as cameos, intaglios, etc. Recently there has been a discovery made of the peculiar power of diamond dust upon steel,—it gives the finest edge to all kinds of cutlery, and threatens to displace the hone of Hungary. It is well known, that in cutting a diamond (the hardest substance in nature) the dust is placed on the teeth of the saw—to which it adheres, and thus permits the instrument to make its way through the gem. To this dust, to, is to be attributed solely the power of man to make brilliants from rough diamonds; from the dust is obtained the perfection of the geometrical symmetry which is one of the chief beauties of the mineral, and also that adamantine polish which nothing can injure or effect save a substance of its own nature. The power of the diamond upon steel is remarkable; it is known to paralyze the magnet in some instances—and may there not be some peculiar operation upon steel with which philosophers have not yet taught us to be familiar! How is it that a diamond cast into a crucible of melted iron converts the latter into steel! Whatever may be said, it is evident that the diamond dust for sharpening razors, knives and cutlery, is a novelty which is likely to command the attention of the public, whether or not it is agreed that there is anything beyond the superior hardness of the dust over the steel, to give that keenness of edge that has surprised all who have used it.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—Hall's Journal of Health has an article upon this subject, in which it is argued that it is better to sleep upon the right side than the left, and says after going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate efforts to get rid of it, arouse us, that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degrees of stagnation, and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those found lifeless in their bed in the morning, of whom it is said: "They were as well as they ever were, the day before;" and often it is added, and *ate heartier than common!* This last, is a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well, to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal.

NICE SPECTACLES, to see with in the dark, are suggested by a correspondent of the Scientific American:

"They would be very desirable," he thinks, "in some situations, to see clearly when quite dark, when acting as a pilot, for example, on river steamboats. This idea is practicable. That which avails an owl to see in the dark will also enable a man to see in the night. Herschell could see with the aid of an optical instrument which he constructed, the dial on a steeple

clock, a mile distant, when it was so dark that he could see but a few feet with the naked eye."

CIRCULAR SAWS.—Formerly the only process of grinding saws that was known, was by hand power. A machine has been invented, however, by Mr. Hoe—a delicate piece of machinery, worked by steam power—which produces a remarkably complete finish of the saw plate. This machine is a vertical iron plate, with a raised center, upon which the saw revolves. A lap, revolving with great celerity against this plate, distributes a compound of polishing material—composed of a mixture of flint and emery—upon the surface of the saw, and grinds and polishes it with perfect precision of movement. The next operation is that of a horizontal motion of the lap against the saw, which motion is so graduated at pleasure that the saw is rendered thicker or thinner at any point. The third process drives the lap laterally along the surface of the saw—insuring an equality of finish and an exact gradation of thickness. This "lap," therefore, performs not less than three distinct motions at one and the same moment. It is a marvellously ingenious and simple application of mechanical skill.

GOLD COIN SCALES ON A NEW PLAN.—A pair of curious scales for weighing gold coins, says the Scientific American, were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, by M. Deleuil, a distinguished mathematical instrument maker. It was operated by clock work, and weighed ten coins at once. The number of pieces were placed on a receiver, and made to pass through different sloping grooves or channels, into the basin of a pair of scales. Every single coin, as it reached the scale, was weighed, and according to the length of the oscillations of the beam, the weight of each was determined. But the most curious part of the scale's operations consisted in a separator trap being opened by the oscillation of the beam for each coin, according to its weight, and the coin thereby deposited in a drawer below.

Humorous.

NOGGS ON PROGRESS.

NOGGS is a character. While he lived "away down east," we thought him one of the institutions of that part of the land. But Noggs being a progressive being, he thought he must follow the star of destiny, and therefore, not long ago, he made tracks for the West. We heard of his oscillations in Wisconsin, but having strong faith in natural equilibrium, we concluded of course that he would in time find his level, and therefore we were not surprised the other day to meet Noggs in Chicago. Noggs had floated to Chicago as naturally as the duck floats on water. We could not do otherwise than ask Noggs for an article for the Chicago Magazine. As he had advanced considerably in his journey of life, on coming to Chicago, it was very natural that he should give us his views on PROGRESS.

"Change is written on the face of everything; first the seed, then the blossom, and anon the ripe fruit; all beautiful, and yet how different. Nothing Nature so abhors as vacuums, stagnation and sameness. No two things alike, no two persons see alike, —jostle, jostle, jostle,—advance, march on, re-form, presto—change.

To-day we're here, to-morrow we're where? Why all this constant transformation and newness of things? I answer, to display the goodness of Him "who doeth all things well," for He knew how miserable man would be without it.

Just imagine a live Yankee, where everything was in one eternal fix; with no shadow of turning or changing; no rise or fall of stocks; no ups and downs of trade; no new inventions to be even thought of; no whittling out any new device; no new jackknives; no new minister; no change of season, weather or political dynasty; and how long do you think he would live? Not long, I ween; and wouldn't want to if he could, though in the garden of Eden itself. If some old fogies could have their way, I know they would have mighty little variety. Their motto is, "let well enough

alone;" but, thank the Lord, they have not the control of things, else, I fear me, the very air we breathe would be kept from circulating, so fearful of change are they.

Aye! PROGRESS and ONWARD! these are the two great words, especially of this, the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is laughable to see the vain efforts of the selfish slow-coaches that disfigure every age, to stop the tide of human progress, and stem the current of a world's reform.

In olden times, long, long ago, the only means of vehicular locomotion in London, was to get into a wherry, or small boat, and be rowed by a pair of oars up and down the Thames, and landed wherever the passenger might desire on its banks. But as this, of course, was troublesome, exceedingly, to those who lived far from the river, necessity, the mother of supply, brought about the invention of hackney coaches; and then such an hue and cry as the boatmen raised, you never heard before, and terrible was the warfare between the watermen and coachmen. It was carried on even to bloodshed; but the coachees triumphed, for coaches became at once a necessity, its mother's own child—of course it could be nothing else—and folks will have the necessities of life anyhow. Time wag'd, and it was soon found to be rather expensive, to poor folks at least, to hire a coach every time it rained, which is as often in London as every now and then. And, again, necessity being married to economy, conceived, and lo! there sprang into existence an umbrella, a sort of portable coach that a man could carry in his hand, and that was cheap withal. And now the owners of the coaches began to fret and fume, but umbrellas have ever since been made and sold—and now and then one borrowed and stolen—in spite of all circumstances, and will be. Just think of a man, or the mass of men, now-a-days standing under awnings and porches, till a two hour's shower was over, as common folks used to have to do, and they with notes to pay in less than an hour, and the money not yet raised! Then came the omnibusses, and the anathemas were loud and deep against their inventors. But the public liked them,

and taking a buss is now one of the commonest and most indispensable thing out of doors; whereas, in days of yore, it was confined to a meeting of the sexes, and was mere lip service at best.

But time, as well as carriages, kept rolling on, and the first thing the world knew, steamboats and railroad cars were invented, and the way they have made packets and stages stay at home is known to everybody. But they are still in use, in spite of all the old folks at home. Before the advent of steam it took three or four weeks to go from Chicago to Boston; now you can go quicker than you can stay at home.

But steam, even, is not quick enough for all purposes; the spirit of go-ahead-a-tiveness demanded a telegraph. And he who made the universe, "and all that is in it," and pronounced them good, made even the lurid lightning to become subservient to the wants of man, his master-piece. And now messages, which it took weeks to carry, during which the news thereof became literally "stale, flat and unprofitable," can be sent a great deal quicker than can be let alone, especially if important. Just imagine a Chicago house sending a man on horseback to New York city to find out the price of wheat! He would just as soon think of wheeling himself there on a hand-barrow.

No, no, Neighbor Slow-coach, the world does move, and old things are constantly being done away, and new things coming to pass; and all the things which seem so new and strange to you, and which you think bad, or of no use, because your father didn't know of 'em, you'll find are all useful and necessary in their day and generation. First the grub, then the chrysalis, both here and hereafter.

Time was when the world got along well enough with such cities as London, Paris, Liverpool, New York, &c. But Convenience, the hand-maid of Progress, said we must have something faster, freer, more central; a place where the beauties of all these cities shall be combined in one, with a position in the world that all of them combined cannot vie or compare with; and hence Chicago sprang up. And now all those cities, so mighty in their day, are of

consequence only in proportion to their distance from the North-Western Metropolis, and the inhabitants thereof are commiserated as being so unfortunate as to be obliged to live so far from Chicago.

In olden times, 'way back in the dark ages, there was scarcely any such thing recognized as Nature! but now she is considered to be quite an institution; and is allowed to be adequate to the task of doing very many things much better than anybody else can do them for her.

But, to bring the matter right down to our own times, it was but a few short years ago when the present Post Office in Chicago was pronounced a monster concern, and altogether too large for the necessity of the city. And now it will hardly afford a box a piece for each nation here represented, let alone the individuals who in countless thousands daily mourn the want of such a convenience. As there are no limits to learning, so also are there none to progress. What is well enough to-day, will be intirely inadequate, it may be, to-morrow; for the same reason that "dogs delight to bark and bite," 'tis the law of nature; and is therefore inevitable, and to the inevitable, we must all in humble submission bow."

A venerable clergyman from Worcester county, Mass., went to Groton one Sunday recently to fulfill a pulpit engagement. On his way his carpet bag was exchanged for one that, on being opened, displayed a lady's night cap and other articles of feminine toilet. The good old gentleman had to apologize for the non-production of his written sermon, and favored his hearers with an extempore discourse on the evils of life, of which the annoying evil of exchanging carpet bags did not form a part. What the lady who probably got the carpet bag of the clergyman, thought of the "swap," is yet to be told.

A wag put the sign of a cutler one night on the watch-house in New Orleans, and the people next morning read the plain fact above the door, "BLADES PUT IN HERE."

Editor's Table.

AS that which is written, "is written," and cannot be taken back—we can only postpone, for a month 'or more' what we, in the last number, wrote about the coming of Spring. Here it is now, almost in the middle of May, and no Spring yet—and we can hardly say we have any signs of its coming, except such are "almanac signs." That must have been a rhapsody—our introductory on the Table of last month—excited by one of the pleasant days of the last of March; and it was such a day as April brought not to us, and with an exception of a day or two, neither has May, up to the date of our publication. We confess that we have been completely taken in—having depended too exclusively upon the almanac, we have promised Spring considerably in advance of her arrival. We sha'n't fix the time again. When Spring comes, we shall all know it, without a formal announcement, as of a distinguished guest of the public at the hotel. With the poet's license, we can hear the coy maiden promising:—

I come! I come! Ye have called me long!
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps by the wakening earth—
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth—
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass—
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

Should there be another postponement, "on account of weather," it will be announced in the papers.

— A trip into the country the other day, a "pleasure hunting," gave us the opportunity of seeing how matters were going on outside. The face of the country looks desolate, sere and brown, for the season; and thereat the face of man looks blue. At this 8th day of May, there is hardly a green thing in nature, or any thing else green to be found in this latitude. The cattle have consumed most of the food adapted to their kind, and now live on frost-bitten leaves, and expectations—such as have concluded to live on, and try another rotation of the seasons. The farmers have plowed, sowed some, and planted as yet but a little, and see but few signs of the promise of a blessing upon their labors. Yet, with commendable faith, they say, we shall have good crops yet.

— We would not, however, be so indifferent to the advantages of an "easy grade" or an "inclined plane," from one topic to

another, as to pass over the subject or the occasion presented by the season. We know what May is, from its past associations, if not from its present realization; for most emphatically, in the language of Goldsmith, this

"Winter lingering, chills the lap of May."

May is the month consecrated to love and enjoyment—and the emblem of the merry life. The season has been commemorated from the earliest days—and May festivities, among the most innocent of pagan rites, were observed in honor of Flora. The celebration of May day, and all its "merry making" is one of the most cherished of the customs of our English ancestors.

Sang the magnificent old John Milton:

"Hail, beauteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!"

The May-pole was a sign of English jollity, as the Liberty-pole of this country is of Freedom and patriotism. Washington Irving, in one of his cheerful paragraphs in sketching English scenery, gives us the impressions made upon him by the sight of one of the English May-poles, on the banks of the Dee:

"I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green banks with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plain of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down the long green valley, through which the Deira wound its wizard stream, my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia."

Though the Puritans held holidays and merry makings under condemnation, in time the May-day festivities were introduced into New England—though the first celebration at Merry Mount was thought by them to be a great abomination. Since then the dominion of love and flowers has been asserted by the crowning of their Queen, the only kind of royalty that received any favor. Therefore, the "weather permitting," May-day has ever since been a festal day with the descendants of the Puritans, as well as the rest of mankind.

— For this unfavorable backwardness of the season, the Comet, which is said to be careering in the heavens, is held responsible. Ignorance shrinks through fear of a collision of the Comet with the earth. In the imagination of some, there are fearful portents, of consequences dire, if not a collision—such as the shifting of the poles of the earth—transferring the torrid regions and sunny lands to frigid areas—and making short work of the explorations of the ice seas in the north—or of changing the electrical poles—or with the whisk of its tail, scorch the surface of the earth. But instead of the melting, if we are being effected at all by the influence of our new neighbor, the present appearance is that it is a chilly affection. The opportunity has suggested to one of our comic (or comet poets) some rather warm lines upon the subject, which are not bad to read this cold May morning—having about the same effect upon our sentimental and nervous susceptibilities, as taking ice-cold lemonade in a right kind of a July mid-day, such as whilom we had.

THE COMET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The Comet! he is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specter of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left or right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If, in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I heard and saw it a',
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw the tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy,
I heard a scream—the gathered rays

Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while,
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet set
Upon a baking egg,
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg!
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell,
Crisped to a crackling coal!

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Write in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! Strange sounds! O fearful dream!

Its memory haunts me still;
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill!
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

In this way that queer man, who "never dares to write as funny as he can," tries to *com-et* over us, in making us believe that sometime between June and July, we are to have a warm time of it. Poor prospect.

— The scientific of this Comet matter seems to stand on the square something in this wise:—Lieut. Maury informs the National Intelligencer that another telescopic comet, discovered by Dr. Bruhna, at Berlin, March 18th, is now visible in the north-western part of the heavens. It is supposed to be identical with the third comet 1846, discovered by Crorson—an elliptic orbit for which has been computed by Dr. Von Galen, by which it returns to its perihelion June 25th of the present year. The first comet is increasing its distance from the earth; the second is approaching, and will be visible during the whole of May.

— In business matters there are some sad complainings. Business for this season, thus far, is restricted by the slow movement of the circulating medium, money; which is to the commercial forces, what the blood is to the human system. An interrupted circulation is always indicative of a diseased state, and consequently, suffering. The prolonged suspension of navigation, in the straits remaining closed by ice, has kept large quantities of produce from mov-

ing forward to the eastern market, and returning the equivalent in cash. The country farmers have but little of their products to spare; the country merchant cannot sell his goods for cash to pay the city dealer—and so the circulation to the extremities is suspended, and, for the present, we hear complaints of hard times and scarcity of money. These are but the calamities of a day, more healthful than hurtful. It will check speculation, and stimulate industry. The great recuperative power of the West cannot be broken by any such obstacles. A good crop will cure many ills of the financial and commercial systems.

Notwithstanding these signs of to-day, the conviction is "impressed upon us" that the whole country is to enjoy a year of prosperity unequalled in the past. The "people" have learned some useful lessons within a year or two, which have not, as yet, cost them more than they are worth. Commerce is controlled by wholesome influences—speculation held in check—while industry, by the labor of the hand, or in the wise forecast of the mind, is tolerably rewarded. The multiplying evidences of dishonesty frustrated and caught in her own toils, with the demonstration that she does not pay, is producing the healthiest effect.

What we notice in our own midst, we notice at all points. A New York paper says:

"The commercial relations of the country give cause for congratulation. The important staples of the West find a ready market at remunerative prices. The West is teeming with railroads, every mile of which adds to the resources and wealth of the State. The manufacturing interests of the East are prosperous, and a liberal exchange of products between the East and the West, the North and the South, contributes to the prosperity of the whole.

We anticipate for the year 1857, a more successful year than that of 1856. The disturbance of money affairs abroad, during the past year, has compelled our people to rely upon our own domestic resources for capital. It is not probable that American securities will be sought for in Europe to the extent known in former years. It is fortunate that the change has occurred. The past facility for borrowing money has tended to unreasonably speculation. More railroads have been commenced than could be sustained. A check upon them has now occurred, and capitalists will for the future embark only in those enterprises that are obviously called for."

Let there then be not too much depending, but more faith and work—on the farm and in the shop.

"THANK GOD FOR PLEASANT WEATHER.—We best appreciate blessings when we have long been deprived of them. The past winter has been unusually cold, the earth having been held so long in icy chains, that we hail with more than usual pleasure every sign of returning Spring. So feel the masses of humanity that throng the streets of Chicago, as he can perceive who watches the smiling countenances as they pass along, on our fine sunny days. And in these signs, which cast their pleasant shadows before, we rejoice, and with the poet, 'thank God for pleasant weather.' And we cannot better make our offering than in the language of the poet, Geo. P. Morris.

Thank God for pleasant weather;
Chant it, merry rills!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!
Thank him, teeming valley!
Thank him, fruitful plain!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.

Thank God of Good the Giver!
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, oh tuneful river!
To the nodding trees.
Thank him, bud and birdling!
As ye grow and sing!—
Mingle in thanksgiving,
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!—
Universal nature
Reveals in her birth,
When God, in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth.

— Whoever has had to perform the task of reading over a column of names, in manuscript, and that column well sprinkled with initials, knows well the inefficiency of all hieroglyphics to tell the true story of a man's name—and especially the perplexity of distinguishing from any well established rule, the difference between I and J. We feel under great obligations for some one for the following rule, which is common sense—and, which we have universally practiced, and we never been on good terms with the rest of mankind, for their not practicing upon the same rule.

I & J.—There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language, which cause so much misconstruction as I and J; as most people write them exactly alike. The rule for writing them properly, and which deserves to be universally adopted, is to run the J below the line, and I even with it.

— We learn that Talcott, Emerson & Co., manufacturers of the Manny Reaper and Mower, at Rockford, have offered to the Illinois Agricultural Society one of their combined Reapers and Mowers, to be given as a prize to the person raising the best

piece of grain in the State. We have not yet heard the rules by which the grain was to be judged, which should be made known to our farmers soon. The Manny machine stands high in the rank of harvesters, and the number passing through our city and over the railroads, show somewhat the extent of its manufacture and use. We say, success to the liberal.

PRICE OF PROPERTY IN CHICAGO.—The price of real estate in Chicago has been running up, up, for a few years past, beyond the calculation of the most extravagant, until it is the cry every where that it is beyond reason. But when facts are brought to the test, it appears that there is a basis for such valuation, and liberal allowance for expansion for some years to come. For instance a lot was last spring sold in Boston, on State street, where the most valuable property is, 23 by 54, for \$90,000, or \$3,913 per front foot. This is at least three times as high as the best property in this city. Chicago population is 100,000—Boston 160,000. If Chicago property, at present population, were doubled, it would then only be on a par with Boston. And in addition to this, Chicago has a future which Boston has not, and which no other city in the Union has. If our nation were searched over for a point for all the advantages, and one which must out-strip all others, that point would be Chicago.

— Now and then there appears, in the newspapers, or in some of our Magazines, "a piece of poetry," that is poetry—something original, quaint, and striking; that makes its impression on every reader that has any of the fine cords of sentiment strung within him. Of this kind we count the following. It purports to be from the Democratic Review :

A CURIOUS QUESTION.

A daughter!

Well, what brought her?

Kitty asks—"How came she here?"

Half with joy and half with fear.

Kitty is our oldest child,

Eight years old and rather wild—

Wild in manner, wild in mind,

Wishing all things well defined.

Kitty says, "How came she here,

Father? Tell me. It's so queer.

Yesterday we had no sister,

Else I'm sure I should have missed her

When I went to bed last night;

And this morning hailed her sight

With a strange and new delight.

For, indeed, it passes all,

To have a sister not so tall

As my doll; and with blue eyes;

And—I do declare—it cries!

Last night I didn't see her, father;

Or, I'm sure, I had much rather

Stayed at home, as still as a mouse,

Than played all day at grandma's house.

She is so pretty, and so tiny;

And, what makes her face so shiny?

Will it always be like that?

Will she swell up, plump and fat,

Like my little doll; or tall,

Like my wax one? Tell me all—

All about her, papa, dear,

For I do so long to hear

Where she came from, and what brought her,

Yours and mamma's bran new daughter."

A daughter—another daughter!

And the question is, "What brought her?"

Spence, our boy, but three years old,

Says the nurse did—and is bold

In defiance of them both—

Since to yield his place he's loth,

And pouting, feels his nose's point,

When I declare 'tis out of joint.

But, though the childish explanation

Be food enough for child's vexation,

We older folk must better find

To feed the hunger of the mind.

To us, of larger issues preaching,

This link of life eternal, reaching

From earth to heaven, this new-born soul

Comes fresh from where forever roll

Its countless years through yonder heaven,

Hath deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!

And what brought her?

No matter what; she comes to bring

A blessing in her life's young spring.

"No matter, darlings! she is here—

Our daughter, sister, baby dear.

Open your hearts and let her enter,

Open them wide, for God hath sent her."

THE PHILANTHROPIST.—There is one man among a thousand—one in whom a class is represented—whom the world could not well afford to lose, though the world has taken some "melancholy pleasure" in jeering at him. He is a hopeful being, and carries many sunbeams for others' benefit—though some of the recipients affect to believe that these sunbeams are only moonshine. He believes the future a great storehouse of blessings—and he invites his fellow-men to come and partake, and be joyful; and at the same time there seemeth to be a sadness in his heart—and his smile is a smile with a tinge of melancholy. He dreams cheerful dreams, and tells his dream with a lively inspiration—but despondency seems to rest upon the wings of his own spirit. He is of the class of men called Philanthropists, which every age produces; and in this age there is mingled with the same class another type of good-willers, who are known in our day by the style of Reformers.

To these men of hope, the present is replete with signs that we are at the dawn of a better day. The past sheds glimmering rays upon the future, and the shadows of coming events fall upon the path at their feet. The books of the prophets are opened, their words are read and understood, and their predictions are fulfilled before all the people, as the scroll of time is unrolled. There is a Great Day coming—a day of hope and promise, and of fullness of joy—the day promised in the sure word of prophecy, and confirmed by the no less

certain prophecy of the human heart, which longeth for this fullness of time. Whether looked for by the Adventists, in the glorious appearing of the Lord, or pictured in their terrific imagings of the final conflagration—whether shadowed forth in the placid dream of Evangelism, of the thousand years' millennium day—or seen by the Swedenborgian in his celestial vision of the New Jerusalem descending—or chanted in unsanctified songs of the good time coming—it is still the Great Day, the Good and Glorious Day, to which all eyes are turned, to which all voices are tuned, for which all souls long, and to the coming of which the heart of humanity responds Amen. This is the day which Jew and Gentile, prophets and kings, priests and people, have waited for, but never saw. And this is the day, they trust, which is now dawning upon us.

With this strong faith in the future, and in Him who is the impersonation of the Future—the Philanthropist enters upon his work—which in too great a sense, in the language of Carlyle, is his worship. His object is to do good, by the promulgation of ideas and principles which will serve to make men better, by uniting them more firmly together as a band of brothers belonging to one common family of mankind. He will not pledge himself to any one party or sect, as exclusively personating the only form of truth through which the bonds of this brotherly unity are to be made stronger. In all past ages of the world, he sees that misery has abounded among the children of men, and they have been made to suffer untold wrongs, both bodily and mental anguish, because men have not done unto others that which they would have others do unto themselves, and have not regarded in the person of their fellow man, a brother beloved. He therefore raises the standard of Universal Brotherhood, which he believes, when sanctified by gospel truth, embraces a principle which if lived out, will do more than any one thing towards ushering in the age of peace, the good time coming, or the gospel day of love.

If he belongs to the more judicious order of Philanthropists or Reformers, he will hope to grow wiser and better every day, and see things more clearly—and he will not be startled at changes which may pass over his own opinions and feelings. He sees many things "out of joint" which require reforming or re-organizing—and as he sees these things clearly, he will point them out, and suggest the remedy as he would point out a wheel loose, or a screw gone, or a bolt failing, in an ingeniously constructed piece of machinery. The machine he would sacredly spare from the

rude hand of the destructive. It is a good one, and although ingeniously contrived and admirably made, it is liable to get out of order, and only needs repairing. If he be a man of more enthusiasm, hasty and impatient, he will be more reckless in the advocacy of his plans. He will be a radical—an ultraist—a disturber, in the estimation of the world; and progress will be put forward under the sharp spur of his zeal. The world will move more rapidly from the exercise of his moral force—as the heavy weight falling from the clouds causes the earth to vibrate to its very center, though ever so slightly—and thus in his own person he must bear the shock of the reaction. Thus the reformer becomes a martyr.

We cannot do justice to this day and generation, without taking note of these classes. They are among the powers of the earth—give impulse to the current of influences, that will cause events of to-day to figure on the page of history. Conservatism cannot ignore them. The people must hear them. The world must deal with them, as it deals with every other palpable manifestation of the age.

There are many evils of the social system, and civil institutions, which, although they bear heavily upon a portion of the human family, yet they cannot be cured in a day. Professional reformers can point them out, and suggest the remedy—and in time it will be applied. But philanthropy would relieve those on whom the burden lies heavily at present, by extending a helping hand, and feeding bread to the hungry, lest they die before the harvest is gathered. How shall the poor be cared for, before that good time can come, when there shall be no land monopoly? How shall the youth be educated, and how shall they learn their trades unto perfection, so that by knowledge, industry and enterprise, they may escape the thousand ills to which humanity is not heir, but which men have foolishly brought upon themselves? These are reasonable considerations, which interest more or less all who wish well of their fellow men.

Knowledge is power,—and so it is the foundation of reform and progress. The increase of knowledge is one of the most significant signs given in the Book of Wisdom, that the Great Day of Peace and Love is at hand. Had all men knowledge such as is at their command, they would then understand the philosophy of the true life—how to live comfortably themselves, and to bestow blessings upon the few unfortunate who may be in want. Let all give proper heed to him who sincerely desires to solve for his time, the problem of the true life.

FOREIGN ACCESSION OF POPULATION.—Official statements have been made, from time to time, showing the number of passengers arriving at New York from foreign countries. The accession of population will amount in the aggregation to the equivalent of a new State to the Union yearly. More than half of the new comers were from Ireland and Germany. This is but one channel of the tide of immigration. By way of New Orleans, Quebec and Boston, and other ports, the number must be more than doubled. And the worn out institutions of the old world, are driving away the more enterprising of the lower and middling classes in overflowing tides. It has been estimated on good authority, that the past year alone, has added by immigration, more than half a million to our population. And where are the people thus thrown upon us? Most of them in our towns and cities—but a very large number are scattered throughout the land, and we rejoice to state the fact, that they form a respectable portion of the agricultural laborers, and cultivators of the soil, in the new States.

Some people, whose moral vision, as we conceive, is bounded by narrow limits, are alarmed at this tide of foreign population flowing upon our shores. All manner of evil is prophesied to society and our institutions from this influx. These people have come to take away our place and nation—to overthrow our government and free churches, to set up a King and a Pope to reign over us. We have some times looked through an object-glass with a reversed lens, and to our surprise found trees growing with their branches downwards, houses standing upon their chimneys, and men walking feet uppermost, as flies peregrinate the ceiling above. We have thought that some people thus saw objects through their moral vision. They behold in the immigrants from the European shores, a band of propagandists, or jesuits, whose only object is to sow the seeds of error and evil in our midst, and seduce our people to believe in the Pope, and set up for themselves a king. That there are some persons cherishing these purposes, who come in the crowd, we have no doubt.

And then the penny-wise man, can only see in them an army of hungry vagabonds, who have come here to eat up our substance and devour our livings. They are the pauper population of the old world, the sick, lame, decrepit and old, with helpless women and children, which the rich aristocrats of Europe shove off from their hands upon ours, to be fed and clothed, and sheltered by the charity or benevolence of the Yankee nation. If it were so,

it seems that benevolence might rejoice at so favorable an opportunity of relieving the distressed—of having objects so conveniently placed within its reach. As we view it in one aspect, it does seem as if God had reserved this Western store-house as a granary from which to supply bread unto the surplus starving population of the over-grown nations, either by receiving their population in our bosom, or heaving our bounties into theirs. But who will find fault with this benevolent arrangement of Providence? Was it not a blessed privilege, (though we fear our nation has gloried somewhat in the fact,) that of sending over our bread to deliver the suffering Irish from the lank jaws of starvation? But that was benevolence at arms-length disadvantage. If they had only been distributed among us, how much more easily could their wants have been supplied. Surely, if one half of Ireland's population had been removed half a dozen years before, as they have since to our shores, and placed within the center of this Western garden, now but just on the verge of population—how much of the horrors of starvation would have been saved from the experience of the world? Here our Pacific rail road, and the ten thousand public works of improvement, and private enterprise, demand labor; the land temptingly spread out for cultivation, fields of corn and wheat springing up as by magic, and yielding bread to pay for that labor—and why should not the men who demand work and who cry for bread, where it cannot be had, be cheerfully invited to come where labor demands them, and wheaten loaves and baked pigs cry to be eaten.

But while we might rejoice at the blessed privilege of feeding the paupers of Europe at our own doors, for the comfort of those who are frightened at the ghost of the "pauper tax," we would intimate that this flood of foreign population, although poor and miserable enough, is not all poverty and destitution. Nine-tenths of them have strong arms, compactness and solidity of bone and sinew, essential to hard work, of which they are not ashamed, and of which consist the wealth of a people. Every accession of an able bodied working man, is an addition to our national wealth, the value of which is hardly appreciable where labor is in such demand as at present in the new world. They bring to us, too, their proportion of the currency required by their accession, in hard money, sewed up in their rags, or locked up in their iron bound chests. Many an emigrant's uncouth trunk, has contained a treasure dug out of the alluvial mines of Germany, more valuable than that dreamed of in the Californian emigrant's vision of hope.

And although we are willing to concede to them their due proportion, they are not all vagabonds, who come to us borne on the wings of the great east wind. Whence came that glorious understratum of population upon whom have arisen our cherished institutions, and on which the temple of liberty and free religion rests? They too were foreign emigrants, who left their native shores as exiles or refugees, seeking here liberty to worship God, and to love and do good to their fellows as their own convictions of duty demanded. This land is still the home of the exile, the asylum of the oppressed. Even within a few years have we been permitted to meet and cheer on their way, a company of Portuguese refugees, who left their native land to enjoy liberty and religion in our own state. They were poor too, and received charity, for which we hope there are none who have so narrow a heart as to lament.

The same east wind, once so particularly annoying to a tyrant; and the development of the steam power, the engine of man's deliverance, and no less the foe of despots; are wafting to us now the patriots and the republicans of Europe. As the Portuguese exiles, schooled in persecution and affliction, exhibited the ornaments of the Christian faith, more brilliantly than those which adorn our professors, so too the republicans of Europe who have been schooled under monarchical tyranny, are more decidedly the friends of man, and show themselves more consistent republicans, than the off-shoots of the model republic itself. From these we may expect to learn our lessons anew, both in religion and in liberty. The noble Kossuth, the brave hearted Bem, and other Hungarian and Italian patriots, and scores of men whose patriotism is bounded only by the limits of the human race, whose countrymen are all mankind, now hiding among the mountains and caves, or secretly dwelling with the shepherds and the peasantry of Europe, are looking anxiously to the westward, their faces and their hearts set towards this land of the free—shall we receive them and brand them as the loaf-erism and pauperism of Europe? Rather let us greet them as our brothers, and take a brotherly interest in their welfare.

Most heartily do we thank God for America—that she sealed her up for thousands of years, and opened her in the latter days, as the store-house of provision for the old world, and the Home of the Friendless and the Refugees, from every clime and kindred. We make the sad exception of our own home-made slaves.

It is our duty to learn how to receive the foreign immigrant, and to treat him as a brother, and not to drive him back to the

inhospitable shores which he has left, or to put a barrier, heaven high, and against heaven, to shut him from ours. It is our business to help the destitute, educate the ignorant, and if we can, by superior intelligence, better example and practice, make them better Christians and better patriots. If we treat them as our brothers, we have little fear that they will repay the kindness by the betrayal of the household.

MAN'S DUPLICATE NATURE.—Theologically speaking, man is a triune being. The constituents are the body, the mind, and the spirit. The relations of the two latter are so intricate that they cannot practically be distinguished. Man is fully revealed to himself in the duplicate character of body and mind—substance and intellect. His development consists, therefore, in the cultivation of these two natures. The harmony of his being, as well as its fullest enlargement, consists in the cultivation, equally and in proper proportions, these two attributes. The mind without the body, is not a perfect being—and the body well developed, without the mind, does not make the full man. The practical inference from this homily is—that all work and no study, is not the true policy of life—neither is all study and no work. That man who accomplishes the most in the world, is he who, each day, in proper proportion of time, exercises his physical nature by muscular labor, and from that effort turns his mind to mental exercise; or who carries along with him, in his every-day efforts, some food for thought, which he derives from the perusal of the morning paper, a few pages of a book read by system—or some train of reflection, which keeps the mind in a healthy state of activity. The common practice of active men tends too much to the extreme, on the one or the other side. Our laboring men are too merely laborers. The mind which God has given them is left dormant, so that the common remark concerning the day-laborer is, that he has no brains. Set one of them at work upon the simplest piece of labor, and he must be guided in every step by some one who stands over him to fill the place of mind to him, or else he blunders through it in a most ridiculous fashion, as the blind man walks through the thronged street, or among foot-falls. The farm cultivator is too much of a mere animal drudge. He has no time to read, says he—therefore no time to think. He is too fatigued with the labors of the day, to seek any relaxation from the printed page, or in reflection, or even in prayer, and so when the first dark hour rolls in, he rolls off, animal-like, to his nest, and loses himself, till the cock crows, in death-like slumbers, and arises to go again the same daily pace of

dull, sluggish, thoughtless, and slow round of life. He does not even work with alacrity. The man of cultivated intellect will do twice the amount of physical labor. So the man of mere intellectual excitement, lives in a dreamy, irritable and excited state—without enjoying sweet repose, nor the solid comforts of sound, clear and continuous mental effort. When mankind shall learn to live the true life, they will both labor and think; and the book, newspaper, and magazine, will become as much a part of their daily wants, as their morning or noon-day meal. They will then learn that the man of work can accomplish more by seeking recreation from an even balanced exercise of his intellectual faculties; and the man of thought, find his jaded mind invigorated by a proper exercise and development of his physical man; for the whole man is both a thinking and acting being.

ART INTELLIGENCE.—On the 30th of September last, Mr. Robert Newell, of Philadelphia, filed a caveat, with a view to protect his invention, with the improvements thereon, for producing a new kind of pictures, which he has given the plain English name of Newell Portraits. A caveat being in the confidential department of the patent office, we have no means of knowing, from that source, the exact claims set forth; but from one who has seen the pictures, we get the following facts: Mr. Newell commenced his investigations some two years since, and after a long series of experiments, succeeded in producing a picture, which retains not only the outlines, but all the lines and gradations, even the most minute and infinitesimal, as seen in the best specimen of the art of Daguerre; and they are even strengthened by this new process. In addition to this, they are enriched by a sweet glow of mellow and life-like color, which is the exact resemblance of the original. The subdued coloring is so perfectly brought out as to give it none of the gaudy appearance so often found, even in the best specimens of the painted photograph. The hard, stiff expression of the daguerreotype, and other pictures taken by the camera, is entirely avoided by the flesh-like coloring and shading—and nothing has ever approached it in giving the exact expression of the face and features.

The drapery, too, is brought out in its original colors, so that the person is presented complete as in the living original. If the material of the dress be velvet, it will show velvet; is silk, silk will be shown; while furs stand out as if they might be blown by every breeze. A felt hat or a fur hat, a gray coat or a black coat, a cloth coat or a linen coat, are fully exposed. It

is not pretended by the inventor that this is all taken with the camera, at one operation. Mr. Hill, who claimed such a discovery some years since, failed; and it probably will never be done. Mr. Newell, however, does by two distinct processes, what Hill claimed to do in one. The success seems to have been complete.

To all these advantages of color, line and expression, is added a most perfect perspective, or stereoscopic effect. The pictures all have the appearance of standing out, more perfectly than anything heretofore brought before the public.

How all this is accomplished, of course, we cannot describe; but the fact that it is a practical matter seems to be beyond dispute, but it is another of the great improvements in the arts, which will be marked as an era in that department.

LITERARY NOTICES.

VIVIA; OR THE SECRET OF POWER. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Author of the *Lost Helmsman*, *Deserted Wife*, &c. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. From Keen & Lee, Chicago.

We have formerly been an admiring reader of Mrs. Southworth's works. Her early novels we read with much interest. In expression of character, and the delineation of passion, Mrs. Southworth probably stands at the head of the American female novelists.

Vivia, the book before us, is the latest of her productions. The name of the book is the name of the principal character and heroine—a beautiful and gifted maiden, whose home is on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. The secret of power consists in her abiding faith in God and her fellow creatures, and in the charity of life, and hope as the victory. And in the strength of her principles she battles with the powers of the earth, and the temptations of the flesh and the evil spirits. The story is worked up with great power, throwing a fascinating charm over the reader, holding him bound by its interest from the beginning to the end.

Mormons at Home; with some Incidents of Travels from Missouri to California, 1852-3. By Mrs. P. G. Ferris wife to the late U. S. Secretary of Utah. New York: Dix & Edwards.

This book is made out of series of letters, written on the journey, and during the sojourn of the writer in Utah. The author is the wife of the Secretary of that Territory, appointed by the President in 1852. She therefore had rare opportunities for investigating the state of society, in that land of strange people. Her letters are very interesting, and give us a true picture of Mormonism, and its effects upon its adherents—polygamy and all. She learned,

as every true woman would, to thoroughly despise the whole system, and its practices. Its familiarly drawn sketches, present Mormonism to us in its living reality—and it is well worth the study of any one to learn the eccentricities of human nature, and its deep conceptions. For it is probable that this whole scheme is one of the completest developments of human wickedness ever made in a civilized community.

Inside View of Slavery, or a tour among the Planters. By C. G. Parsons, M., D., with an introduction by Mrs. Stowe. Boston; J. P. Jewett & Co.

We are indebted to a friend in Portland, Maine, for a copy of this work. We have given it a very attentive perusal. It is not an abolition book, in the sense in which the popular mind has been led to look upon that subject—but it is a book as intensely hostile to slavery as a book well can be. The author visited the South for the benefit of his health primarily, and for the purpose of business incidentally—but pre-eminently for seeing Southern Society, and seeing with his own eyes the effects of slavery, upon all classes of men, morals, business, and prosperity of the country. He did not wish to take any second hand views of the matter. He therefore took the best course to secure the objects he had in view, familiarly mingling with all classes of people, on the common level of business, and with facilities at command, of going beneath the surface of things. There it a straight forwardness about the book which commends it to the candor of every one. The inside view is a view to life. Wherever it is read it must do good. And though hard facts are told—there is such a vein of truthfulness and fairness about it that it ought to command the faithful attention of Southern readers.

Vasconcelos, a Romance of the New World. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author of *Yemassee*, &c. Redfield, New York, Publisher. From D. B. Cooke & Co., Chicago.

Redfield is publishing, in uniform style, the works of W. Gilmore Simms. This volume is one of the series. Simms is undeniably the most popular of the southern authors. He is a resident of South Carolina, and the gentleman who, last winter, made a lecturing tour at the North, and returned to his home, leaving his appointments unfulfilled. He is a voluminous and popular author, having written a number of novels, illustratng border and southern life, which are really meritorious.

Vasconcelos is a romance founded on the discovery and occupation of the coast of Florida by DeSoto, and occupies a rich field for the display of the writer's art in the province of fiction and romance.

Arthur Merwyn, or Memoirs of the Year 1798. By Charles Brockden Brown. In Two Volumes. Edgar Huntley; or Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker. By Charles Brockden Brown. Philadelphia, M. Pollock. From S. C. Griggs & Co.

These are the three succeeding volumes of the complete works of CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, published by M. Pollock, Philadelphia, the first volume of which we noticed in our first number. We heartily rejoice at the re-publication of this author's works. We are proud of him as the father of American novelists. The volumes are beautifully printed, and are "gotten up" in a very handsome style.

Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History and Biography of America.

New England Historical and Genealogical Register. Samuel G. Drake, Editor. Published by C. Benj. Richardson, Boston.

In our advertising supplement will be found the prospectus of the latter of the above works. The prospectus of the *Historical Magazine* will be published hereafter. These are publications which have a peculiar value. They are designed as a medium of communication between the historical societies and the students of history, and a repository of historical facts, which otherwise would perish. We therefore with pleasure call the attention of the public to these works.

MONTHLY RECORD

OF PROGRESS AND CURRENT EVENTS.

The first topic of the month, applicable to all the West, is the state of the weather, and the condition of the crops. Our reflections at the "head of the table" on this topic would be in place here. At first it was supposed that the winter wheat had been entirely destroyed in all the North-West. But now we hear more favorable reports. In the southern and middle parts of the State, the crop has come forward quite favorably, and the farmers say there will be an average crop. Spring wheat has been put in largely, and has come forward so far well. In the northern part of the State, winter wheat is not sown, the farmers having learned better from sad experience some years ago. Here, as large an amount as could be got in has been sowed. But the cold weather has kept it back, so it can hardly be ascertained "what its signs of promise are." In Iowa, the *Iowa City Republican* says:—We had indulged the hope that the heavy layer of snow during the winter had saved the winter wheat in this section of the State; but a well informed friend, who has made a careful inquiry, says that the failure in this vicinity is al-

most as complete a failure as in Southern Iowa—the Wheat having been killed, root and branch, since the snow disappeared, by the extreme cold weather. Our reliance must be on spring wheat this year.

LOCATION OF THE NORMAL UNIVERSITY.—From the Peoria Union, we learn that the committee to locate the Normal University, met on the 7th of May, to consider upon the propositions to locate the University. They proceeded to visit the sites offered them for locating at Peoria—fifteen acres offered by Messrs. Phelps, Cockle & Bradley, on the bluff; the twenty acres of M. M. Aiken & W. Kellogg; and the three acre lot of Mr. Pulsifer.

The committee then adjourned to the Court House, to take action on the various propositions sent in for consideration; Hon. N. W. Edwards acting as chairman, and W. H. Powell as secretary.

The proposition from Batavia offered a subscription of \$15,000 with the land and building belonging to the Batavia Institute, valued at \$30,000, making \$45,000 in all.

The proposition from Bloomington offered \$7,875, if the University were located within three miles of the city; \$25,850 if within three-fourths of a mile of the junction of the Railroads; 160 acres of land, valued at \$38,000, if the University is located upon it; and \$70,000 from the county of McLean, dependent upon the revenue to be obtained from the swamp land belonging to the State; the whole of these offers amounting to \$141,725.

Washington, Tazewell county, offered a lot and building worth \$20,000, and \$1200 cash.

Peoria offered \$25,032, in private subscriptions, \$10,000 subscription by the city, and \$15,000 subscription by the county—the whole amounting to \$80,032.

After considerable discussion, in which Messrs. Hovey and Grove advocated the claims of Peoria, and Messrs. Fell and others, spoke in behalf of Bloomington, a resolution was adopted locating the University at the latter place.

KANSAS.—The great rush of emigration to Kansas, this Spring, has probably virtually settled the question of its future policy as a Free or Slave State. Possibly by the efforts of the pro-slavery side, who hold the leading strings of power, Kansas may adopt a pro-slavery constitution, and may be admitted as a State under it—but the vote of the people will soon settle that question, when they have a chance to vote.

The western part of Missouri is deeply feeling the consequences of the Kansas pro-slavery policy—and finds at last, when too late for her greatest good, that true

prosperity rests in the highest degree with the freedom and independence of her laboring classes. Yankee enterprise is nevertheless invading Western Missouri, and a free policy is there in many places openly avowed.

Gov. Walker has taken the oath of office as Governor of Kansas, and will soon be on the ground to administer the government.

Secretary Stanton occupies the position of Governor until Walker's arrival. On his first appearance in the Territory he published an address to the people of Kansas, in the Leocompton Union. He said the administration had recognized the authority of the Territorial Legislature and the validity of the Territorial Laws, and had especially recognized the act providing for a Constitutional Convention. He presumed that that convention would submit the vital question of the domestic institutions of the State for the subsequent vote of the people, and thinks that Congress will then admit the Territory immediately into the Union as a State. He recommended a general amnesty for past prosecutions, &c.

At Lawrence a public meeting was held, and he addressed the people, giving them his line of policy. In compliance with his request, the Free State men submitted to him a proposition, containing the terms on which they would go into a vote for delegates to the constitutional convention—a revision of the register of voters, and an appointment of an equitable proportion of Free State judges of the election. To this proposition Secretary Stanton replied, summing up as follows:

"As I take a different view of the laws of the Territory from that which you express, it will be impossible for me to consent to any new proceedings in opposition to that which has been sanctioned by the legislative authorities.

If I believed—as I do not believe—your assertion that the laws of Kansas were "enacted by a legislature elected by the people of an adjoining State," it would still be impossible for me to set them aside—the attempt to do so would be an act of gross usurpation, not less objectionable in its character and effects than the fraudulent interference which you attribute to the people of Missouri. I must, therefore, say to you in the most explicit language, that I can do nothing which denies the authority and validity of the laws enacted within this Territory."

The emigration to the Territory amounts to thousands per week. All the towns of importance are passing into the control of Free State men—the pro-slavery towns are dying out, for want of public sympathy and interest to live upon. The newspapers, which are the indicators of the intelligence

of every people, are nearly all on the Free State side—and even the "Squatter Sovereign," Stringfellow's organ, has been bought out, and is hereafter to advocate the free side. At Leavenworth, where in the reign of terror, all the Free State men were driven off, there is now a high-toned and radical Free State paper well supported.

Gen. Lane, and Gen. Stringfellow, we learn, have "buried the hatchet," and are now speculating in lands together. Principle first, money next—was the order of the day last season, but *vice versa* this Spring, with these two notable characters. ex-Gov. Shannon's there also on the ground, speculating, and trying to make money out of that rising tide which brother border ruffians fail to subdue. These are the most reliable facts, in regard to Kansas affairs, which we have been enabled to gather from all sources—and are recorded as we find them, with no party bias on our part.

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.—The following extract we clip from the *Iowa City Republican*. It was furnished the editor of the *Republican* by a gentleman of that city, and was not written for publication. The writer resides in Nebraska:

The most part of Kansas is poorly supplied with streams fit for water power; though some of the tributaries of the Arkansas and Kansas rivers are available. Nebraska is better supplied with hydraulic power. The climate, I fear, of both Kansas and Nebraska has received praises to which it is not entitled. It is *very windy*, tremendously so, and increasing as you go north. The thermometer ranges about the same as in the same latitudes in Illinois and Iowa.

Pretty good lime rock is by no means scarce everywhere I have been in Kansas and Nebraska. Bituminous coal I think will prove abundant in both territories. We have Saline springs within 30 or 40 miles northwest of this place. There is great boasting about some of them, but their precise chemical analysis or the quantity of water running from them, or the percentage of salt, I do not know. Leavenworth City promises the most of any town in Kansas, I think; but when the Indian titles are entirely extinct along the Missouri River, it may have formidable rivals. Of the inland towns in existence at present, I have the best opinion of Lawrence and Topeka. In Nebraska, Omaha City is the capital, and some say the largest town. Some think our town is the largest. I do not think Omaha will keep the capitol, as it was given her by fraudulent votes from Iowa, and the Legislature this winter came within two votes of removing the capital, by a two-thirds vote, over the Governor's veto. Squatter Sovereignty has

proved something of a humbug in Nebraska as well as in Kansas. The garden of Nebraska is said to lay between the Platte and the Nemaha, and our town (comprising Nebraska City and Kearney, on different sections) is about midway on the eastern border of the tract. We shall have a railroad within a very few years, without any doubt, whether more than one main trunk is finished near us or not. We have some capital, and a good deal of enterprise; particularly in Nebraska City, though Kearney has the landing on the river. Boats have commenced running, and emigration promises to be large. Rents, provisions, and the price of labor, are very high. I think they get about 25 per cent. on their real estate investments, in the shape of rents. Carpenters last year had plenty of work at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day. Masons earned still more. The great trouble in building here at present, is the utter impossibility of being certain of having lumber, unless you wait till you have obtained every stick of it and every board ready piled up. The mills are mostly steam, of moderate power, and at this distance from repair shops, lay still a great deal. I suppose it will be some better this year, for we have a number of new mills, and are going to have probably a pretty good lumber yard in Kearney. They have pushed their real estate up to balloon prices already. It may remain where it is without falling, but it certainly seems as if it could not be pushed much higher.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—Superior City is a point of growing interest. We subjoin a brief description of this place, derived from the *Superior Chronicle*, a paper published there.

It is pleasantly located on Lake Superior, at the extreme terminus of lake navigation, and has a harbor seven miles long by one mile wide. The town was laid out in 1854, and at the present time there are about four thousand acres of land surveyed and laid out into lots. It is stated that the amount of money paid out in and for the town in the year past, would not fall far short of one million dollars. It has a population of about 1,400, and some 350 houses. Lots range in prices, according to location, from \$200 to \$1000 apiece. The agricultural prospects are good, and there is abundance of timber and rock for building purposes in the vicinity. Mechanics and laborers are in great demand, particularly brick makers—but no professional men are wanted. Navigation opens about the first of April, and closes the last of November. The weather in winter is very cold, but the atmosphere is so dry, that with the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero, they

do not feel the cold so sensibly as persons do in Maryland or Pennsylvania at zero. Industrious men of small means can do well. There are two public schools, and five organized churches. The facilities for getting to Superior will be better next Summer than ever before. Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Detroit, are the best points from which to embark.

The Copper Trade.—The recent rich discoveries in the mineral regions of Lake Superior, in connection with the publication of the annual reports of the mining companies, has created quite an excitement in the stock market, and a general advance has been the result. The Minnesota mine—the one in which the extraordinary discovery was made—appears to be most in favor. The Mining Journal says that this stock is generally withheld from market, even at the advanced rates, the expectation of holders being that the price must reach \$200 per share. The stock in this company, which is divided into 20,000 shares, has advanced since March 1st, from \$115 to \$155 per share, ex-dividend, which, including the dividend of \$30 per share, is an advance of \$70 per share. At the present market value of the shares, this mine is worth \$3,100,000, and we are informed that the mine could not be purchased for \$4,000,000. The whole cost to original shareholders is \$3.30 per share, or \$66,000. It is now claimed that this is the richest copper mine in the world. The yield for February was 151 tons. Masses of pure copper are continually being exposed, some of which are estimated at 500 tons weight, and, notwithstanding the recent addition of a powerful hoisting machine, it will be impossible to ship this year all the mass copper now in sight in the mine. The "National," which joins the "Minnesota" on the west, yielded in the month of January twenty tons, and in February twelve tons. The prices of stock in the Boston market range from \$40 to \$50 per share. Considerable of the stock in this mine, we believe, is held in this city, and holders are confident of its ultimately coming up alongside of "Minnesota" in value. The "Rockland," which joins the "Minnesota" on the east, yielded, in 1856, 245 tons of rough copper. The product for February last was 30 1-4 tons. The share-holders have been assessed \$2 per share, \$40,000; all other outlays have been provided for from sales of copper. It is represented that the net earnings now, at the mine, are about \$8,500 per month. Powerful machinery is yet required, which will necessarily delay the declaration of dividends. The shares are in demand in Boston at \$44 a \$45 per share—an advance of \$5 since the 1st March.

RAIL ROAD RECORD.

THE PROGRESS OF RAILROADS.—The Cincinnati Gazette, in a summary of the advantages incident to the important railroad connections lately completed, states the fact that the completion of the great line from Baltimore, through Marietta, Cincinnati and St. Louis, makes a direct through line from Bangor, in Maine, to Kansas, which has no crooked turnouts. The whole distance from Bangor to Jefferson City is now, by this arterial line, seventeen hundred and two miles. Montreal added gives over two thousand miles over which a passenger can move continuously East and West. From Cincinnati to Prairie du Chien by railroad it is now five hundred and twenty-two miles, whilst by water it is eleven hundred and fifty miles.

EXTENSION OF RAIL ROAD LINES TO THE NORTH-WEST.—The Chicago Tribune suggests that the shortest route for a railroad to St. Paul, is through Janesville and Madison, to La Crosse. This latter place is a flourishing town on the Mississippi River, at the mouth of the La Crosse, which must be one of the most important places on the Upper Mississippi. This route would be an air line from Chicago to St. Paul. The Tribune remarks: "Over such a road, when made, would pour a very large portion of the travel of the whole territory, going east. That such a road will soon be built is a certainty. It is completed from this city to Madison already, and in a short time will penetrate to La Crosse. Milwaukee has been flattering herself that she would seize and control the rich trade of Minnesota, but that ambition cannot be gratified."

In response to this the Madison Argus remarks: "The citizens of Chicago are taking a correct view of the importance of Wisconsin Railroads to them. It is undoubtedly true, that the straightest and best route from that city to St. Paul, is by way of Madison, and we hope soon to see the direct route from this city to La Crosse under construction. Chicago has been very successful in obtaining a controlling interest in Wisconsin roads. She not only controls five of the seven roads running in this State, but they are constructed on *straight* lines pointing directly to that place. She has also interested almost every city and village in the State, Watertown, Janesville, Beloit, Geneva, Elkhorn, Mineral Point, Whitewater, Jefferson, Fort Atkinson, Columbus, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh and Appleton, in fact, all the important interior cities and villages, except Madison, have loaned their credit in aid of these enterprises. But Chicago does not stop here, she is determined to make the whole North-

West, from southern Iowa to northern Minnesota, tributary to her, and her past success is a sure guarantee that she will. Well may her citizens be called 'suckers.'

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The passenger and freight cars used by this company, says the *Detroit Advertiser*, are all of their own manufacture, (which cannot probably be said of any other road on this continent,) and are built in their shops in this city. They are all built of the best materials and in the best possible manner, in every respect, but particularly with a view to strength and durability.

The company have seventy passenger cars, all of the same size and quality, some of which were built *nine years ago*, and having been *well* built and kept in good repair, are good for many years hard service yet. The best proof of the strength of these passenger cars is the fact that in no instance has one of them been broken to pieces by reason of collision or other accident to a train; the breaking of platforms, or perhaps disarrangement of the running-gear being the extent of damage in such cases. The floor timbers, and floors, are built in such a manner as to make it *impossible* for a broken axle or wheel to get through into the car; and in the few accidents of this nature that have happened on the road, the using of the six wheeled truck, instead of the kind in general use, of four wheels, has prevented casualties that might otherwise have been encountered. The cost of this class of cars is about \$4,000, and the expense of keeping them in first-rate condition is not far from \$500 each, per year; and although the first cost is from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars more than those generally in use, they are believed to be the cheapest in the end.

The company has recently purchased "Salisbury's Patent Duster," and are now applying it to the express trains. By this arrangement the entire train from the floor of the cars down to the track outside of the wheels is enclosed, and all the dust passes out of the train. The cars are therefore free from dust—and this protection also furnishes security against the passengers falling in between the cars, or upon the track.

THE DUBUQUE & PACIFIC RAILROAD.—This road is an extension westward of the Mississippi, of the Galena & Chicago Road, and will be, consequently, an important contributor to the business of this city. It is chartered to run from Dubuque in a direct line west to the Sioux City on the Missouri, a distance of 381 miles. It has a grant of land in alternate sections along its line, and

including unsold lands lying within six miles of location on either side, amounting to one million two hundred and fifty thousand acres. This road has an immense advantage over the Illinois Central in lying in a delightful latitude, and running east and west, instead of north and south, forming a connecting link, and indeed becoming, from its location and connections, a Grand Trunk Railway to the Pacific. Without any donation from the Government, this would have been one of the best paying roads in the country; with its donation, it makes it the Prince of American Railroads, and probably the richest Railroad in the world! The lands are pronounced, for farming purposes, superior to the Illinois Central lands, besides, they have been found to contain coal, iron, gypsum and water lime in great quantities. The farming lands, when the road is completed, will readily sell at from \$15 to \$25 per acre, the mineral lands for much more. The survey shows it to be the easiest line of road ever constructed in this country. Its Chief Engineer is B. B. Provost, formerly of the Illinois Central, who says, for cost of grade, bridging, &c., the Central can bear no comparison. One hundred miles of the road is already contracted to be built by Col. B. B. Mason, formerly Chief Engineer of the Illinois Central, and the balance will probably be let during the season. The right of way has been obtained for the whole line and all the necessary depot grounds, at a cost of less than \$50,000. The value of the lands now owned by the company for depots and stations, exclusive of the government grant, is estimated at a million dollars. Thirty miles of the road is now completed and in working order, from Dubuque, west, and the grading is going on under Col. Mason at a rapid rate. The company do not propose to sell an acre of land until the road is built. The lands, if kept out of market until the road is completed, and the government lands lying in alternate sections along the line, are sold and improved, as they are already bought by settlers, or pre-empted for that purpose, will, of themselves, pay the entire expense of construction and equipment. These lands, and the road itself, if need be, can be mortgaged no long credit to procure all the money to go on and complete the work, and the agents of the company are now in New York to effect this arrangement. Thus will the stockholders eventually realize large and permanent dividends upon their subscriptions, without ever being called upon for instalments at all, or if called upon for slight advances, will immediately be reimbursed by the sale of land or the earnings of the road. For these statements we are indebted to the Chicago Tribune.

Commercial.

THE GRAIN TRADE OF CHICAGO.

HER GRANARIES AND MARKET.

Among the improvements made in Chicago during the last two years, none more clearly indicate the growth and increase of her business and the enterprise of her citizens, than the erection and completion of her immense grain ware-houses, or elevators, as they are sometimes called. The necessity for these vast buildings proves, if the fact had not been otherwise well established, that this city by far exceeds all others in the world as a primary place of grain export. The tables published in the commercial papers of the city, have destroyed the illusion, if any existed, as to where is the real centre of grain production and export of the globe. The growth of agricultural production, too, west, south, and north-west of this, all tributary to Chicago, is going on at this moment more rapidly than ever. The State of Illinois will stand as the first agricultural State in the Union, and in the profits of that business her great commercial city of the lakes must share the largest.

There are already twelve grain ware-houses in Chicago, capable of storing upwards of *four million bushels* of grain, and flour counted as grain. Or, their actual capacity for grain besides flour, is 3,315,000 bushels. The lowest capacity of each is as follows: 700,000 bushels, 650,000 bushels, 600,000 bushels, 325,000 bushels, 300,000 bushels, and 200,000 bushels, all completed within two years; and 150,000 bushels, 125,000 bushels, 120,000 bushels, 60,000 bushels, 45,000 bushels, and 40,000 bushels, among the older elevators. Another is being erected to contain 650,000 bushels, which will make the actual aggregate grain capacity about four millions of bushels. In the construction of one of these, it required two millions, and in another a million and a half of Milwaukee brick. A still larger one was constructed of plank, by nailing one flat upon another. Two others, those of Messrs. Munger & Armour, and of Messrs. Gibbs & Griffin, are constructed mostly of oak, and were built in the dead of winter. The greater part of the oak timber of which their frames were composed was growing in the woods of Michigan the November preceding the Spring they were completed! As a specimen of these granaries, an engraving of that of Messrs. Munger & Armour is given in this number of the Magazine; and although there are several others larger than this, it is sufficiently large to hon-

or the owners and the city that contains it. The cost of this building was \$65,000, or including the fixtures, \$75,000. It can receive grain from cars, teams, and canal boats, and ship by lake vessels at the same time, having capacity to receive 40,000 bushels per day from cars and teams, and 20,000 bushels at the same time from four canal boats; and it can ship with a fair chance, and has done it, 65,000 bushels a day, on board of lake vessels. There are other warehouses that can receive more grain from cars, but not from Canal boats. The largest one, for instance, the Rock Island Railroad warehouse, can unload 300 cars (or about 100,000 bushels) per day, and can ship into two lake vessels at a time, out of four shipping spouts, 12,000 bushels of grain per hour. This latter can only receive by railroad; another one near it, besides its capacity to receive 20,000 bushels per day from cars, can take in 15,000 to 20,000 bushels from canal boats, and ship 25,000 bushels per day by lake craft.

The building, a view of which is given in this work, rests upon solid stone foundations, but is constructed of immense beams of timber, principally oak, and still further strengthened by large iron rods, by which lateral pressure is effectually guarded against. In the main building there are sixty to seventy bins, each capable of holding 5,000 bushels. These bins are so arranged that each one can be filled and emptied without carting, and without any regard to any other bin. Strong iron rods, crossing each other at right angles, bind together the side of each bin, so that one may be full, and the four around it empty, or may be empty and the four around it full, without producing any effect whatever on the strength of the sides. The bins are some ten feet square and thirty-five feet deep. There are also shipping bins in some of these houses, holding some 12,000 bushels each. The upper stories are generally used for drying damp grain. On the ground floor of these warehouses is located the steam engine and boilers, the latter enclosed in a brick vault, for the sake of retaining heat and to guard against explosions. These engines are from 75 to 125 horse power. The machinery, consisting of lines of shafting, beveled cog-wheels, &c., of great strength, runs through the entire building. Its use is to put in motion the grain elevators which carry the grain from the ground floor up into the cupolas where it is weighed. From thence it passes down through spouts into the bins. The *modus operandi* is different in the different warehouses; generally it is as follows: The grain, whether from car, canal boat or wagon, is first received into hoppers, on the lower floor. It then passes into the elevators. These

are a series of Russian sheet iron buckets, attached to an endless strap, and inclosed in a large wooden pipe. The buckets receive their freight, and carry it up into the cupolas, where they discharge it into the scales, and descend for another load. The weighing process is going on at the same time, and from the scales the grain descends through spouts to the various bins in all parts of the building, or to the vessels in the docks waiting to receive it.

The cupolas of these buildings are covered on the outside with sheet iron. Their roofs, and also the roof of the main building, with a fire-proof composition. There are tanks of water on the roofs, by means of which the entire building, in case of fire, can be flooded with water. It is about 100 feet from the ground to the top of these cupolas. The owners of these warehouses generally confine themselves to a strictly commission business, of storing and forwarding for other parties, for which they have unsurpassed facilities. They are men of the strictest integrity and business talent.

With the commercial marine of this city at hand to relieve these warehouses, it is not likely we shall soon lack for storage room. Had it not been for the partial failure last year, of the corn crop throughout some of the Southern States, making prices so high on that account, that a large amount was drawn South; (and this was favored by a break in the Illinois and Michigan canal this spring,) the receipts would the present season have pretty well taxed the capacity of our granaries. As it was, there was *only* about a million bushels wheat and corn, and some 50,000 barrels of flour in store here at the opening of lake navigation. The superior facilities which Chicago enjoys for receiving and forwarding grain, the less expense of storage, re-shipment and commissions, compared with St. Louis, gives her quite an advantage over the latter market, in competing for the grain trade of the Illinois river; and Chicago will always get this trade, except when causes similar to the above mentioned shall operate. Only six or eight years ago, St. Louis had all this trade. The *Republican* of that city, in its annual review of the commerce of St. Louis a few years ago, said, "It is stated that from a point on the Illinois River, grain can be shipped to Chicago as cheaply and expeditiously as at this point, and that from Chicago to New York the transportation does not exceed the charges from New Orleans to New York. If this is true, Chicago has the advantage of the amount of freight between St. Louis and New Orleans—no inconsiderable item of expense in the transportation of an article of this kind." The capacity of

the State of Illinois to produce corn is almost illimitable, and it is evident this city must become the market for nearly all the surplus that is grown hereafter. The cost of transportation to the East is continually becoming less. It was since 1850 that the line of propellers was placed upon the route between this city and Ogdensburg. New lines are being started also for Montreal, and a large and lucrative trade is springing up between Chicago and the British Provinces, which will increase as full reciprocity in trade becomes established.

A single article does not afford space for a detailed account of the grain trade of Chicago: but the following statement of the aggregate shipment of barrels of Flour, and bushels of Corn and Wheat, for a succession of years, may be interesting, as serving to illustrate the growth of this commerce. We give shipments by Lake alone, saying nothing of home consumption, and the large shipments east in the last four years, by the Michigan Southern and Michigan Central Railroads:

SHIPMENTS OF FLOUR BY LAKE FOR THE LAST THIRTEEN YEARS.

Year.	Bbls.	Year.	Bbls.
1844	6,320	1851	73,406
1845	18,752	1852	61,196
1846	38,045	1853	70,384
1847	93,588	1854	58,578
1848	45,200	1855	77,069
1849	51,809	1856	169,516
1850	109,871		

SHIPMENTS BY LAKE OF WHEAT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Years.	Bush.	Years.	Bush.
1849	586,907	1850	838,644
1848	688,967	1851	487,660
1844	891,384	1852	685,496
1845	996,860	1853	1,206,168
1846	1,459,594	1854	1,650,489
1847	1,974,304	1855	5,719,168
1848	2,160,800	1856	8,114,353
1849	1,986,364		

SHIPMENTS OF CORN BY LAKE FOR TEN YEARS.

Years.	Bush.	Years.	Bush.
1847	67,315	1853	2,757,011
1848	550,460	1854	2,739,552
1849	644,548	1855	6,636,054
1850	668,018	1856	7,439,359
1851	8,231,317	1856	11,079,490

The statements of different commercial editors slightly differ as to aggregate receipts and shipments of Flour and Grain from this port last season. The following, however, is not far from the true amount, for the last three years, respectively:

FLOUR, WHEAT, AND CORN, RECEIVED AT CHICAGO FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS.

	1854	1855	1856
Flour reduced to bushels of wheat	797,520	1,210,020	2,052,835
Wheat, bushels	8,048,330	7,635,326	8,766,531
Corn, bushels	7,438,443	8,499,367	11,647,205
Aggregates	11,384,293	17,344,713	22,466,571

FLOUR, WHEAT, AND CORN, EXPORTED FROM CHICAGO FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS.

	1854	1855	1856
Flour, reduced to bushels of wheat	589,635	843,950	1,026,405
Wheat, bushels	2,102,708	6,330,558	8,352,475
Corn, bushels	6,822,869	7,615,407	10,807,736

Aggregates 9,465,907 14,589,910 20,086,616

Some place the receipts upwards of two million bushels more than this, and the shipments over a million and a half more. but even with this estimate, or in even numbers, 20,000,000 bushels, what a marine must it require to transport such an amount! It has been estimated that the average amount of grain transported each season, between Chicago and Buffalo, is 150,000 bushels by a good propeller, and 80,000 by a brig. At this rate, the above amount of grain required a marine equal to 50 propellers and 150 brigs, to transport it to the eastern markets. The above, however, is only the grain in *gross*. Chicago received and shipped large quantities of grain in another shape—as Pork, Beef, Whisky, &c. The amount of pork, beef, tallow, lard, butter, hides, eggs, &c., centering here for shipment, requires at least 12 propellers, and 25 brigs of first class. The lumber trade of this city equals, in lumber, shingles and lath, much more than 500,000,000 feet of lumber. In lumber alone it was nearly this, or in round numbers, 456,000,000 feet. Estimating the whole at 500,000,000, last year's receipts required, in the lumber trade, a marine equal to 166 first class brigs, counting 3,000,000 feet as the amount each brig would be able to bring to this market each year, under favorable circumstances. The past year, it is true, was one of unusual interest to Chicago. The aggregate of its commerce largely exceeded that of any former year, and no other like period of time witnessed such receipts of grain, or the erection of so many large and substantial grain warehouses. On account of the causes above hinted at, among others, the corn crop of 1856 being one third short of that of 1855—the strong southern and western demand for grain and flour—the increased home consumption, by the backwardness of Spring—it is quite apparent the receipts at Chicago, though large, will not be so great the present season, as the past. And although the low price of produce freights is causing a number of vessels heretofore engaged in the lower lake trade, to engage in the lumber trade, which will make a rapid accumulation in the yards here, it is estimated by good judges that there will be a falling off this season, of a hundred million feet from last season's lumber receipts. Yet there is a bright and hopeful future for this city and state, and nothing can retard

their growth in population and wealth—nothing can prevent Chicago from maintaining the proud distinction she has won, of being the greatest primary grain depot, and largest lumber mart in the world.

Publisher's Corner.

☞ We have been convinced, by the best of all tests, that of experience, that the time selected for the publication of this Magazine—the middle of the month, to avoid collision with eastern periodicals—is not the best. As soon as we can bring time and circumstances into harmony, the Magazine will then appear on the first of the month.

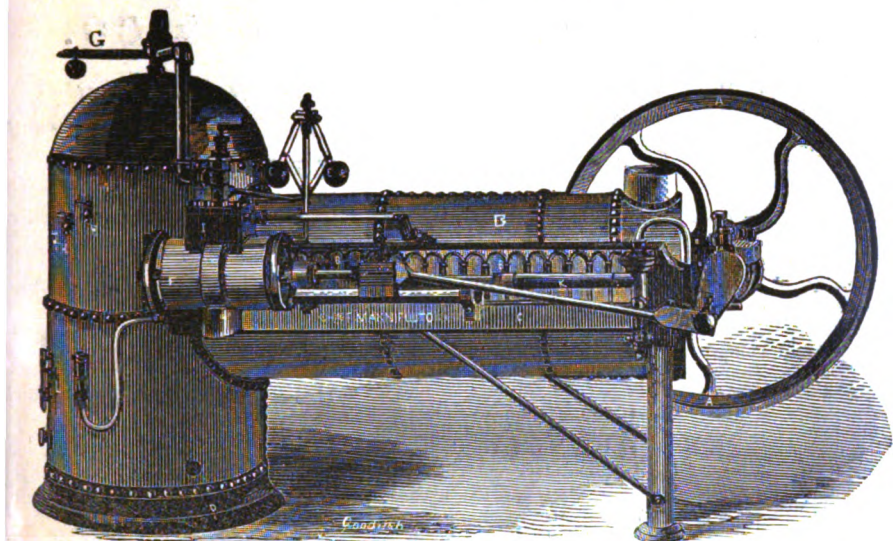
☞ We regret that we are somewhat behind in the issue of this number. We have been most unexpectedly and annoyingly hindered in procuring a portion of our illustrations, and in the preparation of some of the reading contents of this No. But we expect to meet with difficulties, especially in the infancy of our enterprise, and we shall conquer them with all the efficacy of the power we have at command.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TOWNS.—We offer the illustrated history of the Town of Aurora, as a specimen of what we should like to do with most of the prominent towns of the West—as fast as we shall be able to reach them. Local patronage will enable us to do it. Co-operation with the parties interested is, of course, essential—and facilities for obtaining the views, and material for the history, can only be furnished by the residents of the town. To this end we desire communication, as soon as possible, with prominent citizens of those towns which they expect us to illustrate.

We have in preparation a "TRIP TO KANSAS AND NEBRASKA," with illustrations, there and by the way, which will be published as soon as the engravings necessary can be completed. Also, an article entitled "*Minnesota and the Upper Mississippi*," which will contain views of St. Paul, with history, Falls of St. Anthony, Lake Pepin, Dubuque, Galena, etc., etc.

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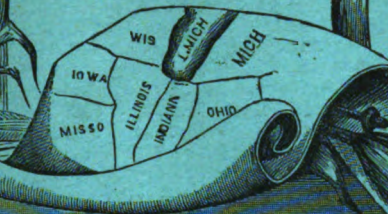
Address: CHICAGO MAGAZINE, CHICAGO, ILL.

US 26831.5

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1857.

No. 4.



CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

THE WEST AS IT IS;

ILLUSTRATED

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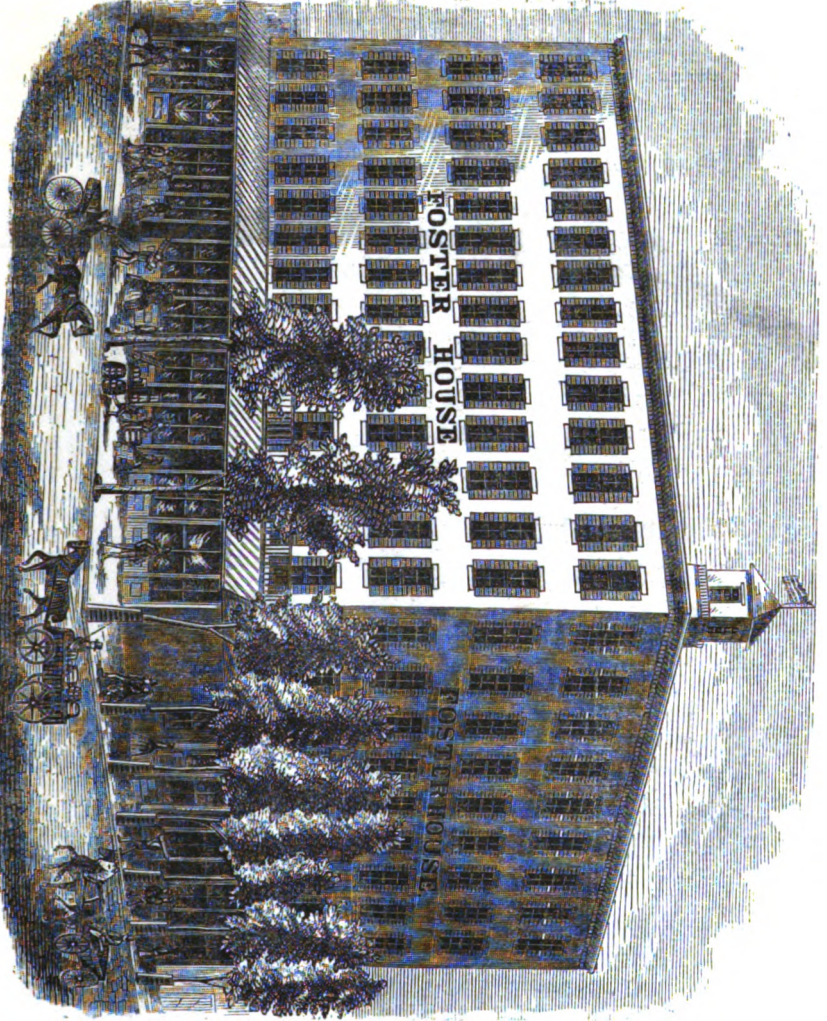
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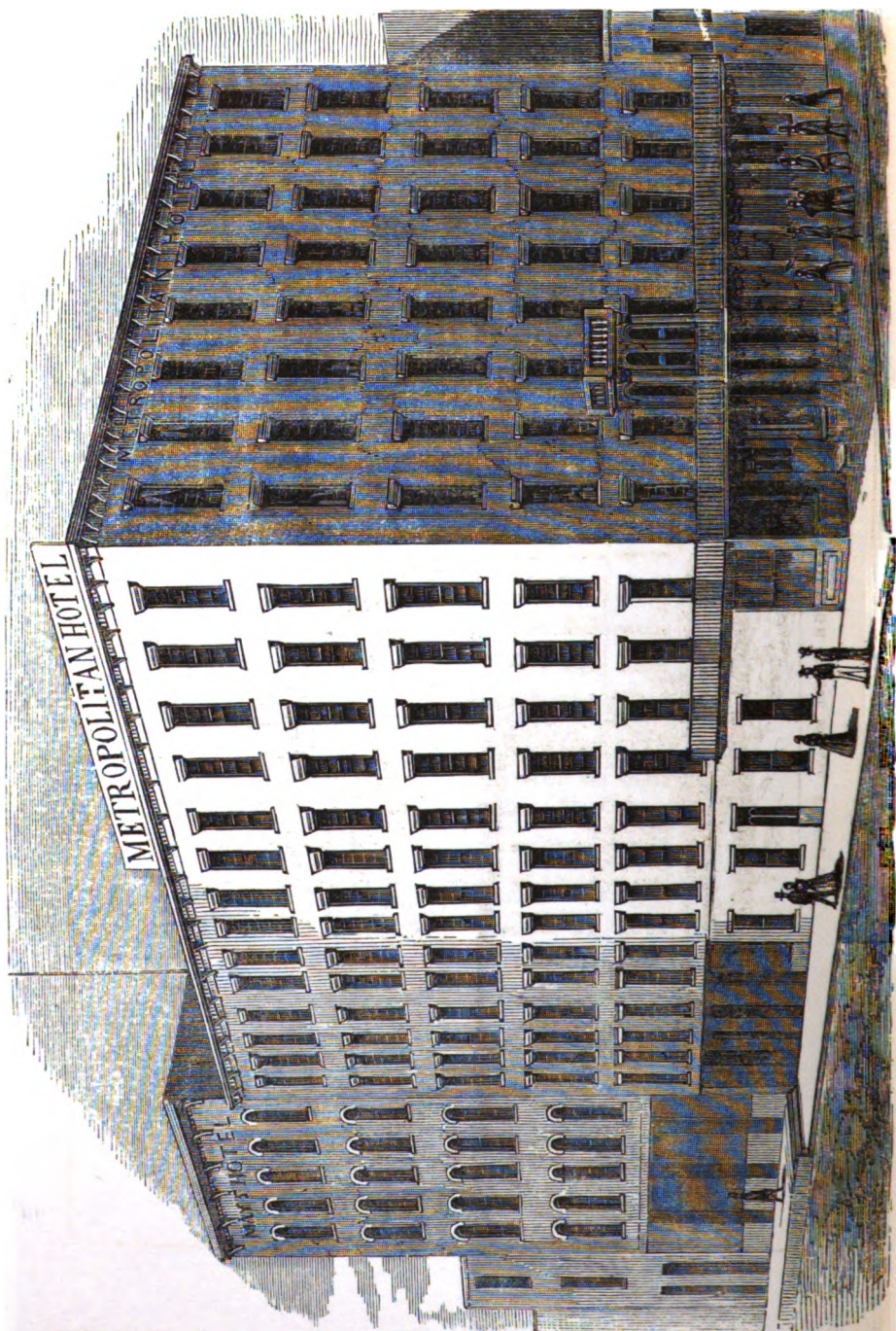


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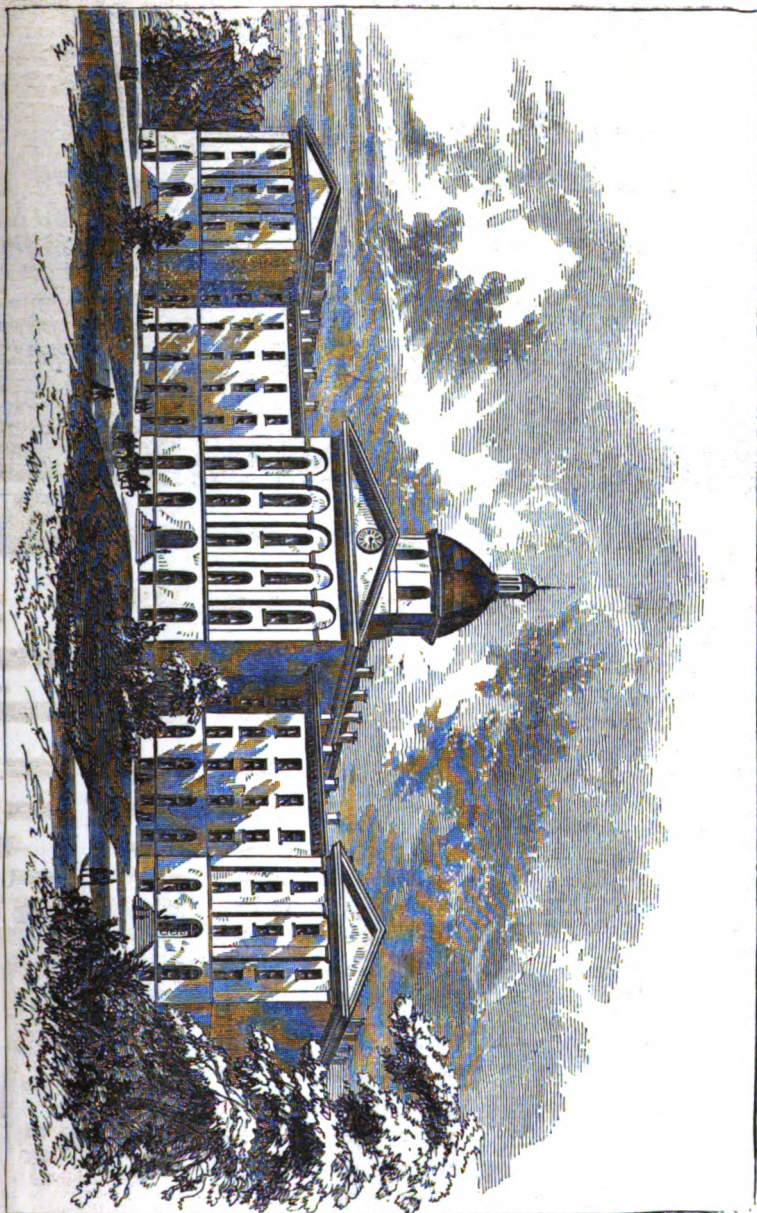
View on the West Side, at the Junction of the North and South Branches.



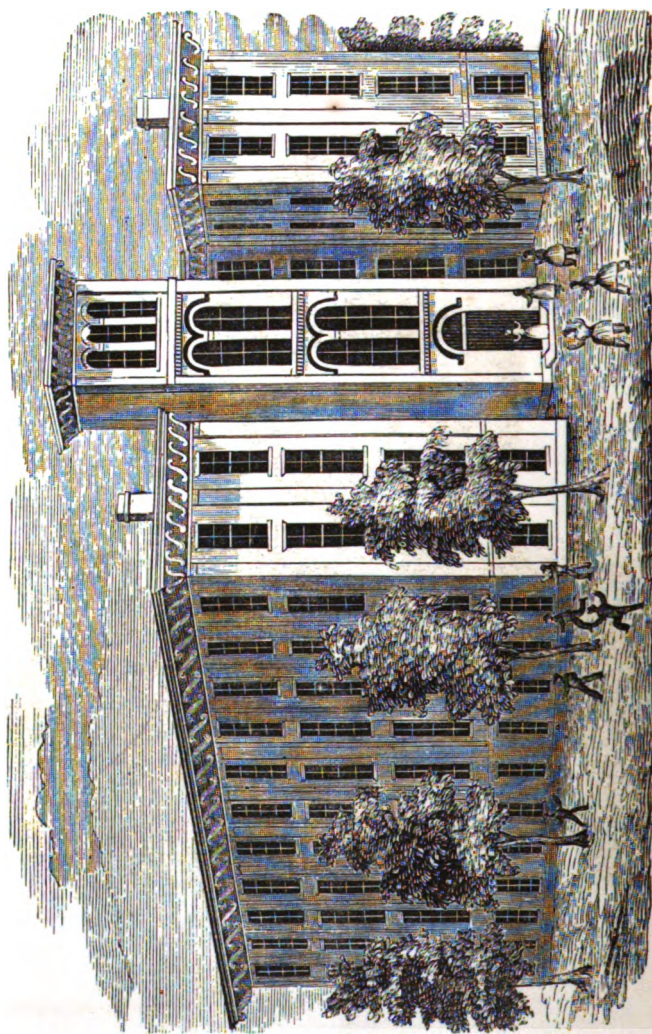
THE FOSTER HOUSE—North East Corner of Clark and Kinzie Streets.



METROPOLITAN HOTEL, South West corner of Randolph and Wells St.



HILLSDALE COLLEGE—Hillsdale, Michigan. Chartered 1855.



CHICAGO ORPHAN ASYLUM.



GEORGE F. POSTER, ESQ.

[Biography on Page 305.]



*Yours Truly
George Grey*

[Biography on Page 308.]



JASON GURLEY.

[Biography on Page 310.]

CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

The West as it is.

VOL. 1.

JUNE 15, 1857.

NO. 4.

HISTORY OF CHICAGO.

ANTECEDENT—CONTINUED.



THE establishment of a military post at Chicago, at an early day, and the consequent gathering about it of traders, army contractors, &c., made it a place of resort for the Indians in their intercourse with white men, and in transactions with the government. The Indians have been made subjects of the national government, by adoption; and the extension of jurisdiction over them, leaving them as much as possible in the exercise of their original independence, as a line of policy, is simply that of protection. Their original right to the soil has ever been recognized, and when it has been found desirable to acquire the ownership of their lands for the use of our citizens, and the extension of civilization, the government has entered into treaties with the Indians, and negotiated for their lands, paying them therefor according to stipulations, in cash, annuities, merchandise, and other equivalents. The intercourse between white men and Indians, and the dealings of government with these savages of the wilderness and the prairie, has always been a fruitful source of evil and conflict. The ways of the Indian are not the ways of the white man, and the two races, so diverse, at best but understand each other poorly. The conflict of races, however much to be regretted, is quite natural from the present characteristics of human nature. To regulate this intercourse with the Indians, and disconnect it as much as possible from the military power, it has been the practice of the government to establish on the frontier, and at accessible points in the Indian Territory, Indian Agencies—filling the office of Agent with a civilian, a person who is supposed to be friendly to the natives, and to possess their confidence, and to act as a negotiator between the two parties.

Chicago was an important point, through its Agency, of negotiating with the Indians. By the different treaties, effected with the natives of the North-West, for the consideration of parting with their lands, strip by strip, and parcel by parcel, the government made various engagements with them; to make them annual payments in cash, and in goods, to establish schools, teach them agriculture, and furnish them with seeds and farming implements, and employ a blacksmith, and other mechanics for their benefit. It was the business of the Agent to see that the conditions of the treaties were fulfilled, the cash payments at the proper time made, and the goods distributed. For this pur-

pose was the Agency kept up at Chicago, and it became a place of resort for the Indians from all the region about, to receive their payments—and times of Indian payments became a sort of semi-barbarian holidays, and a great time generally for jollification and speculation. Treaties became a frequent necessity. These were made at some point where many tribes from a distance could be most readily brought together, as at Portage des Sioux, in 1815. In 1821 an important treaty was effected at Chicago with the Indians which had assembled to meet here the Commissioners on the part of the United States Government. Gen. LEWIS CASS and SOLOMON SIBLEY were the Commissioners; the Indian tribes with whom the negotiations were conducted, were the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawatomies. The treaty provided for the cession of a large tract of land in the southern part of Michigan, of 5,000,000 acres, including the so-called St. Joseph country; and the right of constructing roads from Detroit and Fort Wayne respectively, to Chicago. The government was obligated to pay to the Ottawas, for this cession of land, "one thousand dollars of specie annually, *forever*," and to appropriate annually for the term of ten years, "the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, to be expended in the support of a blacksmith, a teacher, and a person to instruct the Ottawas in agriculture, and in the purchase of cattle and farming utensils." And to the Pottawatomies the treaty required the payment of five thousand dollars for the term of twenty years, and the appropriation of one thousand dollars annually for fifteen years, for the support of a blacksmith and teacher. Among the subscribers to this treaty we notice of those chiefs with whom we have had some acquaintance in the progress of this history, the names of *To-pe-ne-be*, the head chief of the Pottawatomies, *Ke-po-tah*, and *Win-no-meg*. There were a large number of witnesses on the part of the United States; among those signing the treaty, were Alex. Wolcott, Jr., G. Godfrey, Indian Agents; Jacob B. Varnum, U. S. Factor; John B. Beaubien and John Kinzie, Sub-Agent.

The particular interest attached to this treaty, called the "Treaty of Chicago," which was signed the 29th day of August, 1821, was the large number of Indians who were assembled for the negotiation; and the concern manifested by the natives, and its important consequences to them; and the fact that Gen. Cass, so long connected with the Indian affairs and the progress of the West, was the principal Commissioner. The Indians had joined in many previous treaties, in which they had ceded away parcels of their lands, and were witnessing with sad admonitions the encroachments of the whites. They seemed at this time to be resolved upon making a stand, and resist the overwhelming tide by refusing to sell any more of their lands. And the time had come in the order of Providence, when this part of the Western territory was needed for civilization—when the progress of the white race should absorb it. The North-West beyond the head of Lake Erie, was opening up to the settler. The people of the older States had begun to appreciate the value of the country as an agricultural region. They were occupying it at all accessible points, under the protection of every military fort, and in conjunction with every trading establishment. The fur-traders and the little detachments of the army were the fore-runners of civilization. Chicago had become a point to attract the attention of the nation. Here and there in the northern part of the State, and in what was then the North-West Territory, now Wisconsin and Iowa, and along the course of the Mississippi, and at the lead mines, the hardy and adventurous pioneer had pushed his way far into the wilderness, and had here and there, over this extensive range of country, set his stake—and these center stakes became the nucleus of population which had already begun to gather about them. By the recognition of Chicago as a point of settlement in the North-West, situated as it was at this time in the bounds of a State already organized and admitted into the Union—the territory east of this throughout the southern part of Michigan, was surrounded and actually in the possession of the white settler, though owned and still occupied by the Indians.

For the purpose of providing for the emergencies of these new demands of progress, and of negotiating with the Indians for a cession of another large tract of their territories, the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Pottawatomie nations, who occupied the country of Michigan, northern Indiana and Illinois, were summoned to meet the Commissioners at Chicago, in August 1821. The Indians responded to the summons by the assembling of their chief men, and bringing along with them their "young men women and children," that "all might be witness of what was going on." The most prominent of the younger Indians at this council, was *Me-te-ay*, a chief of the Pottawatomies. He was at that time about forty years of age, in the prime of life, of a noble and dignified appearance. He was admitted to be the most eloquent chief of his tribe, and commanding the greatest influence. He had fought against the Americans in the late war, and was severely wounded in the attack upon Fort Wayne, for which he drew a pension from the British government.* He was obstinately opposed to selling any more land to the Americans—and in defense of his opinions made several speeches in the council. At that time he resided upon the Wabash. To the numerous treaties from 1814 up to that time, his name was generally attached, and usually at the head of his tribe. At the assembling of this council, and after Gen. CASS had explained to him the objects of his mission, he responded: "Father, we have listened to what you have said. We shall now retire to our camps and consult upon it. You will hear nothing more from us at present." This was in accordance with the uniform custom of the Indians, when an important proposition had been presented to them. When the council again convened, *Me-te-ay* continued his speech, and addressed the Commissioners as follows:

"We meet you here to-day, because we had promised it, to tell you our minds, and what we have agreed upon among ourselves. You will listen to us with a good mind, and believe what we say. You know that we first came to this country, a long time ago, and when we sat ourselves down upon it, we met with a great many hardships and difficulties. Our country was then very large; but it has dwindled away to a small spot, and you wish to purchase that! This has caused us to reflect much upon what you have told us; and we have, therefore, brought all the chiefs and warriors, and the young men and women and children of our tribe, that one part may not do what the others object to, and that all may be witness of what is going forward. You know your children. Since you first came among them, they have listened to your words with an attentive ear, and have always hearkened to your counsels. Whenever you have had a proposal to make to us, whenever you have had a favor to ask of us, we have always lent a favorable ear, and our invariable answer has been 'yes.' This you know. A long time has passed since we first came upon our lands, and our old people have all sunk into their graves. They had sense. We are all young and foolish, and do not wish to do any thing that they would not approve, were they living. We are fearful we shall offend their spirits, if we sell our lands; and we are fearful we shall offend you, if we do *not* sell them. This has caused us great perplexity of thought, because we have counselled among ourselves, and do not know how we can part with our land. Our country was given to us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon, to make our corn fields upon, to live upon, and to make down our beds upon when we die. And he would never forgive us, should we bargain it away. When you first spoke to us for lands at St. Marys, we said we had a little, and agreed to sell you a piece of it; but we told you we could spare no more. Now you ask us again. You are never satisfied! We have sold you a great tract of land, already; but it is not enough! We sold it to you for the benefit of your children, to farm and to live upon. We have now but little left. We shall want it all for ourselves. We know not how long we may live, and we wish to have some lands for our children to hunt upon. You are gradually taking away our hunting grounds. Your children are driving us before them. We are growing uneasy. What lands you

* Schoolcraft's Travels.

have, you may retain forever; but we shall sell no more. You think, perhaps, that I speak in passion; but my heart is good towards you. I speak like one of your own children. I am an Indian, a red-skin, and live by hunting and fishing, but my country is already too small; and I do not know how to bring up my children, if I give it all away. We sold you a fine tract of land at St. Marys. We said to you then it was enough to satisfy your children, and the last we should sell: and we thought it would be the last you would ask for. We have now told you what we had to say. It is what was determined on in a council among ourselves; and what I have spoken is the voice of my nation. On this account, all our people have come here to listen to me; but do not think we have a bad opinion of you. Where should we get a bad opinion of you? We speak to you with a good heart, and the feelings of a friend. You are acquainted with this piece of land—the country we live in. Shall we give it up? Take notice, it is a small piece of land, and if we give it away, what will become of us? The Great Spirit, who has provided it for our use, allows us to keep it, to bring up our young men and to support our families. We should incur his anger if we bartered it away. If we had more land, you should get more; but our land has been wasting away ever since the white people became our neighbors, and we have now hardly enough left to cover the bones of our tribe. You are in the midst of your red children. What is due to us in money, we wish, and will receive at this place; and we want nothing more. We all shake hands with you. Behold our warriors, our women, and children. Take pity on us and on our words.”*

But notwithstanding his determined opposition to the sale of any more land, the name of this chief is found attached to the treaty, next following that of *To-pa-ne-be*, of St. Joseph's.

The party connected with the “expedition to the source of the St. Peter's River,” under Major Long, met with *Me-te-ay* at Fort Wayne, in 1823. The author of the narrative of this expedition, says that *Me-te-ay* was represented to them as being the greatest chief of the nation; but they afterwards understood that he was not the principal chief, but that his talents as a warrior, and his eloquence as an orator, obtained for him commanding influence over his nation—that he might be considered a partizan whose military achievements had secured to himself the command of an independent tribe.

His residence was then on the St. Joseph's, about ten miles from Fort Wayne. On entering the room where the gentlemen of the party were, *Me-te-ay* shook hands with the Agent, but took no notice of the rest of the company until Gen. Tipton, the commander at the fort, had explained to him the nature of the expedition, and the information that would be desired from him. He then arose with much dignity, and shook hands with all present, telling them that he would very willingly reply to all their inquiries, but that, according to usage, he was bound to report to his nation all the questions that should be asked, and the replies which he would make. There were some points on which he could give no information, and on these he would remain silent. He then resumed his seat, and answered with much patience all the questions put to him. The party remained three days, and in the mean time received much valuable information from *Me-te-ay*, in regard to the customs and history of the Indian tribes. The appearance of *Me-te-ay* is described with much minuteness. Mr. Seymour, the artist who accompanied the expedition, took a portrait of him.

There was also at this council, another chief of distinction—*Ke-wa-gouah-kum*, the head chief of the Ottawas. He was also, as seemed to be all the leading men of his tribe, opposed to ceding away any more of their territory. He made a speech to the council, “which,” says Mr. DRAKE, “is considered very valuable, as well on account of

* Drake's Biography and History of the Indians.

the history it contains, as for its merits in other respects. Indian History by an Indian must be the most valuable of any work about them."

Ke-wa-gouah-kum, in his speech, addressing Mr. Cass, said:

"My father, listen to me! The first white people seen by us were the French. When they first ventured into these lakes, they hailed us as children; they came with presents and promises of peace, and we took them by the hand. We gave them what they wanted, and initiated them into our mode of life, which they readily fell into. After some time, during which we had become well acquainted, we embraced their father, (the king of France,) as our father. Shortly after, these people that wear red coats, (the English,) came to this country, and overthrew the French; and they extended their hand to us in friendship. As soon as the French were overthrown, the British told us, 'We will clothe you in the same manner the French did. We will supply you with all you want, and will purchase all your peltries, as they did.' Sure enough! after the British took possession of the country, they fulfilled all their promises. When they told us we should have any thing, we were sure to get it; and we got from them the best goods. Some time after the British had been in possession of the country, it was reported that another people, who wore white clothes, had arisen and driven the British out of the land. These people we first met at Greenville, (in 1798, to treat with Gen. Wayne,) and took them by the hand. When the Indians first met the American chief, (Wayne,) in council, there were but few Ottawas present; but he said to them, 'When I set myself down at Detroit, you will all see me.' Shortly after, he arrived at Detroit. Proclamation was then made for all the Indians to come in. We were told, (by the General,) 'The reason I do not push those British further is, that we may not forget their example in giving you presents of cloth, arms, ammunition, and whatever else you may require.' Sure enough! The first time we were clothed with great liberality. You gave us strouds, guns, ammunition, and many other things we stood in need of, and said, 'This is the way you may always expect to be used.' It was also said, that whenever we were in great necessity, you would help us. When the Indians on the Maumee were first about to sell their lands, we heard it with both ears, but we never received a dollar. The Chippewas, the Pottawatomies, and the Ottawas *were, originally, but one nation*. We separated from each other near Michilimackinac. We were related by the ties of blood, language and interest; but in the course of a long time, these things have been forgotten, and both nations have sold their lands, without consulting us. Our brothers, the Chippewas, have also sold you a large tract of land at Saganaw. People are constantly passing through the country, but we received neither invitation nor money. It is surprising that the Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Chippewas, who are all one nation, should sell their lands without giving each other notice. Have we then degenerated so much that we can no longer trust one another? Perhaps they think I have come here on a begging journey, that I wish to claim a share of lands to which my people are not entitled. I tell them it is not so. We have never begged, and shall not now commence. When I went to Detroit last fall, Governor Cass told me to come to this place, at this time, and listen to what he had to say in council. As we live a great way in the woods, and never see white people except in the fall, when the traders come among us, we have not so many opportunities to profit by this intercourse as our neighbors, and to get what necessities we require; but we make out to live independently, and trade upon our own lands. We have, heretofore, received nothing less than justice from the Americans, and all we expect, in the present treaty, is a full proportion of the money and goods."^{*}

"A series of misfortunes," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "has since overtaken this friendly, modest and sensible chief. On returning from the treaty of Chicago, while off the

* Drake's Biography and History of the Indians.

mouth of Grand River, in Lake Michigan, his canoe was struck by a flaw of wind and upset. After making every exertion, he saw his wife and all his children, except one son, perish. With his son he reached the shore; but, as if to crown his misfortunes, his only surviving child has since been poisoned for the part he took in the treaty.—Some of the chiefs who attended at the treaty were opposed to this sale, and hence the reason that Kewagoushkum's son was poisoned."

A year or two before this Indian treaty, commonly described as the "Treaty of Chicago," was effected, the Indian Agency house had been erected. In accordance with the conditions of this and other treaties which had been previously made, the Indians were to receive a payment annually in cash and a yearly distribution of goods. This was made through the Agency at Chicago—and these times of payment became the anniversary of this embryo city, and were generally exciting and interesting times; attracting not only the great body of Indians of the region, but the traders and white settlers also; for their thrift in a measure followed the fortunes of the Indians. Dr. ALEXANDER WOLCOTT, as before stated, was the Indian Agent. He succeeded Mr. JEWETT, in 1820, and held the place till his death in 1830. For the use of the Agency he erected a log building on the north side of the river, at the Burnes' place, near what is now the south-west corner of Wolcott and South Water streets. It was neatly and compactly built of logs hewed and squared, the main structure forming the center, to the sides of which were attached two wings made of the same material. Afterwards, as necessity of the Agency required, small additions were made to these wings in the rear. The complete establishment was rather of a quaint construction—and as Mrs. KINZIE remarks, "The appendages did not mar the symmetry of the whole, as viewed from the front, but when in the process of the town's improvement, a street was maliciously opened directly in the rear of the building, the whole establishment, with its comical little adjuncts, was a constant source of amusement to the passers by." This building, from the singularity of its form, received the name of "Cob-Web Castle," and by this name is associated with many pleasant recollections in the minds of the early settlers; and is transmitted to posterity as one of the unique peculiar characteristics of the early days of Chicago. Around Cob-Web Castle were a cluster of cabins, occupied by persons in the employment of, and connected with the Agency—such as the blacksmith and his associates, who were supported by government for the benefit of the Indians, in accordance with the terms of their treaties. These laborers usually consisted of Canadians and half breeds, with an occasional Yankee to "boss the job." In one of these cabins resided *Billy Caldwell*, who was not only Chief of the Pottawatomies, but acted also as interpreter.

Progress seemed to have made but few foot-prints on the surface of Chicago, from the period of the few incidents we have before noticed, up to the year 1830. GUNDON S. HUBBARD, Esq., to whom we have before alluded, visited the place frequently, sometimes several times in a year, for the purpose of carrying on his business as the agent of John Jacob Astor, at the head of the American Fur Company, in trade with the Indians. At the time of the payments he was generally in Chicago. At the time of the payment in the summer of 1827 he was here, remaining at that time for several weeks. While here at that time, the store-house at the south east corner of the fort was struck by lightning in the night, and set on fire. There were then no troops in the fort. It was in charge of the Indian Agent—and only a family residing there, who took care of it. Mr. HUBBARD was stopping at the old Kinzie house, with the agent of the Fur Company then occupying it. He and ROBERT KINZIE swam the river, and with the assistance of the residents of the fort succeeded in arresting the flames. There were then in the neighborhood a large number of Indians, but they offered no assistance to arrest the flames, and seemed indifferent as to the fate of the fort, whether destroyed or not. The store-house and pickets on the south-east corner were consumed, and con-

siderable damage was done to the roof of the barracks on the east side. This was just before the Americans had learned of the disturbance on Rock River and the Upper Mississippi, which was called the Winnebago war. It was afterwards known that the Indians had been informed of these hostile demonstrations on the part of the Winnebagoes, and that their neglect to render any assistance in extinguishing the flames, was supposed to be indicative of their disposition to join the neighboring tribes in their hostilities, and make an attack upon the settlement at this point, as they had done in 1812.

This difficulty arose from a quarrel which had sprung up among the Indians themselves, between a party of Chippewas and Winnebagoes. It was the policy of the United States government to compel the Indian tribes to remain at peace among themselves, and for infractions against the peace, resulting in death, they were made subject to the criminal laws of the land. The attempt to enforce this requirement often involved the whites in difficulty with the Indians. In the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, where the disturbance originated, and throughout the regions of the lead mines, white settlers were rapidly taking possession of the country; and this, as every where else, where the white man had encroached too rapidly on the grounds of the red man, excited the jealousy of the Indians.

In the early part of the year 1827, a party of Chippewas, descending the St. Peters river to Fort Snelling, were attacked by a party of Winnebagoes, and eight of them killed. The commander of the fort arrested four of these Winnebago aggressors, and imprudently delivered them into the hands of the Chippewas, who immediately put them to death, in retaliation. This act was resented by the chief of the Winnebago band, named *Red Bird*, and for that cause included the whites with the Chippewas in his resentment. *Red Bird* led a war party against the Chippewas, and by them was defeated. He then turned his malignity against the whites. In June a number of murders were committed in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, by the Winnebagoes; and parties in boats on the river were attacked, and some killed. Hostile feelings rapidly extended to other tribes—and the news of these depredations caused considerable alarm in all the frontier settlements, portending disturbances and outrages to which the settlements had previously been frequently exposed. The rush of population to the lead mines for a few years before, had filled that region with a pretty numerous population of adventurers. When the first reports of the disturbances were spread over the country, they were naturally much exaggerated, and the greatest alarm and consternation was manifested throughout the white settlements. Thousands flocked to Galena and other gathering points, for safety. "All were without arms, order or control. The roads were lined in all directions with frantic and fleeing men, women and children, expecting every moment to be overtaken, tomahawked and scalped by the Indians."

Gen. Cass and Col. McKimber, with their Secretary, ROBERT A. FOSTER, had just then arrived at Green Bay, as Commissioners on the part of the United States, for the purpose of making treaties with the Indians. Gen. Cass learned that war messages and belts had been sent to all the neighboring tribes, and a general outbreak was feared. He ascended the Fox River, and descended the Wisconsin, into the territories of the Winnebagoes, to ascertain the disposition of this tribe. Their appearance was unfriendly; their women and children fled into the woods, the men were armed, and kept at a distance, and occupied lodges overlooking the river, from secluded places of observation.

A deputation from the hostile Winnebagoes had been secretly sent to Chicago, and to the different bands in the neighborhood, to unite the Pottawatomies in a plan for a general war upon the whites. During the payments consultations were had among the chiefs and warriors, who fearing the consequences, neither accepted nor declined the overtures of the Winnebagoes. The proposition was kept so secret, that not a white man in Chicago, or at the payments, had any knowledge of what was passing.

Hearing of the massacre of the whites upon the boats, Gen. Cass and his Secretary, Mr. Forsyth, left in a light bark canoe, manned with a full complement of Canadian voyageurs, and passed down the Wisconsin and the Mississippi, stopping only for short time for rest, to Fort Jefferson, below St. Louis, giving the first intimation of the outbreak. Troops were immediately forwarded by steamer to the Upper Mississippi. By the prompt action of Gen. Arkinson, the Winnebagoes were awed into submission, and *Red Bird*, and some of his associates were captured, and confined in prison to await a trial for murder. During the suspension of the trial this state of smothered hostility continued, and deepening and extending to other tribes.

Gen. Cass, after despatching the troops from Fort Jefferson, continued his way back to Green Bay by way of Chicago, ascending with his corps of voyageurs up the Illinois River. About sunrise, on a calm summer morning, the notes of the voyageurs on Chicago River, were heard by the few inhabitants who were at that time mostly residing in Fort Dearborn. Soon the canoe appeared in sight. Before landing Gen. Cass and Mr. Forsyth were recognized, and their unexpected arrival from that direction was a matter of astonishment. From them the settlers received the first intimation of the disturbances in the North-West, and of the so called Winnebago war. They remained here only to breakfast, and then proceeded on their way to Green Bay via the Lake.

The little settlement was then in great consternation. They were supposed to be in the midst of hostile tribes of Indians, and were left without the protection of the feeblest military force. All the inhabitants were gathered into the fort, and arrangements made for the best defense they were capable of. It was found, that all told, there were but twenty men in the settlement capable of bearing arms. The strange conduct of Big Foot, the chief whose village was at Geneva Lake, together with the want of sympathy and aid on the part of the Indians at the fire at the fort, at the time of the payment, but a few nights before, were interpreted rightly, as signs of hostile feelings.

A council was at once held among the settlers, and steps taken to send a deputation to Big Foot's village, to learn the disposition of that band of the Pottawatomies. The Indian chief, *Shau-bee-nay*, whose friendliness to the Americans was well known, had not been here at the payment, but happily arrived on the afternoon of the day on which the council was held. Relying upon his tried friendship, and that of *Billy Caldwell*, the head chief, the two were taken into the confidence of the council, and selected as the deputation. They were at once sent off to *Big Foot's* village, for the purpose of reconnoitering, and ascertaining the meaning of that chief's conduct. On arriving in the immediate vicinity of the village, Billy Caldwell secreted himself in the woods, and *Shau-bee-nay* proceeded alone to the interview with the chief. Meeting with an Indian, he learned from him that the deputation of Winnebagoes that had been at Chicago, were then the guests of Big Foot, and at the village; and that they had, while at Chicago, invited the Pottawatomies to join them in the war, which offer was being entertained by Big Foot favorably. *Shau-bee-nay* at once entered the lodge of Big Foot, meeting there the Winnebagoes. Seeing his situation, and that it would not be safe to appear to be friendly to the whites, he expressed his indignation at not having been previously consulted in regard to the proposed combination. He stated that on reaching Chicago, after the time of the payment, he had heard of the attacks and the killing of the whites on the Mississippi, and was informed of the object of the Winnebago deputation. "And I now come," said he "not to accept of the proposition of joining our Winnebago friends, but to learn from them and you the cause of this trouble; to hear your story, and then report to my band, and decide upon it in council." *Shau-bee-nay* was permitted to hear the full statement of their grievances, and proposed plan of action; but not, however, until they had made inquiries of him, in regard to the quantity of ammunition and arms in the fort, and saved from the storehouse at the time of

the fire, in which the traders and others had stored their goods and effects—the condition of the fort for resistance, and the extent of the damage by fire to the defences.

Shau-bee-nay and Caldwell returned the next day about noon, and reported. Another council of the settlers in the fort was held, and resulted in calling for two volunteers, to proceed immediately to the settlements at the south, on the Wabash, for assistance. GURDON S. HUMBARD, being then in the council, immediately tendered his services alone.

In one hour, at about 4 o'clock that afternoon, he set out on horseback, alone, on his way to the settlement at Danville, one hundred and twenty-five miles south. He reached that place the next day about dark, having exchanged horses but once on the route, which he did at the trading house on the Iroquois River, seventy-five miles from Chicago, the only house then between this point and the middle fork of the Vermilion River; and ate but one meal, which was at this house, while his horse was being changed. With the exception of the half hour stoppages at this place, he was not out of his saddle, returning to Chicago the seventh day. On the way, both going and returning, the ground was very soft from late rains, and every stream overflowed its banks. He brought with him a company of mounted men, under the command of Capt. MORRIS, who took possession of the fort, and immediately put it in the best state of defence, much to the relief of the fears of the settlers.

This company remained in Fort Dearborn for two weeks. An express runner from the west arrived in the mean time, bringing the joyful intelligence that the disturbances were quieted. The troops forwarded from Fort Jefferson by request of Gen. CASS, had unexpectedly appeared in the Winnebago country—the Mississippi river being high, the steamer ascended without obstruction, and landed the troops near the scene of the disturbances, who marched immediately into the heart of the country of the hostile Indians, and subjugated them without a fight. Their leaders surrendered to save their tribe from the calamities of war. The Winnebagoes had hoped to have enticed the Pottawatomies, Sauks, Foxes, and other nations in the north, and waged a successful war of extermination against the whites, as other tribes had planned to do before, and as Black Hawk attempted afterward. But not meeting with the encouragement they had expected from the other tribes, being checked in their overtures by the energy of the white settlers, and the prompt action of the army, they found themselves alone, and were glad to make peace on terms proposed by Gen. CASS. The mounted volunteers who had so promptly responded to the call for assistance from Chicago, and probably saved the little settlement here from another massacre, were discharged and returned to their homes—and so ended, more peaceably than is the usual fate of hostile demonstrations, the Winnebago war.

Soon after the settlement of this Winnebago affair, Chicago began to give some signs of her coming life. The projection of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was the initiatory step to bring Chicago into being, as it was the first great measure which ensured its future prosperity. The history of this enterprise must be considered in its proper place, as the immediate precursor of Chicago as a town and city.

When settlers began to congregate, and to erect their cabins, with the view of forming a center, or the nucleus of a town, the point selected as the most available for village purposes, was the tract on the West Side, at the junction of the North and South Branches, at a point of land looking directly down the main channel of the river.—This place was at first called Wolf's Point. Here were first built the few cabins and rude buildings for business purposes that composed the center, and the first gathering point of population that enlarged and expanded into a magnificent city. And this nucleus begun its process of formation less than a generation ago. There are many men in our midst and elsewhere, who know well what Chicago is to-day, who as clearly remember what it was when the chief of its population had clustered about Wolf's Point, and when the old fort was the sightly object down the river, that rested between

them and the rising sun; and "Cobweb Castle" and the old "Kinzie House" were their staid neighbors. Twenty-seven years only have passed since the Wolf Point settlement was really all of Chicago.

This last picture of the embryo town, as it was the year before the Canal Commissioner laid out the original town of Chicago, would be a deeply interesting subject at this day to behold.* In addition to the few buildings that were standing in 1818, as before given as the description of GURDON S. HUBBARD, Esq., we have only to mention this group at Wolf's Point, two or three buildings on the South Side, between the Point and the Fort, and the Miller House, on the North Side.

The Miller House is shown in the view of Wolf's Point. It stood on the point of land between the North Branch and the Main Channel. It was a log structure partly sided, and was erected by Mr. SAMUEL MILLER, who resided here with his family and a brother by the name of JOHN MILLER. This house was used as the occasion required, as a tavern—for as few as were the inhabitants of Chicago at that time, one of their principal avocations seems to have been that of keeping tavern. A little above its mouth on the North Branch, was a log bridge, which gave access from that quarter to the business of the agency, and the little trade which may have continued up to this time on the North Side.

But the center of attraction was at Wolf's Point, opposite the Miller House. Here, too, was another tavern, the public house, par excellence, of Chicago—the school house and church, as well as the store; and if these did not make the town, what could? On this side, the most prominent object of interest was the tavern kept by Mr. ELIJAH WENTWORTH, a man familiarly known as "Old Geese," not as a burlesque on the worthy landlord, but as a compliment to his distinctive and original character. This building was partly log and partly frame, and was situated on the ground north of Lake Street Bridge, now occupied as a lumber yard. North of this tavern was an oblong building which had been erected by Father Walker, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for a place of worship, and for a school house. Mr. Walker had at times ministered to the spiritual wants of the settlement, from this rude temple. Mr. W. had a residence in the country known as Walker's, which distinguished the locality at that time, which is now Plainfield, Will Co. This log tabernacle was the meeting house of the town. Mr. SEE, who, it seems, was the local preacher, or exhorter, and who resided at the Point, was the supply which was most generally afforded. Preaching was upon a par with other callings and employments of the place. Mr. Wentworth's tavern was the best one kept in Chicago.† It was the place where men of character who visited the town always stopped. It was the head quarters of Gen. SCOTT, when he came to Chicago with the troops for the Black Hawk War, in 1832. The distinctive name of this celebrated tavern, as familiarly used by all the settlers, was "Rat Castle," in contrast with its rival in distinction on the North Side, "Cobweb Castle," and in commemoration of a large class of regular boarders that infested its premises, as well as every other cabin on the river shore. Next south of Wentworth's tavern was the residence of

* The illustration accompanying this sketch is a view of Wolf's Point, as it appeared at this time. It is engraved from a drawing taken by Gao. DAVIS, Esq., in 1832. It is an accurate representation of the scene viewed from the south-east, or a standpoint which might be supposed to be on the block east of Market between Randolph and Lake streets. As no change worthy of note is known to have taken place, from 1830, to the time when the drawing was made, it is presented as an accurate view of the appearance of the river banks at Wolf's Point, and the two principal buildings within the range of the prospect, as it was at the time the town of Chicago was laid out.

† Mr. Wentworth became a celebrated landlord, and a few years after removed into the country, and built a tavern on the Sand Ridge, eight miles north-west of Chicago, which became quite a well known point as "Wentworth's," and in later times passed into the hands of another popular landlord, D. L. ROBERTS, Esq. It has now become a suburban village, at the first station of the Chicago and Fond du Lac Railroad known as Jefferson.

JAMES KINZIE. Next to these were log cabins in which resided Alexander Robinson, now occupying a farm made on his reservation, on the Des Plaines—and here occasionally, resided Billy Caldwell, whose wife was the wild daughter of an Indian Chief, and her presence did not always hallow his wigwam with the sanctity of peace. Still further south of these was the store-house of Mr. **ROBERT A. KINZIE**, son of Mr. **JOHN KINZIE**, who had succeeded his father in the Indian Trade, and his stock consisted of groceries, Indian goods and supplies for the settlers, and was the store of the village, as essentially as Wentworth's was the village tavern. Across the South Branch, on the east side, resided **MARK BEAUBIEN**, brother of Gen. J. B. **BEAUBIEN**, who also kept tavern. In 1831 his establishment had risen to a two story dwelling, painted, with green blinds, and soon attained to the title of the *Saganash Hotel*—which was the Indian name of Billy Caldwell—and so called in honor of that distinguished chief, and man of the times, for he was then one of the prominent residents of Chicago. It stood near what is now the south-east corner of Lake and Market streets. By this time there had been a place of amusement started in a little, low log shanty, where was set up a billiard table, at which citizens of leisure amused themselves in knocking about three cracked balls. Further up the South Branch was the residence of, a French Indian trader by the name of *Bourrissa*. In the South Division, near the "slough" that drained the marshes of the South Side, and emptied into the river at State street, was the trading house of *Medert Beaubien*—son of Col. *Beaubien*—a cabin of small pretensions. Upon the Lake Shore, a little distance south of the fort, Col. *Beaubien* resided in the cabin which he had purchased of the American Fur Company, in 1817—which he had elevated to the dignity of a homestead, and which was now familiarly known among the settlers by the name of the "Wigwam." Near this residence was his store, in which the American Fur Company kept a stock of goods for the Indian trade. Further south, the old Dean house had started on the way to ruin; the water of the lake had gradually encroached upon the shore, until it had undermined the foundations of the cabin, and it had fallen backward down the bank, where it lay, a type of ruin, an emblem, in the estimation of the croakers (who existed at that time, as well as the present,) of the future of Chicago—but with the people generally, the subject of joke and laughter, as a little incident to vary the monotony of the settlement. Another settler about this time had taken up his residence in the suburbs, to be rated with the other "outside settlers" who had linked their fortunes with Chicago, for better or worse—and this was Dr. **HARMON**, the father of Isaac D. Harmon, who had made a claim a mile and a half south, on the lake shore, on the site of the Indian battle ground of 1812, and was making a fine improvement there. This was the place since known as *H. B. Clark's*. For many years, in the early times of Chicago, Clark's place had been noticed by every stranger for its unusually splendid appearance as a country residence, standing isolated upon the prairie, surrounded by some fine poplars, and other young ornamental and fruit trees and shrubbery. Dr. Harmon enclosed a field with a sod fence, and planted a nursery, and seemed to take much pride in horticultural improvement; and the trees there yet standing in the center of North street were planted by his hand. He assiduously cultivated his garden, raised fruits and vegetables, acted a part of the time as the surgeon of the garrison, visited the few patients that may have needed his calls, and lived very largely in the future anticipations of Chicago's coming greatness—which he has lived to more than realize.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

HOW bright appear, in lonely hours, the scenes of childish years!
 How freshly gleam my school-girl days, with all their joys and fears!
 The famed magician's magic glass ne'er mirrored forth more true,
 The absent ones, when memory brings the long past scenes to view.

Methinks I see the school-house old, beneath its sheltering hill;
 Hard by where run the pleasant brook, and sang the tiny rill;
 Where maples tall and ash trees spread their branches wide above;
 And from her covert, all day long, soft moan'd the cooing dove.

The school-room where, with ceiling low, its desks defaced and worn,
 We conned the weary lesson o'er, from books with pages torn;
 The master with long silvery hair, with slow and stately tread,
 And broad high brow, whose lightest frown filled our young hearts with dread.

How brightly comes each fair young face, that in those days I knew,
 The wild, the sad, the proud, the gay, the false ones and the true;
 Brave youths with daring in their eyes, tall girls with maiden grace,
 And lisping ones, with those that bore of genius high the trace.

Ah! wide are scattered now the band that played beside the brook,
 Or sung at noon time pleasant songs in shady forest nook:
 Some, on the prairies of the West, their rude log huts have reared,
 And others, o'er the ocean wave, the venturous bark have steered.

Some, too, high up the hill of fame, have gained a footing place,
 And others, sanguine, earnest, warm, have started for the race;
 The gentle ones, the best beloved,—we watched their parting breath;
 We wrapped them in the snowy shroud, and gave them up to death.

Far better they than those they left to brave the storms of life—
 Than laughing girl, or worshipped belle, or gentle loving wife;
 For Life's young pilgrims learn full soon, the brightest rain-bow dyes
 They hoped would ever cheer their path, fade early from the skies.

Far better that the young and loved go early to the tomb,
 Than live to weep o'er ruined hopes, or waste in sin youth's bloom;
 Far better than to struggle on, through life's dim, dreary day,
 Till weary age, with faltering step, in loathing turns away.

How dear! O very dear, the memory of that school-day band!
 I greet them with a warmer smile, a closer clasp of hand.
 No other friends, however dear, loved well in later years,
 Can share, like them, my heart's deep love, and soul-felt joy and tears.

And when life's weary pulse grows still, its heavy eyelids close,
 And confined in the valley green, we dreamlessly repose,
 May we, so blest with earthly love,—a white robed spirit band,
 United meet in concord sweet, in Heaven's happy land.

GEORGE F. FOSTER, ESQ.

THE subject of this sketch is well and favorably known among our oldest citizens. His business, (that of sail-making and ship-chandlery,) early connected him with our maritime interests. He has had the pleasure of aiding in the construction of our first vessels, and seeing our commerce expand until it has become the element of our greatest wealth. Frank, generous and impulsive by nature, he exhibits many traits in common with those who "go down to the sea in great ships," and "whose home is on the deep;" while his perseverance, industry and integrity have won him general respect—and have enabled him to overcome, in a great degree, the disadvantages of a limited early education and discipline, and secured to him a well merited success in amassing a handsome fortune.

GEORGE F. FOSTER was born August 30, 1812, at Bath, in the State of Maine. His father, Capt. Benjamin Foster, was highly respected by his fellow citizens, and held the post of first officer in an artillery company in Bath, a number of years prior to his death; while at the time the country was alarmed by impending war, and an office in an independent corps was an object of ambition among all citizens.

Owing to ill health, the country being new, his father was unable to make those personal exertions that enabled others to carve out their fortunes with so much success, and his last illness being protracted, his family, at his death, were left in reduced circumstances.

Mr. Foster, the elder, was married at Bath, to Miss Hannah Lambert, a highly respected young woman, connected with one of the oldest and best families of that part of the State. He was the father of six children, of whom Geo. F. was the youngest. His oldest sister was Mrs. Robb, now widow Mitchell, and mother of the lamented Geo. A. Robb, late of this city. Another sister married Capt. Isaac Purington, of Bowdoinham (Me.), now the widow Purington, of this city, and mother of Geo. E. Purington, also of this city, senior of the firm of Purington & Scranton, successors in business to the subject of this sketch.

With a widowed mother, under these circumstances, and contending with the hardships of a new country, and with many trials and difficulties incident to their position, GEORGE F. spent the first years of childhood. At the early age of eleven he began the business of life; relieved his mother and immediate relatives from the burden of his support, and engaged on a farm at Leeds, where he remained until fourteen years of age. He then chose to learn the art of sail-making; the business in which he is now, or until recently was engaged, and with which he laid the foundation of his present handsome fortune.

At the age of fourteen, with one dollar in his pocket, he travelled to Bath, where he entered as an apprentice in the employment of Andrew Heath, and where he remained—a favorite among many apprentices—until he was twenty years of age. The entire amount of schooling afforded him, up to this period, from early childhood, was not equal to six months good schooling; and the immediate associations that surrounded him in youth, with the hardships of labor, were not favorable, in his case, for the acquisition of knowledge. At the age of twenty, in consideration of his industry and fidelity to the interests of his employer, he was released from further services as an apprentice, and he immediately engaged in business for himself. He removed to Bowdoinham, and took a house for his mother, whom he supported with filial devotion. Here he found employment for three years, but at the end of that period ship-building declined, by reason of the apprehended difficulties with the French Government. He then accepted an invitation to do business at Wilmington, N. C., where he remained for two winters.

In the summer of 1836, while on a visit to the home of his youth, through the invitation

and influence of his friend, ORRINGTON LUNT, now of this city, he was induced to attend a protracted meeting, which was the result of a spontaneous expression of religious interest—the work of God moving the hearts of the people, without the aid of the ministry. There were a large number of converts—Mr. Lunt, his friend, being among the first. After the meeting closed, a church was formed, partaking the denominational order of those who were accidentally the first laymen interested in the revival, who were Methodists. Here, with this primitive Church, Mr. FOSTER connected himself, and made a public profession of religion. He has since been a faithful professor, and has proved himself one of the most zealous and liberal supporters of the cause of religion, and the Church which has been his fostering mother.

Wishing to change his place of business, Mr. F. thought of going to Buenos Ayres, S. America; but from casual information, received while in the city of New York, he changed his destination to Cleveland, and afterwards to Chicago, where he arrived July 2, 1837, with only 6½ cents in money in his pocket, after paying his first day's board at the hotel. Although among strangers, and without capital, yet a short survey enabled him to decide upon making this city his future home. He immediately handed his name into the Church, and the first reward of his labor and skill was devoted, with earnest zeal, to the support of the Gospel. Having engaged the attic of a two and a half story building, on North Water street, between Clark and Dearborn, for a sail-loft, he associated with him his nephew, GEORGE A. ROSS—lately deceased—long favorably known among our citizens—respected for his business habits, and loved for his amiability of character.

In 1838, when business was at a low ebb, Mr. FOSTER went into the country for a short time, and practiced upon the lessons of his early youth, in farming—built a house—planted several acres, and put up about fifteen tons of hay. He then returned to Maine (in August, 1838,) on a visit, and on the third of September, was married to his first wife, Miss Susan M. Dow, of Bowdoinham, who was the daughter of Mr. John Dow, a ship carpenter. She was an acquaintance of his early life, was universally esteemed for her amiable and religious character. She was well educated, and for a number of years had been engaged as a teacher, and after removing to Chicago became a correspondent of the newspapers, writing over the signature of 'Signora.' She died in this city, October 12, 1841. Mr. FOSTER was married to his second wife, the estimable lady who is his present companion, on the 10th of January, 1843. She was Miss Mary Seville Loring, daughter of N. Loring, Esq., of Naperville, formerly of Ohio. The present Mrs. Foster has been truly a help-meet to her husband, sustaining him like a true wife, in the expressions of his religious and philanthropic sympathies. Mrs. Foster's interest for the cause of liberty in Kansas is well known to the writer, as it would have been to the public if not shielded by womanly delicacy. So deeply did she feel for the cause of freedom in the new territory, that she expressed her anxiety that her husband should engage with his means and in person in the conflict on that soil, being willing to sustain him by removing there with her family. How much are men indebted for success and in the maintenance of their own high character, by the support of the good and true woman in the character of a wife!

In the spring of 1839, the Company bought out the old firm of Hugunin & Pearce, in the ship chandlery and grocery trade—who were then doing business on North Water street, between Dearborn and Clark—for about three thousand dollars on time. Shortly thereafter, Mr. FOSTER started for New York, to purchase five thousand dollars additional goods, which were necessary to complete their stock. On his way, he expected to meet CHARLES WALKER, Esq., who had offered him letters of introduction to persons with whom he did business; but in this Mr. F. was disappointed, and arrived in New York without letters and without acquaintances. In answer to the inquiry made as to their responsibility to pay for goods purchased on time, he answered that

their capital consisted of a "palm," which cost fifty cents, and a needle which cost three cents, (the usual implements of a sail-maker,) good health and a disposition to work and promptly pay all debts; and if they had any confidence in labor as capital, with honesty of purpose, and a determination to succeed, they might trust him; otherwise, he would have to go somewhere else. This reply of Mr. FOSTER was characteristic of the man—showing his own confidence in labor, and respect for the mechanical classes with whom he has always been proud to rank himself. His frankness and sincerity secured the confidence of the traders, and they cheerfully trusted him with any amount he thought it prudent to order. Thus the firm started as the first house, in the sail-making line, in the West.

After he had obtained his goods, by the same straight forward way of establishing his credit, at several houses, he was supplied with all that he desired in the ship chandlery and grocery line; and, as he was about to leave the city, it occurred to him to inquire at the Post Office for a letter—and there he found the expected letter of credit from his friend, Mr. WALKER. When Mr. W. had returned to the interior of the State, and hearing that Mr. FOSTER had called there for him, for the purpose, as he supposed, of procuring the letter—he immediately wrote it and forwarded it by mail to the city. Receiving it, Mr. FOSTER concluded to stay over for another day, and he improved the opportunity of again visiting the houses where his goods had been obtained, and showing them the recommendation which he had expected to have received before buying the goods, and which, as he had obtained them without its aid, he was now happy to present to them as the best evidence he could then furnish, that he should not abuse the confidence they had reposed in him as a stranger. Mr. FOSTER informs the writer that he is very anxious that this public announcement of his indebtedness to the kindness of Mr. WALKER, should be made, because of the essential service it was to him when just starting in business; and he is well aware that this is but one of many instances in which Mr. WALKER has helped young men, on their first start in business, by the endorsement of their honor and credit. The business connections thus established with the New York houses, was continued with pleasure and profit to both sides while Mr. FOSTER continued in business.

While his private business has been carried on with enterprise and success—increasing with the growth of the city and the commerce of the Lakes—Mr. FOSTER has been actively engaged in all local improvements and reforms. The enthusiasm of his nature is such that he cannot stand idle when there is work to be done, time to be devoted, or personal influence exerted for the promotion of a good cause. Mr. FOSTER is also a reformer and philanthropist, as well as a sincere professor of religion. And in some of the most prominent measures for the benefit of his fellow men—in response to the example of his Pattern, in going about doing good—Mr. FOSTER has interested himself with all the enthusiasm of his nature, spending his time and his money freely for objects of benevolence. He has felt deeply for the cause of Liberty, and aided as far as he has seen his way, in preparatory measures for the peaceable removal of slavery. But, more particularly has he been identified with the Temperance cause, and was one of the firmest supporters of the Maine Law Alliance, bowing with cheerfulness to the will of the majority of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. FOSTER has also steadily maintained his adherence to, and on every occasion, expressed his sympathy for the mechanical and industrial classes. He was one of the founders of the Mechanics' Institute of this city, having attended the first meeting held in the Council Room, in 1842, when the Society was organized. The third year he was elected President of the Institute. He has filled, at different times, a number of the offices—or place in the Board of Directors—always with zeal and ability. At one time by his single efforts, he sought out a favorable location of a lot for a Hall, and raised the subscription money, within a few dollars, for its purchase—but failed at last in the

laudable effort, of securing of this popular institution an eligible site for a public hall, only for the want of co-operation from the members.

Mr. FOSTER has served two terms in the City Council, and one in the State Legislature. For many years connected with the Fire Department, he was an ardent friend of promoting its efficiency and the welfare of its members. While in the Legislature he obtained a charter for the Firemen's Insurance Company, of this city, and was one of the first to take steps to obtain a charter for the Chicago Firemen's Benevolent Association, for the benefit of disabled Firemen, their widows and children. He was the principal member in the organization of the M. E. Church, in 1847, in Indiana street; and ever since, has been a constant and liberal supporter of the interests of that Society.

Ardent and zealous by nature, Mr. F., in business and in religion, carries out the dictates of his judgment with a resolute will. In his intercourse with others, his impulses are often modified by his "second sober thought." Kindly feelings and generous motives, however, are united to an earnest purpose to do right and to do good. In business, his good sense, enterprise and perseverance—considering the nature of the business, the fluctuations, the expansions and contractions of trade and commerce, requiring great foresight and prudence—have been attended with signal success.

Mr. F. has added several fine vessels to our Marine, and the "Foster House," with other buildings—stores and improvements—to our city; which, in our honest opinion, must secure an income of twenty thousand dollars per annum. This, we think, will answer very well for twenty years' services in our city.

GEORGE M. GRAY, ESQ.

NONE of life's real successes are the result of accident. A man may fall upon a fortune indeed, just as the seeker for gold chances upon a "nugget," but such a fortune is not a success in its truest interpretation.

And precisely as that discovery in science is the grandest, which is the result of means intelligently employed; and is, as if the articulate response to a series of earnest and well-considered interrogations; so is that success in life the most brilliant, which crowns with a golden honor, the well-filled years of unwearied labor and of patient waiting.

The achievement of such a triumph implies the possession of certain traits of character; and failing to discover these, we are driven to the conclusion that the success and the man are alike accidents, than which there is nothing upon earth more pitiable.

We look for energy, integrity and skill; for earnest purpose and persistent endeavor; and finding these, we feel that many a hero never wore a sword. Such lives are lessons that cannot be read once too often, until learned "by heart." There is a mental tonic in them, altogether healthful, in these days of blind and wild excitement; there is a beauty in them, that should win the despondent to hope, the wavering to decision, and the feeble to effort.

Such a life is that we are briefly sketching, and eminently worthy, however far the subject may be from thinking so, of the place assigned it among the "Old Settlers" of this mart of the North-West.

Not a few who peruse these pages, will easily recall the time when Captain GRAY was rich in nothing so much as in "troops of friends" and freedom from care; gay, companionable, free-hearted, full of energy; in a word, everybody's "GEORGE." Had they inventoried his worldly possessions, when, on the 20th of June, 1834, at the age of sixteen, he came to the young North-West, put his hand to the plough, ere the Indian trails were dim about the sites of the cities of to-day, and never looked back, they could have found nothing that would be deemed bankable, unless the money-changers of those days, received youth, hope and purpose on deposit. His step-father—Captain Jireh

Rowley—his mother, three sisters and a brother—Charles M. Gray, Esq.—having preceded him, and made the people of the Prairie State *their* people, in 1833, Captain GRAY followed them, thus reversing the later order of the westward march, wherein the children lead the way; and so was effected a second pilgrimage of this family toward the setting sun; for his father, Alfred Gray, a worthy and respected merchant for many years, attracted by the charm of the then “far west,” left the green, old valleys of Connecticut, and first sought and found a new home in Sherburne, Chenango County, New York, bearing with him the reputation for ability and probity that embellished his whole life; and where, it is proper to add, GEORGE M. GRAY, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 25th of July, 1818. Thence the family removed to Victor, Ontario County, New York, and while residing there, Alfred Gray, who visited Montreal on business in 1820, sickened and died; and thus the son was left at the age of two years, without the aid and guidance of a father, to launch out almost alone upon life's troubled river.

In eleven days now, we make the transit of the Atlantic, and pass from the new world to the old. In eleven days then, they crept slowly along, between old Monroe and Buffalo; and from Buffalo to Detroit, they puffed asthmatically, on the old steamer “Pennsylvania,” whose Captain and keel have gone to pieces together.

Imagine Captain GRAY, for more than five years past, the efficient western representative and agent of the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, describing its iron arc upon the territory of three States, along which its trains are vibrating like the pendulum of the clock of time, a beat a day; imagine him crossing, like a lazy shadow on a dial, the peninsula of Michigan, measuring off the Norwegian miles of oak opening, heavy timber, little prairie and “corduroy,” and creeping through the sand, by Sabbath days' journeys, around the far-curving shore of the Lake.

Very much like the forty years sojourn of the Israelites in the Wilderness, does it seem to us now, but it was beautiful then; the oak openings on the green slopes in the distance, seemed like the old orchards he had left, and the prairies like meadows awaiting the mower. Deer trooped across the path; the quail whistled away at the approach of the pilgrims, and the prairie hen called her little brood as they passed. The plow had not frightened the wild flowers utterly away, the clearings of God were all abroad, and the dew yet lay and sparkled upon the bosom of young Nature. There was a spirit in the scene that found a ready response in the hopeful heart; a quick sympathy between the youthful hunter of fortune, and the second Eden into which he had entered; the boy and the West were akin, for it was yet early morning with both.

The county of Cook then vied with “little Rhody” in territory; Lockport was within its boundaries, and in that vicinity his parents had set their new home, and thither our young adventurer went. But the novelty of the scenes that surrounded him had not power to charm him long, and desirous of clearing a way for himself in life, and with an irrepressible spirit of independence within him, he soon returned to Chicago, the promise of whose greatness was yet in the tender leaf. Here he continued to reside until 1840, a period of six years, marked by numerous and startling changes in the history, not of the city alone, but of the whole West.

Not impatient of “the day of small things,” Mr. GRAY did not hesitate to engage in any honest and honorable employment which presented itself; whatever his hand found to do, was done with his might; suffering no opportunity to escape him, whereby he might advance his fortunes, and blest with abundant resolution and energy, yet limited in means as well as in experience, his progress, though upward and onward, was nevertheless too gradual for the quick pulses of youth, and in the autumn of 1840, he became a resident of Milwaukee.

Just at that time, Chicago was the place for affluence to add to its abundance, and by the same token, for the poor to redouble his partially requited efforts; the tide of emi.

gration was setting strongly Wisconsinward, and Milwaukee was regarded as the exponent of the prosperity of that State, and the powerful rival, if not the peer of Chicago. Mr. GRAY, however, had not forsaken his first love; the change of location was only contemplated as temporary, and Chicago still remained the Mecca of his aspirations. The purpose of his removal having been accomplished, and the promise the "Garden City" had whispered to the ear, not being broken to the hope, Mr. GRAY returned to this city in the fall of 1846, with improved fortunes and more clearly defined purposes, where, for the past eleven years, he has been an active, useful and respected citizen; and since a period prior to the completion of that great thoroughfare, the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, as has been already stated, the western representative and faithful steward of its interests; a post of onerous and honorable trust, demanding all those sterling qualities that are the components of a thorough-going business character: promptness, accuracy, energy and integrity. That he has thus maintained a position so difficult; bringing him into daily business relations with "all sorts of people," on the one hand, and making him accountable to a corporation on the other; and requiring the exercise of such virtues as patience, and such graces as amiability; maintained it too, in the midst of changes in the incumbents of offices of every grade, is, of itself, the most enviable of truthful eulogies.

In addition to the discharge of these difficult duties, Mr. GRAY has assumed others, as a member of the well known firm of Messrs. Tuttle, Hibbard & Co., of this city, wholesale dealers in hardware. And though now but in the prime and vigor of manhood, he might, if he chose, retire from the more active duties of life, and peacefully pass its meridian and afternoon in the home of affluence. But such, we are sure, will not be his election; the habits of industry he has formed, and the energy of which he is possessed, will not permit him to be idle, or voluntarily to terminate a career of active usefulness; and his success in life will continue to furnish others, as it has already furnished us, with the lesson, that he who triumphs over difficulties, wins the truest of victories, and that the blindness we attribute to Fortune, belongs rather to those of her votaries who do not believe in that trinity, in whose name abundance succeeds to poverty; that trinity known as ability with patience, energy with perseverance, and integrity over all.

JASON GURLEY, ESQ.

IT is a truth full of encouragement and pride, that in our country, merit is the only sure basis of ultimate success. In other lands, position, wealth, influence, depend upon factitious grounds and unnatural distinctions. The laws which govern and maintain the rights of primogeniture, in connection with a hereditary nobility, often exalt inferior men, and debase those who bear the broadest seal of manhood. Genius has often inhabited the hovel, and dawdling mediocrity the palace. But it is the pride and glory of our republican institutions, that any man is free to win the just awards of merit, and that there is no position of power or privilege denied to him who is willing to toil. Here every man at last is sure to receive a just estimation, and no life of worthy endeavor is unheeded or forgotten. The history of our country is, to a large extent, made up of the records of individual purpose and achievement, by those who had no advantages of birth or patronage, but who, by the simple virtue of courageous hearts and willing hands, have conquered difficulties and achieved success. Especially is this true of those who first emigrated to the West, and met the privations, and encountered the perils and hardships of a pioneer life. Surrounded, as we are, by the plenty and refinement which seems too great to be the possible growth of a quarter of a century, we can but faintly

apprehend the stern realities which challenged the courage and fortitude of those determined men who planted the germ of these marvellous results. Every record of individual patience, endurance and success, becomes an example to all, and so we gladly turn to look at the leading events in the unpretending life of the subject of this notice.

JASON GURLEY was born in the town of Rupert, in the State of Vermont, in 1807. He descended, on the paternal side, from the Scotch; and on the maternal, from the French and English from Gov. Carver, the first Governor of Massachusetts. He was the third of eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of these, four are now living; two sisters residing in Ottawa—Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Woodruff—and one brother; Rev. J. A. Gurley, of Cincinnati. At the age of two years, his father, who had been engaged in teaching, removed to Manchester, Conn., where he kept a hotel, and where the subject of this sketch was reared. In 1834 his father removed to the West, and settled in Ottawa, in this State. He died in Troy Grove in 1846. His mother died in Ottawa in 1851. His father was a prominent politician in his neighborhood, being a zealous supporter of Jefferson. During the last war with England, he was engaged in furnishing supplies to the army and navy. He cast his first vote for Mr. Jefferson in 1800. The grandfather, who was an ardent Federalist, anxious to secure one more vote for Mr. Adams, gave the son a deed of a piece of land, to enable him to vote under the property qualification; but the son cast his ballot for the Republican candidate, and he remained a firm supporter of the doctrines and measures of the Democratic party until his death. Mr. GURLEY's educational advantages were exceedingly limited, he being favored with but a brief attendance at district schools, which, in those days, did not furnish extensive opportunities for improvement. At the age of sixteen he engaged as apprentice for the hatter's trade, to Martin Stanley, in East Hartford, but he finished his apprenticeship with Thomas Greenfield, of Middletown, the father of Mrs. G. W. Gilson and Mrs. Ransom, of this city. He was then employed as journeyman hatter for one year and a half, and then engaged in business for himself, in Brookfield, where he married Miss Selina Sturdevant, his present estimable companion. His capital when he commenced business amounted to \$100,000 00, but trade was so limited, and he had to contend with so much competition, that he could not augment it. Seeing no prospect of gain in the land of his fathers, he determined to seek his fortune in the West, which was just beginning to excite the wonder of New England. Accordingly, he left his wife with his parents, and set out on his journey in June, 1833, and reached Chicago in July. He traveled by stage from Hartford to Albany, thence by canal to Buffalo, thence by the steamer Sheldon Thompson to Detroit, thence by stage through the wilds of Michigan, to Niles. There he purchased a canoe, and paddled down the River St. Joseph, to Lake Michigan, where he embarked on board of an old sloop and came to Chicago, being three weeks on the journey. Chicago was then an insignificant village, and no one predicted that it would ever become a place of much importance. Having a brother in Ottawa, who had been in the employ of the Government during the troubles with the Sioux Indians, he proceeded thither. He took possession of a house which his brother had built upon a claim—if that could be called a house which consisted of nothing but rough walls, without windows or doors. Here he kept bachelor's hall for six months, sleeping upon prairie hay, and frequently receiving nocturnal visits from the wolves and their companions, who were at full liberty to enter and depart without let or hindrance. Here he was attacked by bilious fever, and for a long time he lay at the gate of death. He was obliged to crawl from his bed out of doors, to make gruel to sustain life, using for this purpose a kettle suspended by a chain from forked sticks driven into the ground. In this condition, he was at last found by an Indian trader, who kindly removed him, on a bed of grass, in an ox cart, to his cabin. Here he was faithfully attended by his preserver until he recovered.

In the following Autumn, his wife joined him. He made a claim and built a house on

160 acres, adjoining the town of Ottawa, where he lived six months and gained a pre-emption right of purchase. We have heard him and his wife recount many scenes and events of this period of stern experience, but our limits will not permit us to dwell upon them. In July, 1836, Mr. GURLEY removed to Calumet, twelve miles from Chicago, on the Lake shore, at the mouth of Calumet river, and invested what money he had in a hotel and lands. It was then quite generally believed that Calumet, instead of Chicago, would be selected for a harbor, and become the great place of business. Such expectations were doomed to be disappointed. His hotel was burned, and this calamity together with the disastrous results of the great revulsion of '37, reduced his capital to the original sum with which he commenced business.

In 1837 he came to Chicago, and kept the old Mansion House. In 1838 he kept the Illinois Exchange, and the same year returned to Ottawa, where he remained until 1841. He then returned to Chicago, still left in the fortunate possession of his original capital. Here he engaged to work at his trade, by the week, with Sanger & Co.; and in the toil which necessity imposed, his wife labored with a willing heart and ready hands. In this condition he remained two and a half years, adding \$250 to his capital, besides paying many old liabilities. With the assistance of Gen. R. K. SWIFT, he then purchased an interest in the American Temperance House, corner of Lake street and Wabash Avenue; and at the end of the year, sold at a profit of \$900. He then bought an interest in the old Tremont House, which stood on the site of the large and popular house now bearing the same name, and kept it one and a half years, at a gain of \$2000. He sold his interest to IRA COUCH, in the fall of '47. He then commenced trading in real estate, in which business he has been engaged with almost uniform success until the present time. We can notice only a few of his many speculations. His first operation in real estate, in this city, was the purchase of a river lot on the corner of Quincy and Market sts., for \$1,500, which he sold at the end of eighteen months for \$5,000. In '49 he purchased forty feet on Randolph street, where Doty's Hotel now stands, and upon this he erected two wooden stores with dwellings overhead. There were, at that time, no stores on Randolph East of Clark, and it is curious to know that he was ridiculed for engaging in such an enterprise, as it was believed that he would not be able to rent stores so far away from the business portion of the town. At the end of two years they were burned, but being partially insured, he lost but \$600.

In 1850 he purchased of W. S. GURNEE, a half block, on the corner of State and Randolph, and erected thereon the buildings now occupied by Bell's Commercial College. The whole cost to Mr. GURLEY of the lots retained, and other buildings, was about \$12,000, and in the Spring of '55, he sold his interest for \$25,000. In 1850 he purchased, of R. K. SWIFT, six blocks,—North-East part of section 27—for \$3,000, and sold it in 1851 for \$4,800. The property is now valued at \$120,000. In 1853 he bought of E. H. HADDOCK block 31, of School Section, for \$13,500, and in sixty days he sold it for \$25,000. In 1855, he purchased of A. D. GILPIN, of Philadelphia, block No. 2, section 17, West side, for \$25,000, on three and seven years' credit. He has sold a portion of this at the rate of \$65,000. The largest and most fortunate transaction remains to be noticed; and, indeed, it is one of the most successful speculations which have furnished the wonderful records of the growth of Chicago. In June '55 he bought, in connection with his brother, J. A. GURLEY, thirty acres of the heirs of CHARLES LEE, of New York—lying in the South Division, being a part of Section 22, and running from State st. to the Lake. For this they paid \$110,000, as follows: \$20,000 cash, the balance in three and six years, at six per cent. They have already sold to the amount of \$254,000, and yet retain a portion which, at present prices, is worth \$150,000. By this, and other transactions Mr. GURLEY has secured an independent fortune; and though he has no children to inherit his wealth, his generous heart is continually prompting him to deeds of benevolence and charity. With such men we are content to see wealth

entrusted, for they use it not to oppress, but to aid the poor and destitute. We are glad to bear our testimony to the goodness and generosity of a family whose kindness we have shared, and whose proudest proofs of excellence are found in the gratitude of those who have been aided in the hour of sorrow and need.

Mr. GURLEY and his family are firm believers in the final salvation of all men, and are liberal supporters of the First Universalist Church. With his companion, who is admired and loved by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, for her superior qualities of head and heart, he lives in quiet retirement, in a beautiful residence on Indiana Avenue, enjoying in the afternoon of life the well merited rewards of an honest and industrious manhood. May the evening shadows fall gently upon him, and may our young men learn from this faithful record of an unpretending life, that integrity and upright effort, are the only sure basis of final success and happiness.

RETURNING EAST.

THERE is an indescribable grandeur in the scenery of the West—in its mighty rivers, expansive lakes, broad swelling prairies, with the life, bustle and newness about him, which takes the Eastern emigrant by surprise; his pulses quicken, his blood flows freer, and his steps no longer fettered with old notions, and preconceived opinions, grow elastic with a youthful stride; his heart bounds lighter, and his whole being is roused to new energy of purpose—to a wider, a more enlarged sphere of ambition. But when the goal of his aspiration is reached, (having borne the heat and burden of the day, with the trial and triumph of storing his ample granary;) in the mellowed hush of his autumnal years, then, he seeks a solace for his tried spirit, and returns to the old home—to the scenes of his early days, to the graves of his fathers. Alas! how dear, and touching, and sad, the old recollections pass in review before him; he sees few of his old acquaintances, the names of many he finds upon the sculptured marble in yon churchyard; others, like himself, have chosen their homes in the great West, while the young, (ever prone to shrink from the companionship of age,) look upon him as a stranger. Unbidden sadness steals over his heart; with old memories come visions of old faults—of old wrongs and old grudges, perhaps, with their whys and wherefores; he stands to think of the affinities they bear toward the lowly sleepers in yonder habitation of the dead; suddenly

he shortens his stay, and returns with railroad speed to the home of his adoption, breathing more freely again as he nears the grand expansive scenery of the West.

Such, at least, has been a portion of my own experience. Having emigrated from the northern regions of New York, I joyfully returned thither, to mingle again with long cherished associations, almost forgetting that the freshness of youth is ever needed, ever missed, when in age we return to scenes of youthful participation and enjoyment.

My first visit was to a town in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga, whose historic interest has become a "household word," where, for some years, I was employed in school-teaching. It is a lovely glebe of land, stretching along the shores of the beautiful Lake Champlain, bounded on the opposite side by a broken ridge, or spur of the Mohegan Mountains, and divided into farming establishments; where quiet, plenty and contentment seem to have found a lasting residence.

As I traveled leisurely along the main road, I noticed with no little satisfaction, that the general aspect of the neighborhood was but slightly changed. True, some of the cottages had been remodeled, newly painted, and supplied with additional out-houses, which marked the industry and thrift of the rural inhabitants, while others were falling to decay; but there were the same curves and turns in the road as in former days—it crossed the same babbling

brook, it climbed the same hill, it passed the same grove which in by-gone years had been considered a sort of half-way between the residences of a delightful portion of young acquaintances; and often, when we had spent the evening in convivial pleasures, and the mild rays of the full orb'd moon reposed in quiet beauty upon this delightful landscape, we have together walked to this lovely spot, and beneath these silent shades exchanged the hearty "good night." There were the same "clearings" high up among the mountain dells, or along its craggy sides, which the hand of industry had long since divested of their forest covering, to enlarge the pasture lands, and aid in the subsistence of the numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep which are reared in this neighborhood.—There, too, was the pond, spread out before me in all its tempting beauty, still sparkling in the noon-day sun, and I felt an indefinable sensation of nervousness when I reflected how often my eye had ranged its icy surface, fearing that some truant missing lad had sunk beneath its waters; for I knew that the teacher was considered responsible for any harm that might befall him during school hours.

O! glorious nature, thou art still the same; though arrayed in the dewy freshness of morning, or reposing among the dusky shades of the silent eve—though brooding in majestic grandeur over that lovely lake, or retiring among the lonely dells of those eternal hills. When swept by the roaring blasts of winter, and covered with its frosty mantle, we know that the storm kings will soon leave their fastnesses at the bidding of the Spring, who is waiting to greet thee with songs of gladness—to fan thee with her gentle breezes, and crown thee with her sweetest, fairest flowers. Time, who has scattered his frosts, and sowed his furrows upon my brow, has left no perceivable impress upon thee: the same still in all thy freshness and beauty, as when, with the fond imaginings of a young inexperienced heart, I left the paternal roof to take a more active part in the great arena of life; and the loves, and memories, and cherished associations of

other days crowd upon my recollection. I feel as if loved ones, many of whom repose in death, were again around me. I hear their joyous voices, as we clambered over yonder mountains, to gather the delicious whortleberries, or dashed away in some light vehicle, to meet a party of associates in a distant habitation, or glided along in the fragile skiff upon yonder shining lake.

But the old school-house, to me an object of deep, abiding interest, where I formerly spent many pleasant days in endeavoring to train the young for future usefulness, had wholly disappeared. There was the hill on the brow of which it stood; the sparkling brook still murmured at its foot, beyond was the coppice, (here termed the cobble,) its rocky sides covered with a gnarled and stunted growth of forest shrubbery, and further on was the orchard where long ago I walked, and feasted on the delicious fruit.

The building itself was planned with primitive simplicity, being formed of logs notched together at the corners, with the interstices filled with mortar, the thickness of the walls excluding alike the heat of summer and the cold of winter. The interior was well ventilated and lighted, provided with an excellent floor, and furnished with a plentiful supply of benches and tables. It was warmed by an apparatus of a peculiarly novel construction. A platform of brick and mortar some eighteen inches in height, with a small fire place, was raised from the floor, upon which was placed an inverted caldron, (known here as a potash kettle,) with a small opening in the center, from which the smoke entered an ordinary stove pipe, which conveyed it to the chimney. This was the school-room for the week, and the sanctuary for the Sabbath. I have walked the vaulted aisles of splendid temples consecrated to the worship of the Most High, but religion seemed to busy herself with display and pageantry; while in that old school-house, piety in her native garb of simplicity and truth, evidently mingled with the worshippers before she arrayed herself in the fripperies of fashion or became conformed to the world.—

Through lofty porticos I have entered academic halls, but I never saw that love of improvement for its own sake, which was here manifested. The cold marble but poorly contrasted with the loving hearts, bright eyes, and smiling faces which met me there, and it is among the dearest recollections of my life to recall that school-room, (as I used to find it on a Monday morning,) nicely swept, dusted, and festooned with evergreen, the small table in the center adorned with bouquets of the choicest flowers, (gifts from my pupils to the well-loved school ma'am,) while without, the humble-bee revelled among the clover and daisies—the yellow birds flitted by in their golden plumage—the robins filled the air with their melody—the adjoining grave-yard invited to sober meditation—and the fresh breezes of summer ever delighting to linger around that hill top. I have often, when tired of tumult and change, visited it in my slumbers, and awoke soothed and encouraged by its image of peacefulness and repose.

I made considerable inquiry respecting my pupils, and found that many of them were professed believers in the sublime truths of Christianity, and adorned their profession by a "well ordered life:" that they were mostly filling stations of respectability and usefulness, and could learn of none who had suffered an ignominious death, inhabited a convict's cell, or gone down to a drunkard's grave. I dared not attribute these results to any of my poor doings, but could only look upward and adore the grace which had so signally answered my early, earnest aspirations.

Some who were "lovely in life" reposed in an early grave, and the cordial clasp of hand—the tearful eyes and quivering lips of the survivors, as they told the history of their trials and triumphs, renewed my own faith in the sustaining power of divine grace.

Another building, of modern construction, supplied the place of the old school-house, but not its site, where, the Sabbath after my arrival, I attended worship, and was forcibly reminded of the change which had passed over my acquaintances. The

congregation which had formerly filled the old house, now consisted of but a small number; for the wealthy farmers had grown more wealthy, and purchased the lands belonging to the smaller ones, who had gone to people the fertile prairies of the West, and the population was much diminished. The timid, blushing girl was transformed into the grave matron, and the truant skating boy, to the thoughtful father and husband. The aged, with a solitary exception, were not there; they were sleeping in death, or dragging out a weary, unenviable existence, in the neighboring cottages, and the young were strangers.

An unknown individual addressed the assembly from the appropriate text, "For your conversation is in Heaven;" and in a voice of tender melody, as if proceeding from a heart which had been touched with sorrow, he discoursed largely of the Christian's calling and character, which should partake of the purity of Heaven. His reasonings were logical and clear, and his conclusions forcible and just. As he proceeded, by the light of inspiration, he seemed to catch a glimpse of the glories of the upper world, and the happiness of its celestial inhabitants; he exhorted the sinner to "seek first the kingdom of Heaven," and encouraged the sorrow-stricken heart to hope in God.

His auditory were sensibly affected, and many were melted to tears. At the close of the service, a few remained for exhortation and prayer—a practice well calculated to promote the piety of isolated neighborhoods, where social meetings are necessarily few. Among these was an aged person who seemed the last of his generation—like a remnant of time upon the confines eternity—a vestige of mortality upon the brink of the grave—himself his own illustration, as he rose, and with a bowed form, and trembling voice, added a few words, of exhortation, touching the shortness of time, the uncertainty of earthly bliss, and the happiness of possessing a well grounded hope in Heaven. When last I knew him, he guided the plow with a strong hand, and walked abroad over his pleasant domain with stately step, while the music of his

voice echoed from his fields; and it seemed as if age had suddenly frozen the energies of his being, and reduced him to the wreck which stood before me. At the close of the exercises I accosted him with, "How do you do, Uncle C.?" the familiar appellation by which I loved to address him in my young days, when, a stranger from my paternal home, he held out the hand of fatherly kindness, and encouragingly bade me welcome to his household.

"I don't know you!" he answered, peering listlessly, with his sunken eyes, into my face.

"What! not know Mary B.?"

"Oh! yes, yes, I remember now—but how old you have grown!"

This truthful remark was ever in mind whenever I met any of my acquaintances, and I was often led to exclaim, "How old you are grown!" To another friend (who started in life poor) I observed, when looking over his ample and convenient establishment:

"Well, you are plenty rich enough: there is no need of your wishing for any thing better."

"Tis all nothing," he almost pettishly answered, "I never took so much comfort as when I worked hard to get a start in the world—have to labor just as hard as ever—so much to see to—can't get a man or girl to help in these parts—hired folks are wond'rouly set up—in fact there are none—they've all gone West; every body goes who can get away." And then in a whisper he added, "*I am trying to sell out, myself; I want to get off from this hard soil, and go where land is easier worked.*"

Such was my visit East. Time had done its work: all was changed, and all had tasted, more or less, of the cup of sorrow.

Oh Time! in thy flight thou hast passed over all,
And hast spread for our fairest, thy funeral pall.
Oh, where are the loves of our earlier years?
(How oft they have proved the fount of our tears!)
And the lightsome step, and the joyous eye,
The braided locks in thy chestnut dye;
The voice of song, and the eyes of light,
The hopes which imaged the future bright,
With the merry hearts of our youthful prime;
They are strown in the blight of thy touch, O time.

THE WESTERN MAN.

MANY miles from Chicago toward sun rising, within hearing of the booming of the Atlantic, as it surged with an endless roar against the forbidding rock-bound coast, stands an old fashioned town farm house. The gable roof is overgrown with moss, that the summer rains brings vividly out in large green patches. The front porch is covered with ivy and woodbine, and before it stands the tall well sweep, with the "iron bound bucket" swinging in every slight breeze; and the water in the old wooden dug-out is kept cool by the shade of two majestic elms, whose boughs bend as if weary with the weight of years, whose spring, summer and winter have fitted by in quick succession, leaving marks on all things temporal.

The house is homely, and a true home it is too, within; there is at all times a sense of cool roominess, and in the summer heats there is always a shadowy nook somewhere, where shelter may be found from the meridian scorch; and on the broad flat—save where worn by constant tread—back-door step, you can see the grain growing, in its "few in a hill and far between" *luxuriance*. While close by you hear the refreshing ripple of the merry brook, dashing playfully amongst the stones and pebbles of its glistening bed, and laughing gaily as it drops from the vanes of the mimic water wheel, moving a miniature saw and pair of mill stones, the product of many an hour of boyish labor. How often on a moonlight evening, has a sense of quiet too deep to be understood by the young mind, but none the less felt, stolen gently into the hearts of the nestling group around that stone step, happy in dreams of an unseen future.

God only knows what a safeguard from evil the soothing influences of those hours have formed around their young hearts—filled as they have been with memories of all that is purest and holiest in man's nature. And again, when winter came, bringing to the farmer its season of rest, was there a greater amount of happiness ever experienced in any crowded saloon of fashion; or haunts of pleasure, so called, as has filled the time of one of those eve-

nings, in the big kitchen, where from the great fireplace filled with fuel, came forth a ruddy glow, as the flames leaped crackling and flashing among the smoke wreaths, and the fantastic shadows played hide-and-seek, now on the walls and in the corners, now under the chairs and tables, here, there, and everywhere, and in harmony the old eight-day clock, with its never silent tongue, ticks loudly off the passing seconds.

In this room, and with the same associations clustering around them, has lived and died, three generations, and now the fourth, urged on by the progressive spirit of the age are preparing to emigrate to the great North-West. The younger brother and sister stay at home with father, but the two older brothers are soon to find for themselves new homes and associations.

They have felt the want of breathing room even, in the crowded marts of Eastern life and business. They have seen the struggle of their father and his contemporaries, to wring their subsistence from a soil where rocks are the rule and earth the exception. And when they would turn to business they are rudely jostled and sneered at for being so young, as if *they* could help it—grey haired old men pat them kindly on the shoulder, and tell them to wait until they have the experience of years; until all the fire of early, vigorous manhood has burnt out, and the heart has grown weary of hoping against hope, for the good time coming, always coming.

This galls them all the more, for their inherent energy gives them the consciousness of capacity for embracing the *now*, and pushing extended and various plans of business to a full and complete fruition, while the weary frame can renew its vigor by its own elasticity, and the bright eye is far seeing. Then there is also a hope of realizing a fortune, before the head grows grey, and all relish for life's pleasures are lost, by the heart becoming metallic in its contact with gold. But to all who desire earnestly to attain such position, and are willing to be brave and true in the contest, the glorious North-West throws open its arms, and offers freely its rich stores of yet undeveloped wealth, both mineral and vegetable.

And now to renew the thread of our story. The brothers as they have turned their minds towards the West have heard the sound of voices rising far above the din and bustle of the surging crowd; voices uttering great words, big with the coming importance and glory of the future, they say, "come over and help us, we need you, and must and *will* have you." In answer to the question, "For what?" comes back the answer, "To build railroads and steamboats, to subdue the boundless prairies, and make them yield an abundance of food for the whole world. To multiply cities and towns by a magic touch, far surpassing the musty tale of Aladdin's lamp. To make Free States, where men are respected as *men*, and the civilization and enlightenment of the world thereby increased. To bind together more firmly by social bonds the great brotherhood of nations. And last but not least, when we desire an improvement, sit on the safety valve, and if the fabric blows up room is made for better."

The call infuses new enthusiasm into their souls, and new fire into their blood, and gathering together all their possessions^s they depart with the blessings and prayers of their parents, for the far off land of promise. The whistle sounds, the machinery clanks, the axles groan and creak, and before the sound of parting words have died on the air they are miles away from the home of their fathers. Night and day they dash forward, through rain, shine, thick darkness and broad daylight, it is all the same; and now the whistle sounds for the last time, and they step from the train into one of the most noble of our railroad buildings, they wonder at its beauty and architectural magnificence, but they are hurried forth by the human tide, they have no time to stop and think, people out west never do that; they think as they act, and then act again, and they are always in prompt, vigorous action. They gain one of our hotels, and spend a day which seems lost, in recruiting their wearied bodies, and thus prepare for condensing an *Eastern* life into a few years, their motto upward and onward, and their shield a mother's prayers, Thus begins the life of a Western Man.

THE WESTERN STAGE COACH.

THE Western Stage Coach! A strange theme you will say, for an article. What earthly interest can be attached to an old, broken-down, worn-out stage coach? says Young America, who deems anything slower than lightning intolerable, and thinks the telegraph a decidedly old-fogyish institution. "How common," says the lady reader, as she shrugs her pretty shoulders and purses up her bewitching mouth into a fashion, meant to convey irony. All such realists, dwellers in the present, and hard-fisted practicalists, we advise to hurry on to the next article; but with all readers of our new Chicago Magazine, who have a respect for the past, we shake hands mentally, and ask them to take a trip back with us and look at the old coach.

"What earthly interest!" Why, there is all the interest in the world. The old stage coach is a land-mark in the history of the West. It is one of those antique and venerable objects fast passing into oblivion. It soon will only exist in memory, and will hang upon time's walls, framed with association, as a souvenir of the past. Its era dates back as far as 1830, and that was years ago here in the West. To some it may seem a short time; but it must be remembered, that, at that time the West was but a trifle better than a universal swamp; here and there an Indian settlement, and out in the timber a log hut, where dwelt some hardy pioneer, whom you would hardly recognize now in the plethoric, bow-windowed merchant of Chicago, who takes his W. P. three times a day at Martin's, and sends fifty or a hundred thousand bushels of corn or wheat, as it may be, to Buffalo, before night. He was young then and strong, and he left the old homestead, 'way up in New Hampshire, with his pack on his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand, to carve out a fortune in the far distant West. No wonder that there were tears on the threshold when the boy went, that the old mother wrung the hand, and the father's voice shook as he bade his boy *never to forget to be a man*. The West was then the *ultima*

Thule; a land way off in the sunset; along journey of months, and thick beset with dangers "by flood and field."

Even now in our city and in the western country, there are those who have never seen the genuine old-fashioned stage coach, that prairie ship, that sailed the rolling waves of those grand old meadows that stretch from sunrise to sunset; that the sun smiles all day upon; over whose undulating ocean of herbage no shadow waves, save that of the frightened grouse or quail, that for a moment rises on its wing and then drops again into the waving grass. For the benefit of those who have not, let me picture it, not as it now is, for the few that are left are mouldering away in old stable yards, where for years, time and the storm have nigh racked them to pieces.

Let us look at them as they were in 1830, when Chicago was a swamp and it was a long walk between the houses; when Fort Dearborn and the Block House were garrisoned against the Indians; when, instead of the forests of masts rising from her docks, a solitary little sloop came down once a week from the upper ports of the lake; a long voyage that was in those days. Now a Chicago vessel has furled her sails in the Mersey. In those days, as we were saying, the old stage was in all its glory. It was a great, ugly, inconvenient, incommensurable vehicle, built with an eye to service, without a thought of elegance. The wheels were of oak, with spokes like a Polynesian war-club, thickly tired, and with a hub like a hogshead. Upon the axletrees was a common cart body, with seats laid across. There was no tongue to the coach, but a pair of shafts; and one horse alone did the duty, or mayhap a tandem. Hoop-poles were bent over from side to side, and a rough board behind, fastened to the coach by a pair of great leathern straps, carried the baggage of the passengers. Perhaps it was a little old-fashioned hair trunk, with the name fashioned upon one end with huge brass-headed nails, or mayhap a large wooden trunk, and sometimes two or three.

What lonely rides those were over the prairie, when you had no companion to

lighten the wearisome hours! There were no sounds save the howling of the prairie wolf, sneaking behind at a safe distance, or the monotonous song of the driver, as he urged up his tiring horses to a livelier pace. As you looked out of the vehicle, you first learned what sublimity was. Sublimity and Silence are brothers, for nature is the most sublime when she is in repose. Among her every day utterances she may be beautiful, and grand in the echoes of her thousand voices, but in the calm of the wilderness and death-like quiet of the prairie, she is sublime. You thought you found it upon the ocean side, but there the voices of the many-tongued waves moan in a too discordant requiem. You thought you found it in the forest, but there were utterances there, the song of the bird, the buzz of the insect, the babbling of the brook, that broke the quiet. But on the prairie you found it. On that great broad sea of verdure, washed by a flood of moonlight, stretching on, on, until the eye tired of gazing. No tree to break the stretch of vision, hardly a shrub large enough to cast a shadow, no sound save the rustle of the wind sweeping by you, and overhead the stars shining as brightly as on that morning when the world was young and they all chanted together. That is solema sublimity, and if you want to feel how small and yet how great you are; small when compared with the boundless immensity before you—great when you remember that man with his puny arm can rear upon that plain a great proud city—then ride upon the prairie at midnight with your own good thoughts for companions. But mayhap in your ride you had fellow passengers. They were rough people in those days, but how the ride was enlivened by the story and the song; the laugh and the jest; stories of thrilling adventure in the perilous hunt, and the fearful affray with the Indian beyond the Mississippi, in those days almost a new world. Then there were songs of home, and you conjured up visions of the fireside, and the walls that had found the echoes of one voice silent, and of love, and you thought of an absent one perhaps thinking of you. And what if your neigh-

bor pulled from his leathern sack a suspicious black bottle, and each took a draught to the health of the other. It was as genial as where the toast goes round the board, and the red wine is quaffed with rounds of song till the rafters ring.

The morning breaks, and you are entering a village; not your sleek, Pharisaical, little Eastern village, with its rows of elms shaven like a monk, the tavern with the creaking sign-board across the road, and on the other side, the seminary with its ivy-twined columns, with a dim, blue range of hills for a background—but a sprinkling of log huts on the edge of the timber, with one or two frame houses, one of which was the tavern. You had hog for breakfast, pig for dinner, and pork for supper. You danced that evening out on the green-carpeted prairie, with Sam fiddling and grinning on the top of a barrel. But wasn't it a glorious dance, out there in the wilderness, lit up by heaven's lamp, and no spectators but the tall old trees that were clustered together as if in protection against the savage winter wind of the prairie. You all slept in one room, but what a sleep! "Nature's great second course" is not so sweet now as it was in those days.

You are nearing the end of your journey, and the embryo city of Chicago is just a little way off, sleeping on the lake shore, not dreaming of the greatness in store for it. You can't drive way into the little city. It is impossible. Had you attempted it you would have been irretrievably sunk in the mire, and swallowed up as suddenly as was Pharaoh and his coach in the Red Sea. You therefore alight and foot it to the inn. The landlord is sweeping off the sidewalk, for landlords in those days swept sidewalks. That man sweeping there kept the first hotel in Chicago. He pushed off west with his brother in his younger days, with nothing but his own strong arm to aid him, and a stout heart to buoy him up. He and his brother set up a tailor's shop, and the fire on a cold December night swept the little property away from them. They then hired a tavern. The restless fire came again, and swept that away also. Nothing daunted, they started afresh the third time, and

"the third time never fails," they say.— They quickly rose, with the growth of Chicago, to affluence, and the man who swept the sidewalk in front of his tavern, and built the fires for his guests with his own hand, became one of our most influential and affluent citizens. But disease attacked him, and he sailed for a tropical clime, trusting that the warm breezes of the sunny south might re-invigorate him. But it was too late. Death had marked him for his own, and on a stormy afternoon of January his friends followed him to his snowy grave in the city he loved so well. In this man's life was a golden secret, which should be engraved upon the memory of every young man. *He never hired a person to do that which he could do himself.*

How many smiles, hopes, fears and tears went out to meet the old stage as it came rattling into the village. Smiles there were, for, perchance, there was a passenger inside who had come all the way, and had been an old friend in the East long ago, and they knew he brought news, and how eager they looked as he told them that one friend was doing well, and that another had got married, and that another, perchance a very near and a dear one, had gone the long, unreturnable journey; that the homestead was still there as of old, the same as ever, save that a few more shingles had fallen from the roof, or a new coating of moss had carpeted the well-bucket; that the old man still swung the scythe and bound the sheaf, and that the spinning wheels still sung in the corner, as in the days when they played round the fireside. Hopes there were as the mail-bag was opened, and a tall young man, hardened by exposure and bronzed by the sun, stepped quicker as he received a letter addressed in a fine running hand; and I warrant you that she is still true in the long absence, by the sparkle of his eye. An old man's eyes grow dim, and his hands shake, as he opens a letter with a black seal on the back; for is not the boy dead, the boy that was coming out in the spring, and he would that the same billow of turf should wave above them both in the same acre of God. And how another one danc-

ed with joy at the good tidings, and laughed and wept in turn, and showed the letter to every one, for news was common property then in the Western Village. For John was making his fortune in Boston, and Susan had got a great bouncing boy, that looked just like his father for all the world, and she didn't believe there was a prettier baby in the world, and she wouldn't sell him for his weight in gold. Those were halcyon days. We don't have them now, for fashion and money have forbidden them. A laugh is impolite, and a tear is unmanly, and aught of sentiment is the part of a woman, and the soul must be chained down under the wheels of the Juggernaut of Mammon. We smile by rule now, put in our tears like punctuation points, at carefully selected places, and measure our grief by the shade of our mourning apparel. When will that time come when we shall no longer make aproned waiters of our souls to base desires, but unshackle them from the fetters which our masters, fashion and money, have bound them with?

And thus they came and went in those old days of the stage coach, silent as the years come and go, like a withered leaf down the golden haze of an autumn sunset, drifting out of sight, and nigh out of memory.

And the old stage alone remains to tell the story of those brave old days, when our fathers, yes, and our brothers, too—for it has all been done in one generation—broke the silence of the prairie with the song of labor, where now are heard the clangor of the railroad, and the busy din of manufacture. The whoop of the Indian has given place to the screech of the steam whistle, the log hut to the marble mansion, and the little swamp village, which for years slept like Sleepy Hollow, upon the lake shore, has, like the palace of Alladdin, sprung into beauty in a night. The old coach has given way to horses of an iron growth, that never tire; but if I have revived some of the associations which cluster around it, or have called up a memory which may gild the passing hour, then have I not altogether been unsuccessful, in the task of pleasing you, reader.

A REMINISCENCE OF A DAY'S JOURNEY IN GERMANY.

WE left K. early in the morning, as we intended to reach the little city of Heilbron that night. Our coachman had orders to drive at a moderate pace, that we might have a chance of viewing the delightful scenery through which our route led. There was scarcely a fence to mar the beauty of the prospect; a deep furrow, or large stone, in most instances, sufficed to show where one man's field or meadow began, and another's ended. The fruit trees that bordered the turnpike on each side, were, at this season of the year, loaded with ripe prunes, apples and pears: these, to speak the truth, looked very tempting, but we remembered that a penalty was attached to plucking fruit on the king's highway, and came to the conclusion that one ought to be contented to inhale the fragrance wafted from the trees, and listen to the joyous concert which greeted us on every side, from the happy songsters that had built their homes among the boughs.

We dined in a small town, the name of which I have forgotten, at the inn of the Golden Horn. An hour later found us on our way again, still traveling through the ever varying scenery, when, just at sunset, a turn of the road brought us in sight of one of the most picturesque little villages in Swabia. The Swabian or Rough Alps, which form a continued chain from the mountains of the Schwarz Wald, rose here to a bolder height than any we had seen during this day's ride. Perhaps they had only that appearance, as the valley had narrowed into what might here be called a glen. The herdsman had driven his cattle from the hills, and when we entered the village square they were yet eagerly drinking from a cast iron reservoir, into which a never-ceasing fountain emptied its waters. We had not altered our intention of making Heilbron our stopping place for the night; imagine, then, our astonishment when Johan, our driver, halted before what was evidently the best house of entertainment the place could boast, and informed us, cap in

hand, with the meekest of looks, that he dared not take us a rod further, as one of the hind wheels of the carriage was in want of immediate repair.

What could we do but follow the deferential looking host who had hastened to meet us, into the house. Contrary to the usual quiet of a country inn, we here found every thing in commotion.

The tang-saal on the third floor was festooned with evergreens and wild flowers, and the dining room below was being similarly decorated. We were told upon inquiry what all these preparations meant: that one of the prettiest maids in the hamlet was to be married next day to the thrifty young baker of the place. The shadow of a doubt arose in my mind as to whether Johan might not have had an inkling of this matter, and represented our state of affairs as in rather a worse condition than what upon proper investigation, would prove to be consistent with perfect truth. This shadow grew by no means fainter, on his return with the news that the wagon maker was to be bride's-man on the morrow, and could not think of repairing the carriage until the morning after. However, as we were traveling for pleasure, not business, we submitted to what could not be altered, with pretty good grace. We were up with the lark in the morning, not from choice, I am ashamed to acknowledge, but because the bustle and confusion of the approaching wedding permitted no delicious morning nap. About ten o'clock the invited guests and relatives of the bride and bridegroom began to assemble; at eleven the procession left the hotel, headed by the bridal pair and their young attendants; next came their parents, then their relations, arranged according to their near degree of kindred; the other guests brought up the rear. The musicians, indispensable on such an occasion, stationed themselves on each side of the entrance to the house, and struck up a joyous wedding march the moment the young couple crossed the threshold.

When the strain ceased the procession had already filed into a long avenue of linden trees that led up the hill, on the sum-

mit of which stood a venerable looking old chapel, in which, centuries ago, the pious monks of a neighboring convent told the beads of their rosary. The buildings of the monastery are in ruins, and the old moss-covered chapel is a protestant church. Little dreamed those anchorites that at some future day the silver-toned bells that hung in their belfry would ring so merry a peal at the wedding of a heretic pair as they did at that moment. But other thoughts than these crossed my mind when I looked at the timid young bride, whose dark hazel eyes dared hardly meet the fond gaze of her lover before the long lashes veiled them again. I thought of the words our great poet Schiller has written, in his *Song of the Bell*:

"O! that forever might remain,
The ecstasy of love's young dream."

Would *she* ever regret that the myrtle wreath, worn only by the virgin bride, had ever been twined among her heavy black braids. Had they both taken the warning conveyed by the immortal bard in the song from which I have already quoted?

'Let those who would for e'er be bound,
Prove that true heart has true heart found."

Perhaps they had—who knows but that their hearts had been tried, and proved true to their plighted troth? The marriage ceremony and exhortation to the young husband and wife, lasted about an hour: at the end of that time the party returned to the hotel, in the same order in which they had gone to church. A substantial dinner awaited them there, to which the older guests did ample justice while the children were still eating the bon-bons thrown to them on their way to the church.

The company amused themselves in various ways until four in the afternoon; at this early hour the guests repaired to the dancing room, where the happy pair opened the ball with a waltz. The dancing and feasting lasted until midnight; then all grew once more still. The last guest had departed, and we gave ourselves up to sleep and dreams after a day agreeably spent by us in looking on, and by Johan in dancing with every pretty girl. The rogue was an intimate friend of the young baker.

THEY'LL NE'ER RETURN AGAIN.

Remembrance with her realms of dream
Shines with perennial bloom,
And shuts 'neath Lethe's waveless stream
The outer night of gloom.
Visions of light unbidden start,
And o'er the spirit reign,
Until a voice swells through the heart—
"They'll ne'er return again!"

How strange and sad that echo beats
The prison bars of joy,
How lone the lesson it repeats,
How soon it doth destroy!
The flowers that were full blown but now
Lie withered on the brain;
Evanished all—all disavowed—
"They'll ne'er return again!"

The dearest gems on Hope's high throne
Are withered now and gone,
While on life's ravished altar stone
A weary heart lives on;
A heart that cannot all forget—
Although akin to pain—
Departed friends, and feel regret
"They'll ne'er return again!"

I dream I hear sweet voices flow—
I see their smiles of love;
Alas! how close allied to pain
Those tones and smiles now prove.
In daylight dreams wan memory brings
The loved and lost again;
But still that spirit echo sings,
"They'll ne'er return again!"

TO SPRING—A SONNET.

With joy again, O Spring, we greet thy reign!
Thy balmy winds through open windows steal
Thy health-reviving presence now we feel—
While Nature blooming welcomes thee again!
The sun attunes to thee its genial heat,
The storms are hushed—nor draped with cloud
The sky
Long on the grass the morning dew drops lie;
And birds and men in songs thy coming greet.
The brightest green adorns the grassy hill—
And by the stream the buds and flowers unfold,
On prairie fields they gleam like burnished gold;
And from the mountains leap with joy the rill;
The birds are singing in the green leafed tree,
And I will join my notes with theirs in praise of thee.

AURORA ILLUSTRATED.

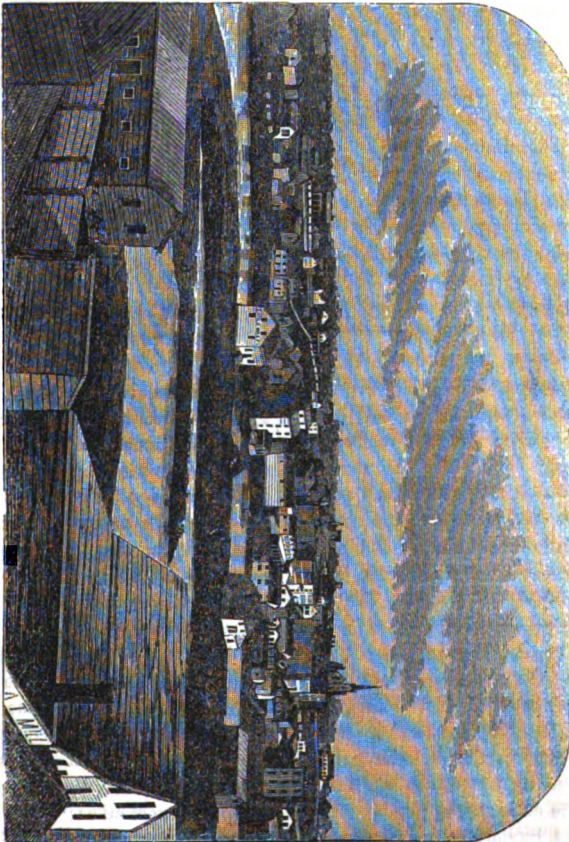
AS a supplement to the History of Aurora, inserted in the last Magazine, we shall add a few remarks, to the following illustrations.

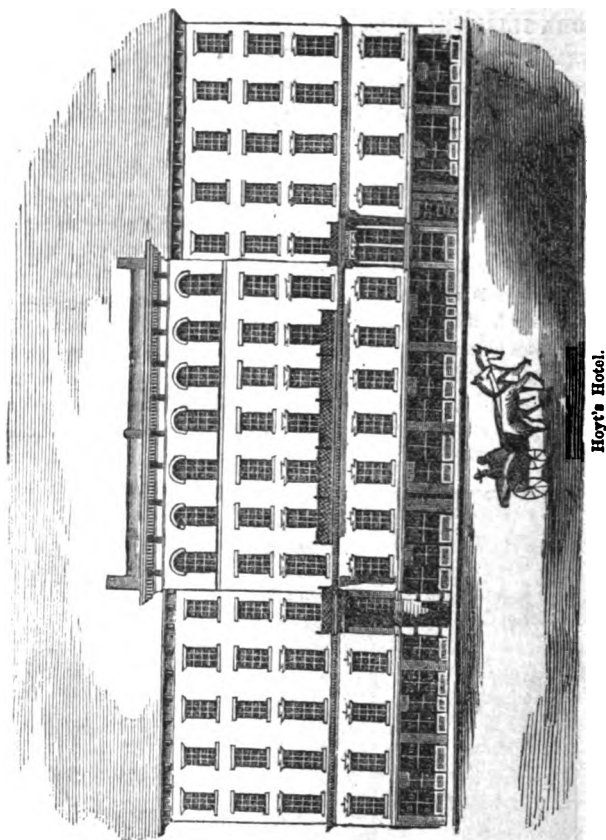
The first is a general view of the east side of Fox River, and is a very correct representation.

To our remarks of last month we will here add, that Aurora is not only a very beautiful, but a very healthy locality; and that that healthiness is probably promoted as much by the pure and excellent and living water issuing in springs from the cliffs, and furnishing a supply for the city, as from any other source.

There is an idea worth suggesting in this connection, to which we will give publicity for the consideration of the merchants of Chicago, as well as the citizens of Aurora. Were there a *fast* accommodation train established between Aurora and Chicago, that should run the distance in an hour and a quarter, morning and evening, as might easily be done, merchants might have their pleasant and healthy residences on the bluffs in Aurora, while they transacted their business in Chicago. This suggestion is by no means a novelty. Many of the merchants of Boston have their residences in Worcester, which is about the same distance from the former city that Aurora is from Chicago—and so it will be here within ten years.

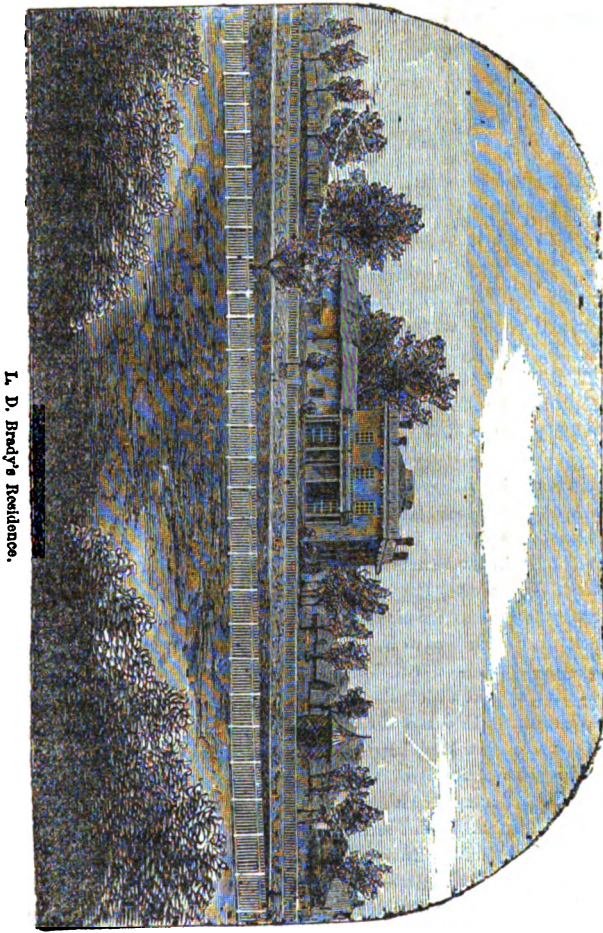
View of Aurora, East Side of Fox River.





"Hoyt's Hotel," a representation of which is given in the accompanying cut, is only a projected edifice and not really built. The photograph from which the engraving was designed was taken from the plan of the architect, and represents the southern and main front one hundred and eighty-six feet long on the principal street, leading from East to West Aurora. The other front facing another street, as it is to be built on a corner, is not so high by one story, and is to be one hundred and seventy feet long, we believe. This Hotel, when completed according to the plan, will be one of the best in the western country, and will be an ornament and an honor to Aurora. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. Charles Hoyt, intends to put it under contract and commence it this summer.

The career of Aurora which has been presented in these articles and the accompanying illustrations, is like that of hundreds of other towns in the Western States. But a few years ago they were but the points where first the pioneers erected their banners or signal flags, for gathering around them the roaming population that were swarming over the West. Towns have sprung up where was found a water power, or where was erected the first saw mill, or the grist mill that ground the grain of the first settlers—or where some dispenser of Yankee notions had selected a place for a store, which made it a convenient locality for the blacksmith, the carpenter, wagon maker, and post office; which drew in turn other interests, and naturally attracted those who had attachments for village life,



L. D. Brady's Residence.

until the nucleus was formed, which has grown at length to the magnitude of a large town. As the farming lands become settled and furnish a safe basis of support for other classes, the towns also become a necessity for the agricultural community. Accidental circumstances have at first seemingly governed the selection of a point, which afterwards became an important town or city, but a "wise Providence has shaped their ends," and has wisely directed the development of the new States. Our Eastern friends who have witnessed the slow growth of their country towns, (now containing from three to eight thousand inhabitants, which were planted by their

great-grandfathers,) can hardly believe that twenty years of western progress has produced a town like Aurora—and that but one of a number almost equally enterprising in its immediate neighborhood—which has gathered within itself every accomplishment of the highest order of society—the weekly and daily newspapers, banks, churches, schools, seminaries, etc. But so it is.

The remaining view is that of the private residence of L. D. Brady, Esq., beautifully situated on Bluff street, overlooking most of the town. It makes a very elegant picture as our readers can testify.

ADRIAN, MICHIGAN.

THIS is a flourishing young city, containing a population of about ten thousand souls, and is the seat of justice for the County of Lenawee, in the State of Michigan—is well situated in the midst of a fertile country, and found to be a healthy location. ADRIAN was incorporated as a city in 1853, by the Legislature of the State, and divided into three wards, but the number has since been increased to four. Located on the south branch of the River Raisin, near the junction of the middle or Wolf Creek branch with the south branch, it has the advantage of considerable water power, which is very well improved.

The President of the village board, Jas. Sword, was constituted the first Mayor, when it was metamorphosed into a city. Mr. Sword was born in the county of Kent, in the hamlet of Margarett, England, Jan. 14, 1795; but, when about six months old, his parents removed with him to the West Indies, where they remained till he was about six years of age, at which time they returned to England. He is now sixty-two years old, but active. In May, 1806, at 11 years of age, he entered the British army. He left England for Portugal, with the army, March 4th, 1812, and landed at Lisbon the 16th of the same month. Now a season of hardship and suffering was before him. The first general engagement in which he took part was at Salamanca, July 22d, 1812, under Packenham as commander of the third division for the day; the same who was afterwards killed at the battle of New Orleans. From thence he passed to Madrid, where the army remained near three months. He was in the retreat from the frontiers of Spain to the interior of Portugal. This retreat was attended with incredible hardship and suffering. It occurred in Nov., 1812. Here they continued in cantonment for the winter. Early in the next Spring the army was put in motion. Some skirmishing took place occasionally, but no important battle was fought till that of Vittoria, June 21st, 1813. In

this battle, Joseph Bonaparte was defeated. Mr. Sword was at the siege and storming of St. Sebastian, Aug. 31, 1813, at noon. From this the army passed over the mountains, where the battle of the Pyrenees took place, on Monday morning, Nov. 10th. Now the army retired to winter quarters, and nothing of note occurred until Feb. 27, 1814, when the battle of Orthus was fought, followed, on the 19th of March, by that of Aire. In the former of these battles, a cannon ball passed so near his head as to take the corner of his canteen, and throw him down by its force. He sustained no injury except the shock. On the 20th of March was the battle of Torbus, followed by that of Toulouse, which occurred the 10th of April. This last was a hard fought battle, and ended the fighting. He sailed for America with the army June 4th, 1814, and landed in Quebec Aug. 3th. At the close of the war, when the army was disbanded, he chose to remain in Canada. Here he remained until Jan. 24th, 1818, when he passed over into the State of New York. From this brief sketch it will be seen that Mr. Sword endured some hard service in his early days. In the Spring of 1836 he enlisted as a soldier of Christ, and has always stood fast to his colors. He immediately united himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he has actively and faithfully fulfilled the many official trusts that have been committed to him.

Mr. Sword came to Michigan in September, 1837, and has resided in Adrian most of the time since. He is a man of sterling integrity, and highly respected by all. The John Bull of his nature has become pretty thoroughly Yankeeized.

We must now go back to the direct history of the town. This has always been the terminus of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad, and is now the *working center* of the Michigan Southern Railroad Co. Here they have their principal workshops, which are extensive, and yet are hardly sufficient for the amount of business carried on by that energetic company. ADRIAN is supplied with four flouring mills, two propelled by steam and two by water; one exten-

sive tannery, carried on by T. D. Ramsdell & Co.; two steam foundries and machine shops, in one of which steam engines are manufactured and kept constantly on hand, besides several other smaller factories and shops, in which steam is used as the propelling force.

There is also a gas factory, set in operation in the fall of 1856, by which gas is furnished to the city. Without this *gas* existed in sufficient quantity, but it was not ignitable, and so did not produce much light.

Great advance has been made in a few years past in the construction of buildings, both as places of trade and private residences. Some very fine residences have been erected within the last two years. Among the finest of these is the residence of Mr. W. H. Waldby, on Broad street. The building, both as it respects the external appearance and internal arrangements, is very fine, for this country. To be sure it is not of Parian, Athenian, or any other kind of marble, but presents the appearance of red sandstone, and is in the most approved style of modern architecture. It indicates at once the fact that the owner is a man of wealth. Mr. Waldby, by the way, is yet a young man, and commenced the world with nothing but a strong will and a sagacious business mind. He was, for a time, a clerk for Mr. Ira Bidwell, in Bidwell's Exchange Office. He married Mr. B.'s daughter, and now owns and conducts Bidwell's Exchange Bank, and retains the name out of respect for its founder and original proprietor. By close and diligent application to business, he has amassed a fine fortune in a few years, and is now engaged in building an elegant brick block, on the south-east corner of Main and Maumee streets, for the accommodation of his Exchange Bank.

The educational interests have always been looked after with great diligence, and excellent advantages have been furnished for acquiring a good education. A union school was established in 1849, and now they have a central building which, with its fixtures, cost about twenty thousand dollars; and two ward school houses. These,

together, will accommodate about five hundred scholars. This school is now in a flourishing condition.

The first frame school house was erected in the winter of 1831—2, and was used for some time for the double purpose of school and church. It stood at the corner of Main and Winter streets, and has since been perverted to the *profane* use of horse shoeing. Alas! what an end!

There are now ten houses of worship, distributed as follows, to wit: Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Evangelical Church of Zion, United Brethren and Roman Catholics, each one—and the Methodist Episcopal Church, two.

This city, though possessing the importance and wealth it now does, had a beginning; and that beginning was not very remote, nor very promising. Addison J. Comstock made a location of the land in 1826, and having erected a shanty, he brought his family here in the Spring of 1827. This same season Mr. C. built a saw mill, and soon after a flouring mill, which was the only flouring mill for many miles around. He and his family were soon comforted by the coming of Mr. Noah Norton and others—a few bold adventurers like themselves.

The 4th of July of this year was celebrated with the usual display of bonfires, firing of guns, oration and dinner. Mr. Noah Norton was marshal of the day, and performed his duties with great dignity, although his sword was caught by the hazel brush several times, and nearly torn from him. Patriotism burned ardently in these hearts, though so much isolated from "all the world and the rest of mankind." The deeds of their fathers were recounted with pleasure, and every heart beat high for liberty. From so small and so recent a beginning has this beautiful city sprung up. Let it not be supposed, however, that this has been attained without effort or privation. Those who now perambulate the streets, furnished as most of them are, with good side walks, and ornamented with beautiful shade trees, and adorned with some splendid residences, themselves surrounded

with beautiful yards and gardens—can hardly realize that so recently the forest trees waved their stately heads in their native grandeur, on this very locality. But they who found it an unbroken wild still live, and can tell tales of privation, labor and suffering, that would open the fountains of sympathy in the hearts of those who hear them.

It is not pretended that the growth of this city has equaled Chicago, or some other cities of this wonderful West, yet there seems to be something like magic about even this. Fortunes have been made, and fortunes have been lost. Some have risen while others have fallen. Although this has been as healthy as new countries generally are, many hearts have been stricken and made sad; but these sadnesses were much mitigated in their intensity by the kindly sympathy, so generally felt and delicately expressed in a new country.

The village was surveyed and platted by Mr. Comstock in 1828, but it was not made the county seat till 1836. At this time, by an act of the Legislature, the seat of justice was removed from Tecumseh to ADRIAN. ADRIAN, by the way, was the name selected by Mrs. Comstock, for the infant city.

The first house of worship was erected in 1832, on Church street, by the Presbyterians. This house was subsequently sold to the Protestant Episcopalians, and is now owned by the Church Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

Ever since 1836 ADRIAN has justly been regarded as a very active commercial locality. From that time, for years, farmers would bring their grain to this market from a distance of a hundred miles, and even more, passing by other towns and villages, struggling for life, because they could obtain a little higher price for their products here; and took from this place their supplies of merchandise, because they believed they could obtain them at a better advantage. Whether this last supposition was true or not, I will not stop to determine; but the people believed it was so, and that was just as well for the commerce of the town. From this date ADRIAN has been noted also for great signs, and glowing and

queer advertisements. This was a state of things introduced by Mr. Bidwell, and having been found to work well in his hands, has been adopted by others.

The population of this town have justly been noted for activity and excitability, and yet there is no disposition to intrude unnecessarily into other people's affairs. Taking advantage of this excitability, Mr. N—N. set up a museum here in 184—, which was supplied, in part, with snakes. He had one moccasin snake, which proved to be a female, and furnished an increase in the stock, so that some of the young clerks in the adjoining establishments found their pockets, occasionally, supplied with young snakes. The establishment did not continue long, for the want of patronage; for he had failed to consider one element in human character, that is, where there is great excitability, there exists also a desire for frequent change—something new. Snakes and crocodiles failed to satisfy.

I will here give an incident of this characteristic excitability. In the Spring of 183— Rev. Mr. K. was holding a series of religious meetings, with a good degree of interest. A few young persons, male and female, just budding into manhood and womanhood, attended for the purpose of making disturbance. They were admonished, and finally informed that a list of their names had been taken, and, if the practice was persisted in, they should be read before the congregation. This produced no change—so, at the close of service that evening, the officiating minister read over the list. This was too much for them. They must be avenged on him. The next evening, as he was going from his house to the church, a little before time for service to begin, he was assailed by four or five young women with rawhides. They had, evidently, intended to warm his jacket well for him, but being very fleet of foot, he left them so quickly that they failed in their purpose. His flight was so precipitate that he was not able to identify any of them positively. When they were brought before the court, as some were who were believed to have been engaged in it, as he could not positively identify them, nor certainly fix the hour

of the whipping, and as they went to a dancing party immediately, which was gotten up as a part of the scheme, they proved an *alibi*.

This same element of character is sometimes turned to good account. It would be very difficult for a fugitive slave to be taken away from this town.

It was a high day when the first railroad car was brought into this town, in 1836, on the Erie and Kalamazoo railroad, from Toledo, though it was propelled by horse power, as it was. This was regarded as the beginning of days; and so it was. It opened a channel of communication and of commerce with the rest of the world. In estimating both the magnitude of the undertaking, and its value to this city, it must be remembered that the project of building railroads, as a commercial and locomotive highway, was a new thing. A gentleman who had traveled much in Europe, after having considered all the circumstances connected with the construction of this road—the time, and the terrible swamps through which it had to pass, between Toledo and ADRIAN—pronounced this to have been a greater undertaking than any of the railroad projects of Europe. It is further to be considered that without the advantages of this road, this town would have acquired so little importance that the Southern Railroad from Monroe westward would have passed it by, when it came to be established by the State. With the facilities furnished by this road, poor as they then were, as compared with the present, for importing goods and exporting products, merchants could afford to sell goods a little cheaper, and to give a little more for wheat, as they did, than in other localities. By this means ADRIAN acquired the name of being the best market town in the State. This name was a reality, and depended on this same road. One more item is necessary to be considered, to make out its full value to the town, that is the junction that was formed between that and the Southern Road at this point; for had the Southern Road passed through this place, as I think it would not have done, even then the present Southern Railroad Company would not

have been found making their working center at Adrian; for without this link, connecting this place with Toledo, already prepared to their hand, as it was, the link would never have been formed; because, to reach Chicago, the air line route would have been adopted, to the exclusion of the present road through ADRIAN. All the railroad facilities now enjoyed are traceable back to this one road. It is difficult, therefore, to place a sufficiently high estimate on the influence of this *Old Erie* and Kalamazoo Road on the destinies of this town and county. The men who originated and prosecuted that work deserve to be embalmed in the hearts of the people of this part of the State.

Something more than a fertile country and commercial advantages is requisite to make an interesting, flourishing and desirable town. For though men may resort to a place for a time, to make money, they do not wish to abide there unless the people are moral and intelligent. Morality must be based on the Bible, and the established maintenance of religious services must be attended to, in order to promote morality; and, indeed, this has a very extensive influence on the intelligence of the people. The expansion of the mind is dependent, in part, on a contemplation of proper themes. What can be more expansive to the mind, as well as heart, than a contemplation of the character of God, as set forth in the Christian system—in the Bible?

But schools for the development and training of the intellect specially, must be established. Both these advantages have been enjoyed by the people here. The first settlers had scarcely become established in their shanties and log houses, before schools were opened. The Rev. John Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered the first gospel message in this place. It was in 1827, in a private house occupied by Noah Norton. He was succeeded by others at irregular intervals, until 1830, when a regular appointment was established, and a Methodist Church organized. The Baptists and Presbyterians established churches soon after, and so others have been organized, as the wants or

inclinations of the people seemed to demand; so that at this time about one-tenth of the whole population belongs to the Protestant Churches.

It is right here to say that Christianity has not moved smoothly along, without opposition. Open infidelity and disguised infidelity have existed here, and still exist, though not with as much strength as they have done. A certain class of lecturers, taking advantage of the warm sympathy of this people for the oppressed and enslaved, made very strong efforts to disaffect the minds of the people towards the Christian churches, from their alleged connection with slavery; and so to sow the seeds of infidelity disguisedly. In this they had considerable success for a time. Another form of disguised infidelity was found in the spirit rappings and writings. These have had their day, and have ceased to excite any special attention; but the bitter fruits now appear in the increase of the criminal calendar of our courts, and in the increased patronage of saloons for drinking and gambling. I would gladly draw a veil over this part of the history. But Christianity will triumph.

Having made this digression from the direct line of events, it is time now to return. The medical interests—*Ipicas* and *Calomel*—were first represented by Dr. Ormsby, a venerable and worthy gentleman, who has long since passed away; next by Dr. Bebee, who died with small pox, and was succeeded by Dr. P. J. Spalding, who still attends to all calls in that same line.

Dr. Spalding came to ADRIAN in 1832. In 1834 his residence was where it now is, on Maumee Street, opposite the Post Office. In the first number of the first newspaper published in this county, dated October 22nd, 1834, I find this advertisement, flanked by a great jar labelled "Drugs," and signed P. J. Spalding:

"PHYSIC AND SURGERY.—The subscriber continues to attend to all calls in his profession, and hopes, so far as strict attention and integrity are concerned, he may merit a share of public patronage. *Dwelling on Maumee Street, east end of the village.*" The italicising is my own, to draw attention to

the notice of his residence, "east end of the village." This *east end* is now in the very heart of the city. He has not been left alone in his glory, but a goodly fraternity have come in to share his "public patronage" with him. Dr. Spalding has given his attention somewhat to public affairs, also, and was the second elected Mayor of our goodly city. He has always belonged to the Democratic school of politics, and adheres to the present administration.

The Homeopathic practice, with its dilutions and triturations, has two representatives, to wit: Dr. Henry Knapp and another. The Botanic school—*Lobelia* and *Cayenne Pepper*—has one professor, who has a good patronage.

The legal profession—the profession of briefs and puzzles, has a full representation, enough, if the people were disposed to patronize them, to bewilder the whole community; but to look at the lank forms of some of them, one would judge they found lean picking. The bar is represented by some fine talent, and is no discredit to the town.

The inhabitants of this hamlet in the wilderness, were astonished and delighted by the issue of the *Lenawee Republican and Adrian Gazette*, R. W. INGALS, editor and proprietor, Oct. 22, 1834. This was the first paper published in the county, and the fifth or sixth in the State. This same adventurous Mr. INGALS continues to publish his paper, having changed the name to "*The Watch Tower*," and converted the hebdomadical into a daily. This paper has always adhered to the Democratic party.

An attempt was made, as early as 1836, to establish a Whig paper, but without success. All attempts in that direction were unsuccessful until 1843, when the Messrs. JERMAIN commenced the publication of the *Expositor*, which has become a tri-weekly. How well these gentlemen have succeeded in making this enterprise profitable, the people may judge when they look at their elegant mansions, on the rise of ground a little South-east of the Union School house. These mansions are in the modern style of architecture, and are an ornament to the city.

There are four exchange offices, or banks, each doing a good business; but no bank of issues. The regular banking business has been a failure here. In the days of wild speculation, in 1836 and '37, "*The Bank of Adrian*," and "*The Erie and Kalamazoo Rail Road Bank*," were established, or rather were set in operation and run for a season; but in the general crash, which followed, they were carried away. The latter of these banks was resuscitated in 1853, and flourished for nearly two years, when it sunk hopelessly. Since then no one has had the courage to undertake that kind of business.

It is but just to say that the Michigan Southern Rail Road Company disburse a large amount of money in this city, every month. They not only have shops of repair here, but are manufacturing some splendid coaches. They have, recently, made some oak finish, inside, and left the wood without paint, being only oiled and varnished, which of course is much nicer than any attempt at imitation by paint. These coaches are the most splendid of any on the many western roads. No region of country can afford any better timber for such work than is produced in this vicinity. The Rail Road Passenger house, at this place, is much inferior to what the importance of this point would seem to demand; but as every thing cannot be done at once, I suppose they will get at this, some time, and do justice to themselves and this city, by providing a grand house—ornamental to the place.

There is a well organized and efficient Fire Department, affording all the protection that could well be expected in that way. The same ambition and exciteableness that is manifest in other things, shows itself in the Fire Companies.

Great interest is taken in horticulture, and in ornamenting door-yards with shrubs and flowers, which adds much to the interest and beauty of the city. There is a Horticultural Society, which has been kept up for several years—not without effort, to be sure; but it has been done. This society has a weekly show of fruits and flowers, from about the first of June until the time

is passed for fruits and flowers. No premiums are paid but the funds are used to furnish a library, and to procure seeds for distribution among the members. This Society helps to create and foster a proper spirit of emulation, and leads to diligence and care in the department contemplated. ADRIAN is one of the best ornamented towns in the State. Perhaps none exceeds it in this respect, unless it be Kalamazoo. Nature has done so much ornamental work for this latter town that the people would be very recreant to their trusts if they did not beautify.

Oakwood Cemetery, situated at the North East edge of the city, on the bluff bank of the river Raisin, is a beautiful locality—is laid out in the most approved style of engineering—is being ornamented and beautified with great taste and solemn elegance. Time for the growth of the ornamental trees and shrubs interspersed among the native trees, only is necessary to make this city of the dead, a place of great resort for those who are inclined to associate the solemn and beautiful in combination.

There are no legends of Indian warfare, or of Indian captivity, or of terrible massacres, connected with the early history of this town; neither are there any lakes bordering it, to mirror back its beauty, but it is one of the most interesting and valuable towns of this glorious West, from its real, not fictitious, advantages.

A few things more are important for an enlarged and continued prosperity. The first of these is the establishment of manufacturing. The facilities existing in the surrounding country, for sheep husbandry, offer advantages in that direction. The Rail Road communications, in so many directions, furnishing means of transporting products to any desirable point, offer advantages in that respect. Cotton might be brought here and manufactured to advantage. I feel a little embarrassment, however, in making this last suggestion, lest I should be read out of the *sin-a-gogue* by some, there is such a conscientiousness about having anything to do with the contaminated products of slave labor—the community is so thoroughly imbued with

the anti-slavery feeling. I will make the suggestion and run the hazzard. It is very likely some of the less scrupulous ones will take it up, and not many years will elapse before our ears will be saluted by the buz of the spinning jenny and stunned by the clatter of the looms of the cotton factories. Another important project is the construction of an air-line Rail Road to Jackson, and thence North into the pine country, so as to bring this city into association with the pine lumber and the coal. This is supplied in part by the Jackson branch of the Southern Rail Road, but not fully. This project will be considered some day, as well as that other project of making a ship canal from MONROE or TOLEDO, through ADRIAN, to MICHIGAN CITY or NEW BUFFALO.—Whether these last projects are ever attended to or not, this city is destined to hold on its way.

Before closing this sketch, it is but right to give a further notice of some of the business men.

A. J. COMSTOCK.

As before stated, Addison J. Comstock was the original proprietor of this ground, and settled here in 1827, having located his land the year before. Mr. Comstock was the son of a Quaker, and was educated in that faith; but when he came to maturity he departed from the faith of his fathers and embraced Universalism, and finally run into infidelity. He continued in this mind until in the Spring of 1842. At this time, the Rev. Mr. Watson, late editor of the North-Western Christian Advocate, was holding a series of meetings at the Methodist Church, in this city. Mr. Comstock, though he had not attended the meetings much, became so deeply convicted for sin that he felt it was the last call for him. Under this conviction of mind he went to the church, and while there, determined to give himself up to a pious life. At that time he experienced a spiritual change. So dear was the assurance on his own mind that he had received pardon for his sins, and adoption into the divine family, that he now says, whatever may finally become of him, he *knows* that experimental religion, as set forth in the Bible, is true.

From the relation he has sustained to this community, as the original proprietor of the town, he has necessarily been involved in much perplexing business, and with the growth and improvement of the town and country, his property increased much in value, so that he has been regarded as the wealthiest citizen of ADRIAN. Mr. Comstock has always devised liberally for the interests of the place. I will not say that this was altogether as a matter of benevolence, although he has always been very benevolent, and has given a vast amount to the poor, but his own property has been increased in value by such outlays.

When it was desired to change the county seat from Tecumseh to this place, he gave to the county a square in the heart of the town for the Court House, but when the Court House was erected, another spot was preferred, and he gave them that other square in addition. He has laid out large sums in building mills in different places in the county. In this way, while he was greatly benefitting the public, he was diffusing his means too, much for his own profit.

Mr. Comstock, in connection with his father, Darius Comstock, of precious memory, and a few others, projected the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad, in 1832; which, through their efforts, was completed to ADRIAN, from TOLEDO, in 1836. He was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Company from its origin, in 1832, to 1837. This was an undertaking that required great courage and perseverance. He saw it in operation. At the time the project was commenced, not one of the corporators had ever even seen a Rail Road, and the Engineer they employed had barely seen one. A strong will and diligent perseverance, carried them through.

Mr. Comstock has made two attempts at banking without success. One of these was in 1836-'37, when everybody was wild with excitement. The Bank of Adrian, which he originated, and over which he presided, at that time, failed, and he paid a good many thousand dollars of his own private means, to meet the debts of the Bank. The last of these efforts was in 1853, in re-

suscitating the "Erie and Kalamazoo Rail Road Bank." This Bank failed, after a run upon it, such as perhaps scarcely any Bank in the country could stand. At the time of its failure, and for some months before, he had only a nominal interest in it. He has become much involved, both as regards his property and reputation, by this failure, by becoming obligated for a large amount of its debts. He has suffered in reputation because he did not at once pay off every demand against the Bank. In this case he seems to have confided too much to some who were associated with him, and suffered himself to be drawn on to extend the circulation beyond what *his judgment* dictated. Had he had a little more sternness in his character, so as to say *no* when his judgment dictated, he would have escaped the disaster. By means of that, the circulation would not have been so extended, and some men who now owe a large amount, would not have been accommodated to the extent they were. When he dissolved his connection with it, had he had a little more of the firm decision, often so very necessary, he would have given such publicity to it as to have escaped. But the kindness of his nature predominated; and he, who only had a nominal interest, has to feel the severest peltings of the storm, while the real actors escape. He will yet outride the storm in safety.

Mr. Comstock was the *first elected* Mayor under the city charter; for, although a Whig in politics, and the Democratic party was in the ascendancy at the time, he was elected by a very large majority; many Democrats voting for him as a matter of respect. The Marshal of the city, elected at the same time, was a Democrat, and very zealous to maintain order and keep down drunken rows, as such an officer ought to be. During the Summer, one of the citizens made a small dinner party in his garden among his fruit trees. Among others invited, was the Mayor, but not the Marshal. After the cloth was removed, with nothing stronger than pure water, such as is found here in abundance, the company were enjoying themselves in a free conversation and a little speech-making. Mayor

Comstock being called on, addressed the company with a good deal of animation. When animated, he speaks pretty loud.—Some one, to have a little fun, notified the Marshal that there must be a drunken row in that part of the town. Off he started in haste, staff in hand, but when he came in sight and perceived that he had been sold, got himself back as quickly and quietly as possible.

Mr. Comstock, for most of the time since 1842, has attended actively to the duties of a Christian, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church; but at present, until the Bank business is settled, and he shows himself to be upright, as he will, he chooses to occupy a retired position.

Mr. Comstock is a small, unpretending man—possesses a good education—has had considerable to do with politics and public affairs. He represented the county in the Legislature of 1837, and was decidedly in favor of disposing of the Rail Roads to private companies, and helped to carry that matter through. The wisdom of that measure, I think, will not now be called in question. He also was sent from this county to the Convention of 1850, for revising the State Constitution, and supported all the important reform measures adopted at that time. He is, in every way, a valuable citizen. He is now about fifty-five years old. Wherever he may be he will make his impression on the country about him for good, and will command respect.

IRA BIDWELL.

Ira Bidwell is a retired merchant, though not retired from making money—is now about fifty-two years old, and of precarious health. He now is reputed to be one of the most wealthy citizens in this city, and perhaps has a larger money income than any other one. He resides here, but his business is mostly at St. Paul, Minnesota. He has but an ordinary education, but great business sagacity. His fortune has been acquired in regular business, and not by any sudden speculation. When twenty years old, his father told him he might shift for himself, or if he would remain with him a few years longer, he would *try* to help him to a piece of land. He chose to shift for

himself. He taught school for a little while, and gained seven dollars. With these *seven dollars* he set out to make his fortune, and right well has he succeeded in it. With these seven dollars he went to Rochester, where he made a small purchase of goods, having obtained a little credit, and started out as a hand peddler through the city. In this he succeeded well. The next Winter he spent mostly at school, and on the opening of Spring, started out on a little larger scale of peddling, having bought an old horse and wagon, for which he went in debt, but was successful. He next set up business in BERGEN, where he married and remained one year; from thence he went to BROOKPORT, and after some time he went to ROCHESTER again, to open trade on a larger scale. A part of the time during these few years he had a partner. When they came to settle up their affairs, the firm had gained nothing, but the young man was able to build himself a fine house, although he possessed but little when they went into trade together. He did not remain in ROCHESTER very long, yet he laid the foundation of his future prosperity; for he and his wife both experienced religion, and united with a Christian Church. From ROCHESTER he went to MILAN, Ohio; and in 1836, in the Fall, he came to ADRIAN. He had now been "shifting for himself" eight years and had acquired only \$2,200. With this small capital he came to ADRIAN. He opened business by selling at auction; not having obtained license as a merchant, as the law required, some of the men in trade being offended at his interference with their business, had him fined for it. This excited the public sympathy for him, and proved to be of great advantage to him in the end. During the first three years he was in business in this place he made a clear profit of \$27,000 over the support of his family; and in one of these years his clear profit was \$11,000. But, what is that! for now for the last year his interest money alone was over \$20,000, to say nothing of his rents and other sources of income. But the acquisition of a clear profit of \$27,000, in three years, on a capital of only \$2,200, shows a great business tact. Mr.

Bidwell has never taken a very active interest in the public improvements of the place and country around, for this reason: he has been considered by many as wanting in benevolence, but he has always been liberal in the support of the institutions of religion and in giving to the deserving poor. For the last year, his contributions for Christian and benevolent enterprises have exceeded *six thousand dollars*.

When Mr. Bidwell came to ADRIAN and opened trade, a new aspect was given to business. He hung out large and attractive signs—sold goods a little cheaper, and gave a little higher price for grains than others had done, which gave new life to business, and soon created the reputation of the town for commerce. The influence of this reputation is favorably felt to this day. Mr. Bidwell has never failed in business, altho' it was once reported he had. Once he made an assignment, but paid off the face of every claim. This was one of his business operations, perhaps to extend his notoriety as a business man. He set out with these three words as a motto, viz: "*honesty, perseverance and economy*." In this he was perfectly seconded by Mrs. B. He believed that by the observance of these three things he should succeed. Under the head of economy he included liberal contributions to the institutions of Christianity, even before himself became a Christian. He says he never wanted to make money for the sake of the money, but as a means of doing good. Though now he has a very large fortune in his hands, I think he intends to be his own executor. Mr. Bidwell has ever since his conversion been, and still is, an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has several brothers, all of whom succeed so well in money making, that "Bidwell" is almost a synonym for making money.

LANGFORD G. BERRY.

This gentleman is one of the most active business men in our city, and is placed among the wealthiest. He is yet in the vigor of life, being only about forty-five years of age. He commenced mercantile business in this town, in Dec'r, 1835, on a capital of only \$3,000, but now sums

by hundreds of thousands. He is a man of easy, affable manners—pleasing address—good education, and of active habits. He is now engaged in the exchange business, selling Berry's addition to the city of ADRIAN and some other branches of trade. He is highly respected as a citizen, having represented the people in the Legislature. In politics he is a Republican and goes in strong against the slavery extension. He embraced religion in 1844, and immediately united himself with the First Congregational Church, in this place. This church afterwards assumed the Presbyterian form, but he remained with it until the Plymouth (Congregational) Church was organized, in 1858, of which he formed one of the first and prominent members. Being benevolent in spirit, he finds occasions for liberal contributions for the benefit of the poor and for the maintainance of the interests of the Church to which he belongs.

THE DRAMA AS IT WAS, IS, AND SHOULD BE.

PURPOSE to lay before your readers a sketch of the drama, as it has associated itself with different countries; and shall, by a deduction of facts, endeavor to prove to them that the drama is destined to fulfill a nobler object than it does at the present day; and that, when the popular prejudices now existing against it shall be known only in the past, that it will then be recognised and encouraged as a mighty instrument of good.

The drama has been well defined as a species of poem, in which the action or narrative is not related, but represented. The invention of the drama is one of those which should seem to proceed most naturally from the ordinary customs and feelings of men. There is a species of dramatic action which seems almost instinctive. We naturally imitate the tone and jestures of others in reciting their sayings or admonitions, or even in adopting their sentiments. Yet some nations appear never to have taken the farther step of doing methodically and with design what all do involuntarily. Let us "cast

a hasty glance" at the origin and growth of the drama in those countries in which it primarily appeared. The history of the development of the dramatic art in Greece is well known. The elements were formed in religious festivals, celebrated from the earliest ages in that country. The feasts of Bacchus, in particular, had sacred choruses or odes; these were afterward intermixed with episodic narratives of events in mythological story, recited by an actor in the festival with gesticulation. Thence again, the next step was to introduce two actors with alternate recitations; and thus were produced tragedy and comedy.

In considering the theatrical effect of the Greek drama, we must remember that the tragedies were originally religious solemnities, the theatre a vast building open at the top, calculated for the accommodation of several thousands of persons, the scenio appurtenances being proportionately large. Dramatic representations were at Athens the offering of wealthy men to the people; he who contributed the expenses of the entertainment was said to bring in the play; the poet who produced it, to teach it. A complete representation consisted of four pieces, by the same author. A trilogy, or even three tragedies, narrating successive events in the same series of mythological tradition, and a fourth piece termed a satiric drama, of which the chorus consisted of satires; and the mythological subject was treated in a manner approaching to burlesque.

The Chinese drama we will pass with the remark that, of all the national dramas, the Chinese appears to be the only one in which we can trace no original connections with religious observances.

The French drama owes its origin to the religious exhibitions given by the pilgrims on their return from the Holy Land. At these exhibitions the pilgrims gave an account of the remarkable places of Palestine, and recited their own adventures. They were afterwards imitated by those who had never been to the Holy Land, and are still practised in Catholic countries by priests in their churches, by kings in their palaces, and by the Pope in the

Vatican. As these succeeded the mysteries and dramatic representations of subjects taken from the New Testament, which being forbidden by Provost of Paris, the priests invited the king to be present at an exhibition to prove that they were calculated to excite religious feelings. The building in which they were performed was divided into three scaffoldings, the highest representing paradise; the next below, the world; the lowest, which was in the form of a dragon's head, represented hell. The only entrance to the two upper scaffoldings was through the dragon's head. The actors never left the stage, even to change their dress. The pieces were so long as to require several days for their representation. The early French tragic writers, from the beginning of the sixteenth century down to Corneille, in the middle of the seventeenth century, produced nothing but unsuccessful and somewhat barbarous attempts at imitations of the Greek tragedy. Corneille and Racine may be said to have built up the French drama. Corneille, an ardent lover of the Spanish drama, transfused a portion of its boldness and dramatic sentiment into the French theatre. Racine, however, was an ardent lover of antiquity, but with a taste and delicacy of feeling which until his time had been very rarely found to accompany classic knowledge; but the French drama, grew up with these two great writers as models, and Boileau, as legislator. Here, too, was criticism for the first time introduced, affecting both the form and substance of dramatic writing; and this system became established in the minds of the French public as the natural and not the conventional rule of beauty. It would be impossible for us to enter into examination of the rules of the French drama. Suffice it to say that they banished from the tragic stage all but heroic characters and persons, required simplicity of plot and uniformity of language. These rules have ever since been scrupulously followed without deviation on the French stage. French comedy became in their hands infinitely more national than French tragedy. It originated in that of Spain,

and was carried to a high degree of perfection by Moliere, who rejected the extravagance of the Spanish drama, confining himself within certain definite limits, governed by analogy, to the rules established for tragedy, retaining satire instead of adventure as its leading principle. Of the present French drama it is difficult to speak with precision; but the national or regular stage seems to be every day losing in popularity, while attempts to establish a new one, what is termed in France the "romantic model," has hitherto met with partial success. We will close this short sketch of the French drama by narrating an anecdote of Voltaire, which, if any of your readers have read, may still bear repetition. When Voltaire wrote his tragedy of *Merope*, he called up his servant one morning at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to Sier Paulau, who was to perform the "Tyrant." The servant alleged that it was the hour of sleep. "Go, I say," said Voltaire, "tyrants never sleep."

Spain commences her literary career more independent of foreign aid than any other country; and seems to have originated as early as the fourteenth century previous to Lope de Vega. There is little real merit in the Spanish drama. It owed to Lope de Vega what the English drama owed to his contemporary, Shakspeare.

Calderon, a greater poet than Lope de Vega, and his equal in dramatic powers, is the only other great man in the Spanish drama. Subsequent writers may all be classed as the imitators either of their elder poets or of the French school.

For many centuries after the downfall of the Roman Empire, the dramatic art appeared to have been lost. Its first revival in the middle ages was owing to the solemnities of the church, into which dramatic interludes were introduced into various countries of Western Europe, representing at first events in Biblical history, afterward intermingled with allegorical fantasies.

The farmers of early periods were monks, and the monks were only preservers of the classical learning; but whether the

idea of these rude representations was suggested, or their details improved by classical associations, it is not easy to pronounce. At the period of the revival of literature, however, the dramatic art was called nearly at once into life in the four principal countries of Western Europe, viz., Italy, France, Spain, and England. In the first of these countries, it arose simply classical, and unmixed with original conceptions or with sentiments and fashions of the middle ages. In the two last it partook largely of both, and was also derived from the mysteries and moralities before mentioned; hence, in a historical view, arose the distinction so elaborately explained by modern critics between the classical and romantic drama.

The semi-religious representations, out of which the English drama arose, were called mystery and morality, as before stated. One of the latter, "The New Custom," was printed as late as 1573, by which time several regular tragedies and comedies, tolerably approaching the classical model, had appeared. But a third species of exhibition took possession of the stage—the historical drama, in which successive events of a particular reign or portion of history were represented on the stage, and together with it arose the English tragedy and comedy.

The first dramatic poets of England, (those before Shakspeare,) were scholars; hence they preferred the form of ancient drama; but also writers, who strove for popularity with the general class of their countrymen; hence, instead of imitating classical simplicity, and confining themselves to a peculiar caste of diction and sentiment, removed from the ordinary course of life, they invented a species of composition which intermingled poetical with ordinary life and language. Comedy again became in their hands a representation of adventures differing from those of tragedy only by ending in a happy instead of unhappy *exits*, and not differing materially, either in characters or language; thus the distinctions which they established between tragedy and comedy, and tragic-comedy, are little more than adventitious;

and the Shakspearean drama, properly considered, must be looked upon as a miscellaneous compound in which actors, language, and sentiments of a character far removed from the ordinary course of life alternate with a low and even a burlesque character.

There is no tragedy in Shakspeare in which comic scenes and characters are not introduced; and but one Shakspearean comedy, ("The Merry Wives of Windsor,") without some intermixture of sentiment approaching to tragic. It continued to be the chief national literature, as well as the favorite national amusement, down to the period of civil wars, when the opinions and legislations of the prevailing party put a stop to dramatic representations altogether. During the interval thus created, the old English art was unlearned altogether, and the new drama, on the model of the French, introduced almost immediately on the return of Charles II. and his courtiers from the continent.

The distinction between tragedy and comedy was then first substantially recognised. The former was confined to heroic events and language, the latter to those of ordinary life. But tragedy subjected to foreign rule ceased to flourish; and Otway, the last writer of the old English drama, who wrote partly on the ancient model, although after the Restoration, is the last tragic poet of England who still occupies the stage, with the exception of Rowe, and a few authors of that peculiar species of composition, the domestic tragedy, in which the distresses and melancholy events are substituted for those of an heroic character. Comedy, on the other hand, obtained possession of the national taste and stage, and although the charm of poetry and romantic adventure which had belonged to the old drama under either name was denied to the modern comedy, it soon attained a high degree of popularity. The last comedies in verse were written shortly after the Restoration.

The main element of modern comedy is satire, but it admits of a subdivision into comedy of intrigue, and comedy of man-

ners—the former being chiefly directed to the developement of a plot, the latter to the delineation of manners. Although these qualities ought, properly speaking, to be united to form a grand play.

The most distinguished writers in the former line, among many, are, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Colman, and Sheridan; in the latter, the writings of Shadwell and Foote, perhaps afford the most remarkable instances of that less popular form of comedy, which almost neglects the interest of plot and confines itself to a satirical representation of prevailing vices and follies.

Of English dramatic writers, the name of Ben Johnson is not the *least* conspicuous. It is a painful fact that notoriety too often outlives an emulous fame; and in this respect Johnson is no exception. That he was a brilliant writer and a man of extraordinary genius, no one will presume to deny; and that a more merciless critic never lived, is equally true. Delighting in annihilating young authors with a stroke of his pen, of a jealous disposition, but possessing a keen wit, he not only frequently in his sallies and criticisms transgressed the laws of courtesy; but often added insult to injury. A more boorish, and withal unfair, critic never wrote a criticism, and while his talents were universally recognised, he was despised by his real friends, for his utter want of that delicacy of feeling that is ever characteristic of the true gentleman. The following is a specimen of the nature of Johnson's replies.

Lord Craven, desirous to see Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house, but being in a very tattered condition, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return with usury. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it? Ben, who stood his own sponsor, said he understood his lordship desired to see him. "You, friend, who are you?" said my lord. "Ben Johnson," replied the other. "No, no," quoth his lordship, "you cannot be Ben Johnson,

who wrote the *Silent Woman*. You look as though you couldn't say boo to a goose." "Boo!" cried Ben. "Very well," said my lord, who was better pleased with the joke than offended at the affront; "I am now convinced that you are Ben Johnson."

Did space allow, with what delight would we revel among the writings of such men as Massenger, Ford, Congreve, Sheridan and Ben Johnson; but the pleasure is denied us. Our subject is one which can never be compassed. Like the history of our country, it is ever progressive, and were it possible to write all that could be said of the drama to the present day, we might almost affirm that the world itself could not contain the folios. The subject is inexhaustible, and each day adds new epochs to its eventful history. But we are thus reluctantly compelled to pass them all over, that we may not neglect a portion of the theme more particularly interesting to the readers of this journal. It is the American drama. But ere we take leave of the English drama so abruptly, let us not forget the name of Shakspeare; and in referring to the immortal bard of Avon, who is acknowledged to be the dramatic poet, not of England only, but of the world. Whilst I would not presume to *praise* him, much less *criticise* him, for he is above all praise and all criticism, yet would I pay a tribute to the shrine of his genius. Ben Johnson was content to admire the greatness he could not presume to approach, much less criticise. Read the tribute paid Shakspeare's genius from Johnson's own pen:

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast!"

Unquestionably the drama owes every thing to Shakspeare's genius. He has given it the impress of his master mind, which the world will not let die.

When the history of England shall be known only in the past, when wars and tumults of wars shall have rent asunder that

proud country, and laid the British Lion prostrate in the dust, and it shall be said of her that "she was but she is not," that she has been, but shall be "known no more forever," even then will the name of Shakespeare stand out in all its original splendor, and, as a far distant planet struck from the heavens, shine with increased lustre for ages to come.

Having thus hastily reviewed the history and condition of the drama in European countries, let us again turn to the condition of our own American drama, and its future prospects.

That there has ever been a prejudice against it, cannot but be apparent to the most casual observer. While candor compels me to say that there have been at times just causes for some of the prejudices existing against it, yet, that too many of these are the result of a mistaken and biased opinion, is, I think, equally true.

A member of our drama has no less truthfully than beautifully spoken of the unjust prejudices against the drama, and his language expresses my views better than I might do so myself. I am constrained to quote it.

"The drama," he says, "has great capacities for good. What gift, or art, or privilege may not be perverted to evil? Liberty may run riot; the Press may sometimes descend from its high office, to tarnish private character; the Bar may distort the law, and the law itself visit its heavy penalties upon the unoffending. Poetry may enshrine unworthy thoughts; Eloquence rally for the wrong, and History perpetuate a lie. The drama lends new force and beauty to the divinest objects. It awakens the intellect by two senses; at once, by this double avenue, it finds its way to the heart by the magic voice and action, it often stamps an ennobling thought on memories which had else been only traced with the lowest images. It throws its fingers over the callous cords of the heart that had not vibrated since childhood, and summons tears to the eyes that have forgotten how to weep. It relieves the furrowed brow, veils the perplexities of business, and calls a merry laugh to the

compressed lip of care. It portrays the salient follies of the day, depicts virtue rewarded and vice punished, chases a crime through all its mazes, till it holds it up by the locks to public execration, and 'shows the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.' It has come down to us from earliest time, and its scroll sparkles with brilliant names. It has strung the harps of our sweetest minstrels, and inspired some of the sublimest passages of song."

As Americans, taking a deep interest in all that concerns America or American genius, we cannot but feel regret that the drama, and especially our own American drama, should be so greatly disparaged as it is. It is the scene of noble and heroic deeds portrayed to life, actually occurring before our eyes, which causes like sensations within us to be most powerfully wrought upon. It is indeed nothing more or less than a panorama of human life, and it is for us to profit by.

There are many who attend the drama, who are improved thereby, and, if properly conducted, there is no earthly reason why it may not form a public teacher. Already, during the last few years, the tone of the drama has greatly improved, and every year, that feeling of prejudice which has greatly deterred its advancement, is wearing away. But with the increased efforts of our theatrical managers to improve the drama, must come a reciprocity of effort on the part of the public.

The American mind must be aroused to a sense of what is due to itself and to those who honestly labor for its improvement and elevation. It is from no want of genius or lack of appreciation on our part, that we cannot boast of a national drama equal to any, but because our stage has been occupied from the first, as it is at the present day, by *foreign* productions, good, bad and indifferent, almost to the exclusion of native talent. This state of things must be tolerated no longer. Our theaters must become Americanized.

We have arrived at that period of national vigor and manhood which, with other great nations, has witnessed the advent

and triumph of their mightiest masters in tragedy and comedy. The attention of the literary world is being gradually attracted in this direction, and its anticipations are already being excited. Shall we disappoint them? We have outstripped the old world in many things, and shall we be left behind in this, our drama, which is destined, sooner or later, as it already does in England, to form a chief element in the literature of our country? We cannot, do not believe it possible. American energy has never yet acknowledged an equal, and though it may appear to the casual observer to lie in a hopeless apathy, it is only to awaken from its sleep with refreshed vigor, and, hand in hand with Genius, pave the way for an immortal name and fame for our American drama. To do this, it must overcome the prejudices which have ever existed against it. This it is fast doing. The stage is emphatically looking up, and with its exertions endorsed by an intelligent and sympathizing public, may it not be expected—nay, will it not of necessity redeem itself? While proper plays are brought on our boards, and a sympathizing public show that they are appreciated, we need not despair of a brilliant future for our national drama; and when we see such efforts being made towards elevating our drama, and giving a character of respectability second to none, we may be permitted at least to *hope* for it; and I look earnestly forward to the days when the calling of an actor shall be looked upon as one as honorable as any other profession, and one to be sought after as one of the high places in the earth.

The theater, and those in any way connected with it, have often, too often, been unjustly attacked by a well meaning but ignorant public. True it is that many theaters are a *pest* to society, but it by no means follows that all are. Every member of any society has an individual responsibility, and the one who judges harshly, or expresses an opinion condemnatory of any measure, I care not what it be, without being acquainted fully with that measure, does a moral wrong. Every thing must have a cause, and every judgment passed

or opinion expressed must be founded on reason, or it ceases to be judgment, much less justice. There is and always has been a narrow minded sect who have no opinions of their own. They are too lazy to think for themselves, and let others think for them. They rarely approve a measure, lest their decision of character should be doubted; and Quixotic-like condemn every thing but their own actions; then, too, believing in the aphorism—*vox populi vox Dei*—they go still further, and say—"whereas God rules the world through public opinion, and whereas we are that public opinion, therefore, resolved, that we govern the world." It is such a sect, that not content with decrying the drama, can see no redeeming quality in it: but this class of large talkers but small thinkers, is fast going away, and their places being supplied by those who can not only talk, but think also; who uphold justice, but to whom justice never appears nobler than when tempered with mercy.

The drama asks simple justice, and when justice is awarded to it, which I trust will be ere long, it will prove itself to the world not an unworthy example of American literature and American genius. That our American drama is not what it might be, I am well aware, although much I love my native country and her institutions, and although I shall ever consider it my duty and greatest pleasure to fondly cherish our native land and her establishments, yet candor and honor require that we should not be wantonly blind to her imperfections, (nothing human is perfect;) and though we have not attained to that dramatic excellence to which we must attain ere the drama can reach that point of usefulness which I am confident it is soon destined to, yet it is not, I think, owing so much to an absence of good native actors, as it is dramatic authors. True, we have no Corneille, Sheridan or Edmund Kean; yet we have a Forrest, who, whatever may be his private character, is undoubtedly the best tragedian in the known world; a Davenport, Booth, Mathilde Heron, Julia Dean, Laura Kean, and a long list of names of which we may well be proud; for to be a good and

clever actor is to be a person of the most refined feelings, exquisitely keen perceptions, and unsullied virtue. When we can throw aside the veil of prejudice which now hides the sterling resources we possess for dramatic art, again how forcibly are we reminded that we do a moral wrong in discarding and wholly blotting out the last vestige, the flickering outlines of a once glorious drama, simply because it has its faults, like all other honorable professions, and like *every thing* else in the world. No, we should encourage rather than discourage it, for encourage and reprove gently its foibles, and it will grow decidedly better; and on the other hand, vice versa. Then why not all good men join and build a stage—an American stage, so elevated in morals, so high in character, that no cruel libel shall be able to disturb its substantial repose, and that no apprehension may be felt by the most fastidious.

We have shown that in olden times and countries it was cherished with the greatest care. The pastime of kings, the amusement and instruction of princes, and the resort of talent and genius. In polished Greece it was then at its highest and most effulgent splendor. But, my readers, we have the remnants of the once grand drama, then let us build up the ruins of the once princely edifice, enlarge its borders in keeping with this progressive age, bring the polished marble from sunny Italy that shall be pillars to support the lofty dome, the gold from the lately found Ophir to enrich it. Let the ring which encircles the amphitheater be set with the rich jewels of genius, the diamonds of American talent; let the brightest stars of the dramatic firmament shine down upon us as pure as they are bright, and with increased splendor; and, above all, let the sentiment be American and republican; and then the great and good will support it, the noble and the just shall attend upon it; and, reader, call not these ideas vague and imaginary hallucinations of an admirer of the finest of arts, for these things can and shall be done, even in our times.

The most distinguished orators of antiquity have acknowledged their indebted-

ness to the stage. Demosthenes owed his improvement to Satignis, the tragedian; and Cicero confessed his obligation to Roscius, his preceptor and friend: and to come down to our own time, my readers, he whose eloquence eclipsed, on one occasion at least, all the orators of the world, was himself the manager of a theater. On that memorable occasion Lord Byron said of the orator:

When the loud cry of trampled Hindoetan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath, the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations, through his lips, and
blazed
Till vanquished Senates trembled as they praised.

And now, patient reader, we have been handling what some call a delicate subject. However, you shall be my jury; and deem it not egotism if I tell you I have dared to say thus much, being *conscia recti* in this matter.

Therefore we will hope that the dawn of a brighter day for the drama has appeared. The drama, that has withstood the persecutions of bigotry and superstition; the drama, which has survived the decay of empires and religions; the drama, consecrated as it now is, by the divine genius of Shakspeare, shall descend to all posterity, and with its voice of ever-living truth awaken the slumbering ages.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

Second Article.

ORGANIZED EMIGRATION.

FOR the last generation the nation of the United States has passed through a memorable era in its progress, which will, in future ages, be commemorated as a distinguished period in its history. The surplus population of the older states, with countless throngs of foreign emigration, have overflowed the bounds of the East, and besides aiding much in the increase of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, &c., have taken possession of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa; and are pouring now, with still more determined pertinacity, into Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota,

and upon the shores of Lake Superior. The same restless desire of "possessing the land" is not confined to these sections; we have seen its force directed upon the shores of the Pacific, in California, and extending itself into Oregon and Washington, until States are forming there, and pressing to to claim admission into the Union. It has also spread itself southward, though with less impetuosity, and adding materially to the aggregate of population in Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, &c.—and covets with insatiable greediness the possessions of Mexico and Central America, and the Island of Cuba. That there is a strange infatuation behind this movement of population—a wonderful under-current of an indefinable impulse, which can not be accounted for on the common laws that govern society, it will not be denied. We can readily suppose it to be one of the enthusiasms of an age, an ideality which shows the overshadowing power of the intellectual and spiritual over the material, which must have its way. We can see it as the spontaneous rush of the world on its career of progress and manifest destiny, the source of which is in the unsearchable purposes of the divine will. We see in it the progress of the fulfillment of the decree which commands all the creation to "possess and replenish the earth." For another generation must this work of the world's expansion, and extension of population to the new lands of the new world, go on. How much more we know not.

When the government lands, which now lie spread over many territories, shall have been exhausted, and there is no longer a new country to be settled, (which will be at the rate of the past, when another generation of progress has gone by,) then there will be time for filling up and finishing up the country. We do not expect to see our new States brought to the highest degree of perfection, so long as there are such strong inducements to settle new lands. But the tide of emigration, and the desire to take possession of and improve new countries never was more prevalent than at the present time. It is our purpose to consider how best this cur-

rent of emigration can be conducted, and the greatest good derived from this, emphatically the impulse of the age.

We have before intimated the fact, that emigration has been the work of individuals, each acting from an impulse of his own, yet on the whole making up a great movement of the people. Each individual removing from an old to a new State, has done so as an individual enterprise, which was conducted on principles and suppositions as if he were the only individual who had entered upon that course of life. He expected to pioneer his own way, select the best ground he could find to locate a farm, make such improvements as his own energies would allow, and his own enterprise lead him to succeed in, governing himself by the experience which he might learn for himself, living by himself, and for himself, until society, by natural laws, and process of time, should again form about him. This has been the usual course, and too much the experience of the emigrants, who have settled in the States which are now the older of the Western States. Emigration has since become so much an institution of the times, that "other inventions have been sought out," and many facilities offered to every new settler in any of the territories east of the Rocky Mountains, which the early pioneer knew not of. It is conducted too, on more rational principles, and without the disruption of society, and the destruction of all social privileges. Colonization is naturally now done up more scientifically.

Our present purpose is to encourage emigration and settlement by combination, and by an organized system, through the association of individuals. This should be done, to relieve the pioneer emigrant from many of the disadvantages which encounter him as an individual. By association, the emigrants will be to each other a protection against the calamities which might attend each of them single-handed. They will in each other have combination to bear one another's burdens—to mutually advise each other; help one another in all emergencies, wherein one of society is de-

pendant on the aid of the many. If sick, there will be some to help; and in the counsel of the many there will be safety to the one or few who may be disposed to seek information and be willing to be guided by the advice which the larger number and the more thoroughly experienced may give.

There are, too, always precious privileges to be gained from society, for by associated colonization, society is carried along with the colony. They will have the benefits and pleasures of association with friends, and friendly attachments made the stronger by the fact of removal to scenes of a more trying nature, and the sense of mutual dependence.

There is also in the pioneer's life much labor to be performed, and much expenditure of effort, which can be better done by combination than by single hand. The cabin is first to be built—in timber country, and almost everywhere, where timber can be obtained, this is to be made of logs. In the prairie country, the cabin is made of lumber, purchased at Chicago, or at a distant market, on some railroad line; or at a mill, which may occasionally be found at an extensive grove, or in the bottom lands of the rivers, which are sometimes heavily timbered. In other sections there is stone suitable for building in great abundance, and the cheapest as well as the best of houses can be made from stone. Sometimes cheap houses are made from "cobles," or of coarse gravel, called "grout." These houses, to be good, will take time, and require much experience in the builder. The making of the houses or cabins of the first settlers, is the work of neighbors, and the colony brings its own neighbors within itself, and the work of cabin-erection goes on until every family has its home. One will do for the whole until another can be made; and as others are made, family conveniences are extended, until every one, as it should, has a home for itself, as there is a whole truth in the remark that "no house is large enough for two families." Then there is the first land to be ploughed, the prairie broken, or the sod of the openings, or the clearings of the woods, to be turned over. Combination of team or help

will do all this the more speedily and successfully. The first crops gathered can be done all the better by resort to the essence of the motto, "help one another." The doctrine of brotherhood, though it may be a babyish sentimentalism, in common relations of life, where there is less dependence on kindly offices, is really of the highest practical utility in a new settlement.

Our most earnest injunction to those who propose to become emigrants, is to form or join some association, and let that association be continued until the struggles of the first settlement are passed. It should begin with neighbors and acquaintances, and those of the same region of country, and who are actuated by a common sympathy. It should be organized before the settlers leave their old homes. It should be made up with the larger proportion of farmers, and should include the proper proportion of mechanics, especially carpenters, masons, and a blacksmith. Any mechanic required in any society East will find a place in the organization of a new community in the West. The pioneer's most valuable assistants will be the steam engine, a portable saw mill, and a run of stone for a grist and flouring mill. The steam engine may be useful also in driving other machinery required by the first residents. These conveniences can easily be provided by the aid of association. They may all go out with the company, or be sent in advance. The way should be prepared by investigations and arrangements of an agent sent out as a forerunner—a man experienced in Western life—who should select the location, enter the land, &c.; and a few of the most energetic of the company should precede the main body, for the purpose of setting up the engine and saw mill, and putting up a few houses, and getting things in as comfortable a state as possible. The women and children should be reserved for the second installment of the settlement.

Forecast and arrangement, something after this plan, will ensure success to any colony scheme. A better location can be secured where the selection is made by the examination and consultation of a number

of persons acquainted with the country, and who have had experience in pioneer life. One or two of such persons should be connected with every colonial experiment. The settlers thus combining will find their transition, not from civilization to barbarism, but an easy transition from one locality to another—a transplantation, in fact, from an old home to a new home, with most of the cherished blessings of their own loved neighborhood circles. This combination gives rapid value to the land they have taken up, and very soon they find themselves surrounded by a populous, well-improved country—with wider fields and broader acres, more fertile soil, and more abundant crops—and enjoying an easier life with independence, as the owners of large farms, of sterling value in the market, graduated by the amount of improvements, and the facilities with which the crops can be marketed and turned into money.

CHURCHES AND CHURCH CHOIRS IN CHICAGO.

NEARLY the whole of the present population of Chicago are strangers to the things of 1833, a period twenty-four years ago, when the red men occasionally outnumbered the white men. I mention this date, because then it was, that the "settlement" first began to assume a shape, and aspire to the dignity of a semblance to a municipal government, though the first election for city officers under a charter did not take place till 1837. Some who now groan under an enormous load of special and general assessments may wish that its aspirations had risen no higher than the village trustees of 1833, believing the simplest form of government to be the most economical, and productive of the most good; but to such we are compelled to say, "you are behind the age;" the nineteenth century is a progressive one. "Fast" is the motto, and so it will be, though to some the results appear "loose." If such a one still loves the swaddling clothes and the system of infant cities, let him "go west;" there are more foundations yet to be laid; but I digress, and must, as the cat said, who inherited

the propensity of chasing her cat-astrophe—"to our tale."

On the corner of South-Water and Franklin streets, on the ground where O. Jackson's splendid brick store now is, a small, unpretending frame tenement stood; the first floor of which was fitted and used as a meeting house, the first place exclusively devoted to Protestant worship in the city after leaving the kindly shelter afforded by the Government Fort, then standing adjacent to the ground now occupied by the Light House.

The Roman Catholics had built a small seven-by-nine affair on Lake street; and these two, with a log hut on the North-Branch, just above the forks of the river, where Brother See, of the Methodist persuasion, and gunsmith to the Indians, occasionally, held forth to the "ignorammuses," (as he termed the unbelievers,) were all the temples Chicago could boast, where "stated preaching" was had, as the "singing was omitted;" and excepting in the dwellings of private citizens, these furnished the only foothold for God's worship; either in preaching, singing or praying, in the village of Chicago. In the first mentioned building, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists all met for worship; and such was the harmony of feeling, and simple-hearted view of the road to Heaven in those barbarous days, that it was no uncommon sight to see three clergymen jointly ministering to the mixed flock, during the same morning service. Close communionists had not then got so far west, and at funerals (for they died then as now) I have heard differing creeds agree that such a one "was happy now."

There were then happy brethren. Bros. Porter, Freeman, and Whitehead, often side by side, perched up at one end of the room behind a structure meant for a pulpit, which looked no larger than a decent sized ice box, broke the bread of life to the waiting few; but my heart saddens when I reflect how few of those remain, and to how many of those who read these lines, their chief interest will be lost.

The choir in those days was the whole

assembly; exclusive singers, with exclusive rights, and exclusive seats, was an innovation on primitive worship reserved for the days when churches should be dedicated, as if the nearer we approached God by using only houses exclusively set apart for His service and worship, so much the farther should we separate portions of his praises from the worshippers, by having it done, sometimes, by those who sang "with the understanding," but sometimes by those whose understanding appreciated negro minstrelsy better. Think of it a moment, ye handful, who are left of that early band, who listened to the preaching of Allen Freeman:—What would you have said if the man who led your Sabbath praises, was the same who blackened his face the other six days, and repeatedly assured you that "Old Dog Tray's ever faithful," or "such a gittin up stairs he never did see."

The style in which the singing was executed in the sanctuary before mentioned, was the last effort at Congregational singing known in the Presbyterian Church in Chicago; with the exodus of the mixed flock from this temple, went out also this style of singing praise. The artistically disposed singers of the present day, in Chicago-as-it-is, may sneer as they read, to think that a congregation could be content with such means and appliances in church worship; but it may be that the heart had more to do with it then, than now.

The timbers were at length hewed and squared for the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago, and were set up on the prairie, now the corner of the alley on the west side of Clark street, between Lake and Randolph, each one, according as he was able, gave his mite to aid in the construction; one worked at the turner's lathe to prepare the columns that adorned the pulpit; some worked in the mortar bed, and all labored who could, for a common desire actuated the members, which was, not only to have a house exclusively set apart for worship, but when done to be free from that crushing incubus, which oppresses and weighs down too many of our magnificent churches—*debt*.

It was finished, and dedicated on Saturday, 4th January, 1834—the thermometer standing at 15 degrees below zero at noon. The Rev. Jeremiah Porter, the pastor, preached the sermon. It was an unpretending structure, about 40 by 60, and to the stranger, it might appear to be either a meeting house, or a school house. I well remember the look, and feeling of pride and satisfaction with which the pastor showed his church to clergymen visiting from other parts. His remark was, "This is the house which, by the blessing of God, my good people have built." It was used for a school-house where the second district school in Chicago was taught; public meetings, lyceums and concerts were once also held there; indeed, being the largest room in the village, it was not only used as a church, but as a sort of Town Hall. The first amateur concert in Chicago was held in it in December, 1835—the house filled, with tickets at 50 cents—and strange to say, there was no negro minstrelsy. Of the performers, not more than half are now living, and but one now resides in the city. It was in this house, also, that the first Episcopal service was held in Chicago. When the population increased, and real estate advanced in value, God's house was discovered to be in the way, and it was removed and enlarged. The same barn-like style of architecture being preserved, which style for many years after came so much in vogue in building houses for worship, that it led a stranger, as he was passing through Chicago to remark, "He had frequently heard of God's House, but he had never seen His *barn* before." It may yet be found on Dearborn street, converted to other uses. The approaches to this church when first built were of such a character as to test the zeal of churchgoers at that time. On turning "Dole's corner" from the East, or coming from the North, ferrying the river in a canoe, it was necessary to traverse a miry pond or slough, after which came the daring feat of walking a round log to avoid the mire before reaching the fence around "Dr. Goodhue's yellow house," by clinging effectually to this fence, tho "bridge of benches"

was gained, which, when passed, landed the church people on the steps of the sanctuary. Some of the "upper ten" in those days owned a horse and cart, and in this democratic conveyance, seated on Buffalo robes, they were duly "backed up" and "dumped" on the door step dry-shod. With the arrival at the church door the perils of the journey thither were forgotten, and for the brief period the happy few remained together, all was harmony and single-hearted piety. The road to the sanctuary, we see, was somewhat tedious and difficult, but the avenues to the sinner's heart were much easier of access. The people were poor. In the new church, the singing was led by Sergeant Burtiss, from the Garrison, and prayer meeting was led by the Major, known as good old Major Wilcox. Many were the pious and instructive discourses enjoyed here. The following extract from a sermon delivered on Sunday, March 30, 1834, might apply with peculiar force to the present time. The text was from Matthew 19th, 22nd. "And he went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions."

"There is no probability of going to heaven with the world in one hand.—There are perhaps many of our friends and acquaintances who are of amiable dispositions, and for whom we have the most tender love, who may have kept the commandments, and fulfilled the requirements of the law from their youth up, and yet lack one thing—they have perhaps much riches, and being sorrowful at the prospect—if the requirements of the gospel are complied with—have gone away sorrowful."

His affectionate exhortations and warnings to the church might, perhaps, have continued to benefit them to this day, had not an evil hour arrived when a speculative mania seized the ruling Elders, and as their views on pecuniary matters and the value of lots expanded, so seemed their views to change of the eligibility of him who had in charge their spiritual affairs; discontented murmurs at his labors reached his ears, among which the following may serve as a sample of the soundness of the reasons for

his removal, or of the wisdom of the Deacons who started the disaffection:—One said, he was of "too small a stature," and another, who had just pocketed a very large advance on unproductive real estate, said "they wanted a man who would not go all over creation to make a prayer."

What man or minister, who entertained any "distinguished consideration," or feeling of regard for himself, could any longer consent to labor for a people whose exponents were his opponents? and were willing to entertain, not him, but the thoughts as before expressed on the subject of his dismission.

The good man feeling that his Master's cause could be better served, and things pertaining to His kingdom better advanced by a separation, and concluding that the days of our life are much too short, wherein to do our whole duty to our God and our fellow man, to permit that any be wasted, resigned his charge and left this primitive church, bending his steps still towards the setting sun, to find some spot where people were less selfish and more grateful—moved more by religious feeling than speculative impulse—where he might avoid those faces which seemed formed only to scowl hope out of countenance; desirous, if possible, to find a sphere in which to do his Master's will, where people would not be moved to dissolve the pastoral relation because "the town was growing," or because it was necessary "to keep up with the times," which it is supposed, with proper interpretation, means that the unsophisticated exhibition of truth, as set forth by him in 1833, was not refined enough for the easy slumbering of some consciences which were expected to come in with the tide of emigration, as the town increased.

The unchristian course pursued in the unceremonious dismissal of this first Presbyterian minister, is somewhat lengthily discussed, and may, to many who read, seem too much so, particularly to the general reader; but to any of the "old folks" whose eye this article meets, the remarks will commend themselves. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." The Herald's College

of Nature gave him his armorial bearings, stamping him of noble lineage, when he came from the hand of his Maker, empowered and commissioned to perform his sacred trust. No blood so noble as the humble spirit of a saint. A good man ever aims to walk with those who are princes among the wise, yet ever ready to linger among the weepers at the sepulchre.

It was a conceded point, however, that no one who had ever tried frontier preaching and cure of souls, as it was in those days in Chicago, had endured more privations or received scantier pay than he.

But his departure from Chicago was one of the things decreed. The church doors were closed and opened not again for a long period, except when an itinerant "dispenser of truth" was caught roving—a class known in those days as "prairie preachers," or unless some one, resting here over Sunday, who started on a tour of inspection, to try his preaching skill in the West, and use over again his "yellow literature," which had been preached in the "Hollow" or "Four Corners" down East, until said discourses had not only become yellow but also familiar.

Many such stood up in the First Church and helped the sheep to pray for a shepherd; but for a long and weary time no shepherd came. Probably the fate of the former one deterred many from the attempt to minister to a people who were so unco' wilfu' as to desire "to change with the times."

During this delay the population increased, and as might be expected the numbers of those increased who drank of the water of life from the great fountain head, in a cup of the Presbyterian shape. The call necessarily became proportionately urgent, and attracted the attention of some who were about changing climate on account of health or other causes. With the increased urgency of the call, came also rumors of increased offers of salary; and what man, however spiritually minded, is proof against the temptations offered by opportunity of increase in creature comforts. Finally, that which their needy spiritual state failed to secure, higher pecuniary offers seemed to

command, and a new shepherd came, and "stated preaching" again commenced.

But the church that had been a Canaan to the exile, an Ararat to many a shattered ark, was strangely altered—the mellow feeling in the heart had grown cold, and many who still professed to follow Christ seemed content to do it as Peter did, afar off.

It will be remembered that two great objections were raised against the former incumbent, viz: Small stature and rambling propensities in prayer; but as the frogs rejected all kings till the stork came, so did these fastidious elders reject all preachers who did not come up to their mark. At last, as we remarked, he came, with portly person, sonorous voice, and a power in prayer, which must certainly have convinced the luke-warm that there was such a warfare as taking heaven by storm.

THE SELF-IMPRISONED TOURIST.

A SKETCH OF LIFE AND SCENERY ON THE RHINE.

THE Rhine is probably the most interesting, as well as the most celebrated resort in Europe, for the tourist and pleasure-seeker. Perhaps the point of greatest interest is the few miles between St. Goar and Bacharach. These places are midway between the important towns of Coblenz, at the mouth of the Moselle; and Bingen, at the mouth of the Nahe. This section of the Rhine winds between high and jagged basaltic mountains, which pressing together, form the narrow and deep channel of the river. All along these mountain shores, scattered thickly on the narrow causeway, or hanging on its rocky sides, are the ruins of ancient castles and towers, and towns which had their origin earlier than the earliest records of European history. This locality is a vine-growing and wine-making country. Some of the most delicious wines used in the higher circles of European society, are made from the grapes grown on these hills and mountain sides. A picturesque sight in the season of vegetation, are the fields and slopes of the vine groves spread over all their sunny sides. The imagination can hardly conceive of scenery more wild

and beautiful, mingled with indications of the highest degree of cultivation and civilization. The mountain tops are crowned with stately castles, most of them in ruins, but some of them in good condition, having in modern times been rebuilt and restored to their original splendor. On these mountain sides are vines of the wine grape; and as we float up or down the current of the river, we trace the vines in pictured forms in all directions, in rows stretching up the hill sides, or in green belts surrounding them, trailing over the terraces, which rise one above the other, like the steps upon the pyramids—or scattered here and there in patches and clusters, wherever resting-places could be found for the roots of the vine, or the feet of the vine-dresser.

The Rhine rises in the heart of Western Europe, among the mountain ranges of the Alps. The melting snows and icy springs of these mountains and valleys, flow into the channel of the upper Rhine, and thence, in a serpentine course, this river winds its way northward, gathering other tributaries, crossing the upper plains of Germany, and in its progress, encountering the volcanic ranges, forcing itself through crooked defiles, and sweeping by volcanoes long extinguished, it reaches the North Sea. In ages past, by slow process, its currents have washed down the debris, and formed the immense tract of low land around the Zuyder Zee, on which the kingdom of Holland now rests.

There are peculiar historical and antique associations clustering about the Rhine and its rugged scenery. It has been marked by deeds of heroism in all ages. Here the Cæsars magnified their heroic greatness, and here has been the theatre of display for other of history's great men; Clovis, Charlemagne, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. The armies of the Romans, in olden times; and of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, of more modern days, have crossed its turbid tide, sustained terrific scenes of slaughter upon its shores; and have shook its stern old hills with the thunder of their artillery. Many of the old castles have been upheaved from their

deep foundations upon the everlasting rocks, by the explosion of mines laid in their deepest vaults.

From one of the high peaks near St. Goar we behold one of Nature's most sublime displays in rough and broken scenery, in endless variety of ridges, peaks, and jagged elevations. For a few miles only can we mark to the east of us, the rapid current of the Rhine, for its course is changed by mountains round which it bends to make its way to the ocean. On the side of these innumerable mountains, or on the topmost peak of all, as if in mock triumph over the encircling hills, are those immortal works of antiquity—the castles of the Rhine. Here and there nestling in the valleys, or resting upon the more eligible slopes of the hills, or stretching along the margin of the river, some in a single street, are the towns and hamlets in which the vine-dressers and peasantry reside. This whole Rhine section, which we have at this time in our mind's eye, and which the eye of the traveller can compass from one of these mountain tops, is peculiarly rich in the lore of antiquity as well as in the aspects of nature. Here within sound of the booming gun, are the rocky-hedged towns of St. Goar, and, across the river, St. Goarhausen, Caub and Lorch—back again to the west side, Oberwesel and Bacharach. Within the distance of a few miles are the ruins of a large number of feudal castles, which have become distinguished in history, and for their antique character.

This section of the Rhine is therefore the sacred ground of the student and tourist. Some of these points are the daily resort of multitudes of travelers from the United States, England, and other parts of the continent; and the income derived from the gratification of the curiosity of strangers, has become a reliable resource for the support of the people, on which they depend as much as upon the vine product. Others of these places, as Bacharach, are retired and quiet nooks—where the man of business, the poet and the dreamer, or the man of wealth, tired of business and life, may hide himself, in

hamlet seclusion, with humble, honest people, with magnificent nature and deeply impressive monumental ruins, telling of man's perishable greatness, and God's unchangeable goodness.

Not many years ago a traveler from some part of England, who was making the tour of the continent, wandered away to this portion of the Rhine country, in order to rusticate at leisure among the mountains, vine-clad hills, and ruined castles of this enchanted region. He was without companions, wandering, observing, and studying the historic lessons, which the antiquities and customs of the people opened to him. He was charmed with the scenery—grand and sublime—as the great lesson taught by the great Architect, in the structure of the frame work of the earth. He rambled among the hamlets and visited the people in their employments. He wandered on the mountains, and took pleasure in the infinite variety of landscape which they presented. He mingled with vine-dressers on their mountain terraces, while training their plants hung in the crevices of the rocks like eagles' nests, from which are gathered the fruits that produce the choicest of wines. He mingled with people in the villages, and learned there the customs of the country, and the simple forms of society in these rustic settlements. He visited the "Domkirke" and "Munsterkirke," the churches and cathedrals, and every place of curiosity which the towns afforded. The museum and gallery of paintings were not forgotten. Here are gathered relics, curiosities, and illustrations of arts and sciences of past ages. He saw and handled the Roman coins dug out of the earth, which were the currency of the people in Rome's palmyest days. He handled the short sword, spear and shield, which centuries before belonged to some soldier of that Republic which conquered the world. The blade is hacked, and the shield has the marks of many a well contested battle, now dimly shadowed forth on the pages of history. Here are other signs indicating the ways of living in those olden days. Here are the relics of ancient saints, and

which latter saints have preserved from age to age. Here are the sandals which the Apostles wore—domestic articles said to have been handled by the Savior himself—some of the wood of the cross on which he suffered—and the bones of the followers who were martyred for his cause. Here too are the works of master painters, which are living pictures, in which is all the immortality which genius can give to its subject. They are now speaking the same lesson to beholders, that they did when Rubens or Angelo first painted them. Here are the works of sculptors, of ancient times, made by those who thought it no impiety to make gods with their chisels; and here they exist yet, sublime creations of human genius—unchangeable; specimens of some inspired son of Rome, which will exist as long as the world stands, though the greatness of the nation has passed away. Here are the tombs of the bishops and princes, who lived a thousand years ago. Here are their pictures and their sculptured forms. Here are their swords, helmets, and mitres. Here is the armour worn by knights and warriors. Here are the weapons used before gunpowder was invented, and the first firelocks and arms used after its introduction—specimens which contrasted with Sharp's rifle of to-day, or with the Egyptian plow and the cast steel plow of 1857; or the chariot of Pharaoh with the locomotive of the modern railroad, show the progress of improvement. Here are the trophies of war, gathered in conflicts with different nations; and here can be found more of the significant finger marks of Napoleon's strange and wonderful career than of any other of the world's heroes. Here are the fragments of his exploded shells, some of his thundering cannon, and his artillery wheels, and the balls which he had hurled in torrents upon the walls of these castles until they fell before his power.

Not less interested was the traveler in the peculiar mythology of this country. The Rhine abounds in curious legends and marvelous stories of ghosts and dragons, of spirits, angels, and the devil—stories which superstition has conjured up from

the naturally romantic and wonderful associations of the regions. In the minds of this singular people, there is a strange mixture of the spiritual and material. The sounds of the winds sweeping through the valleys, the echo from shore to shore, are voices of the spirits. The outline of the rocky projection of the mountain side, in form of a huge human face, is transformed into a monster-marr, bound by some evil spirit under the pile of hills. Mysterious beings inhabit the dismantled castles—men are turned into stags, maids into echoes. There are spirits of the rocks, spirits of the woods, and of the waters; the devil that flew away with the mountain, the giant that stole the twelve barbers of Bacharach, the devil's stone at Teufelstein, and his ladder at Teufelsleiter, words which when translated tell their own story. Of this peculiar mythology, it is not strange that he should be strongly impressed, not by faith, but by way of curiosity, and as a study into the ideality of the human race.

On moonlight nights he was seen upon the rapid currents of the river, in a Rhine hand-boat—sometimes swinging from shore to shore on the swing ferry, accompanying the ferryman that he might have the joy of studying the scenery of the Rhine by moonlight. He marked the moonbeams glistening on the tops of the crags, on old wall-ruins, on the vine rows extending up the glittering sides, and the shadows of the dark caverns between the hills, where came not the light of the moon, whose bright face was reflected in the waters; and the stars twinkling there in companionship, while dark monster figures were cast upon its surface by the interposing mountain top, or the walls of towers and battlements in ruins.

In the cool of the morning, while the sun in the east poured down its mild beams upon the eastern slope of the mountains, on the western side of the river, he would stroll along the graded carriage way from St. Goar to Oberwesel, from Oberwesel to Bacharach, which followed the course of the river, and part of the way dug out of the mountain side. Over this carriage way

hung threatening projecting ledges, which have held for ages past the stern threatening finger to every traveler that dared to pass under their frowns. Hawthorn trees, and willows, which trail their branches over the way, in the morning were dripping with dew. Vines and flowers intermingled their beauties with rocks and trees. Such are the footpaths, by river side, and mountain side—and mid works of man in splendor or in ruins,—in which he day by day wandered, and day by day pondered.

On one of the finest summer days, when the atmosphere was clear, mild and balmy, and when ripening fruits and flowers scattered their odors everywhere—he wandered away alone upon one of the more distant hills, to visit the ruins of an old castle, which by its strange somber look, had long invited him to a more familiar acquaintance. It was one of those ruins which had been utterly despoiled and abandoned to the habitations of bats, owls, and lizards; its silence being rarely disturbed by the footsteps of the traveler.

Our tourist pursued the main road for a distance, meeting with peasants on their way to their daily toil, followed by barefooted laughing boys and girls. He turns into less frequented paths, roads only made for the accommodation of the grape culturists upon the mountain side. Inquiring the way as well as he could of the laborers in the vineyards and of the farms, he makes his way towards the ruins which stand on the mountain side, as the most prominent object of observation. Into by-paths he turns, which seem to lead in the direction; and less and less distinct becomes the path as he clambered on. He lifts himself up by the roots and trunks of the trees, resting himself on a foot-hold of a rock, until at length he gains the plateau on which the castle stands. There are no guides here, for "kruitzers," or "sons," to show him through the ruins. This is not a favorite resort of visitors, though the ruins are sometimes visited, for the path through the ancient portcullis is a trodden one, and all over the interior are marks of foot-prints and hand-prints—and pencil and knife drawings and sculpture—of those

who occasionally come here to muse on the solitude of those ruins, and in dreams with the spirits of the past. He enters into the court, which is surrounded by walls that once enclosed splendid halls—but now yawn with rough open spaces from which have fallen the doors and windows. Colonades are broken off, cornices have fallen down, and balustrades hang threateningly over immense precipices below. Brambles and briars have woven net-works across the entrances to halls and vaults; moss has grown upon the facades; vines have trailed up the broken columns and over the shattered balconies; and grass grows upon the turrets. Towers have tumbled down in heaps of ruins at their feet, which are covered with earth, giving root to vines and nettles. The winds howl through spaces in the walls in which were once doors and windows; and the sun pours its rays upon the head of the traveler, in halls without roofs. Here are flights of stairs adhering to the walls with no chambers above them, and chambers to which no stairs afford an entrance. A circular flight leads through a dark winding passage—footsteps have worn the stone to an insecure foothold—winding up to an elevation surmounted by crumbling rocks, intermingled with earth, in which grass and flowers have been planted and nurtured by time alone. In the vaults below the work of ruin has progressed more slowly; and there are apartments and cells here nearly as complete as when last emptied of their wine stores.

He passes outside of the main wall, through a port-hole, from the edge of which fragment after fragment has crumbled, until no form or comeliness is left to the opening, which is now simply a "hole through the wall." There he stands upon a narrow promenade. From this point he overlooks the Rhine, and the little towns that nestled down by the water side, and castles that stand on rival elevations—stern competitors for pre-eminence. Every object in range of the sight is presented with a distinct vividness. From this position he discovers the laborers in the vineyards on the adjoining hill-sides, women carrying

their fruit in baskets upon their heads, the people moving about in the streets of the villages, and in the activities of life incident to that rural district. Below, the steamers ply their way against the current, rolling up the sparkling waters, leaving a path of silvery foam behind. Every sound reverberates with a clear distinctness.

Then he descended to the hitherto unexplored recesses of the subterranean vaults and passages under the ruins. The castle stood upon the side of the mountain; a tier of its under-ground rooms were lighted and ventilated by apertures and windows from its elevated sides. Down many a winding staircase, and through arched passages and vaults partly in ruins, he explored his way—sometimes hesitating and shuddering lest he should be lost in an under-ground labyrinth. Yet his curiosity and interest in these dimly lighted repositories of olden mysteries led him on, and into caves opening back into the bowels of the earth, the end of which was only darkness, into which he could not penetrate. Below these were deeper vaults still, entered by descending spiral stairways, to which impenetrable darkness was a barrier.

Into one of these rooms, under the main tower, with openings on two sides, he entered. There was but one way of access to this cell, and that was through the opening of a stone door which was yet hanging upon its rusty hinges, thrown back against the wall. There it had probably stood on its massive hinges for generations without being closed. This door was made of a large flag-stone, and beveled to fit the opening, so that when closed it formed the continuation of a perfect wall—the stone casement to the unfortunate victim enclosed within. It had in former times unquestionably been used as a prisoner's cell, and perhaps had been the scene of the lingering death by starvation of many a criminal, or unfortunate wight who had offended the lord of the castle.

With fool-hardy recklessness our castle-explorer laid his hands upon this huge door and attempted to turn it upon its rusty, massy hinges. At first his strength could not overcome the resistance of its immense

weight and the corroded adhesion of its hinges. At length it breaks the rusty cementation, and grinding and creaking on its joints, it moves upon its turning point. Slowly it is swung forward from its place back-folded against the wall, moving the easier as it swings out. At right angles it stands vibrating upon a balance-point; then it inclines forward with a leaden force. It slipped from his hands and closed into its place like a clap of distant thunder, reverberating through those vaulted subterranean chambers—the closed stone door, which no man having shut could open—enclosing within, the entrapped and thunder-stricken tourist and pleasure-seeker on the banks of the Rhine.

From the consternation of the moment, he rallied to a consciousness of his appalling situation. He was entombed alive in a vault of one of the unfrequented ruins of the Rhine. He had been the executioner of his own doom. The stone door had been artfully contrived, like the springing of a trap, to fall into its place with the force of its own weight. So heavy was it, that it defied any force of a man from within to open it. There were neither lock nor bolts, or handle to hang upon, to drag it back. Its joints fitted closely, and no crevice was left for the fingers, or instrument to be inserted as a pry to force it back. A period of terrible and stunning reflection followed. The apertures through which the obstructed light peered would not admit of the passage of a man. Above was the stone ceiling—underneath was the stone floor—on either side were the impenetrable stone walls; around were the rocky encasements, which held him as inflexibly as the iron-shroud. No human ear could be reached by appeals for help, though he might hear the distant murmurs of the life and joys of liberty without. Few visitors came to the castle, and they rarely descended into those lower vaults. Days of repining, of torture by hunger, of harrowing fears of lingering but certain death, were stalking before him; while mocked with the sight of sunlight, and joy, and gladness, and liberty, and life, outside his prison walls. So must he perish, as brother men without number had,

perchance, perished in that same *tomb of the living*.

The day was now drawing to a close. The shadows of the mountains, behind which the sun had already gone down, cast a deathly gloom over the eastern slope of the mountain and the side of the prison through which he looked out on life.—Across the Rhine, on the distant hills, the light of the sun still shone clearly and beautifully; it was hope in the distance. No stone could he find that he could remove, and so pick a way through the wall. No flag could he raise from the floor, for an outlet below. Halloing for help from the little window brought back no response; the hills and woods around, more merciless than the rocky embankment of the river at Lurlei, gave back no answering echo to his calls:

Night soon came on, and its shades seemed to deepen around him with a leaden weight, that was crushing him to the stone pavement, which must be his couch for the night, and after a few more such nights of horror, must become his tomb. As the sun went down, and darkness came over the hills, Oh! how dreadful grew the deepening shadows of his cell; how terribly dark when the last rays had departed! The little aperture was the only spot in the range of his vision. Soon the moon came up; then the distant mountain tops were silvered o'er. The gloomy old castles on the neighboring hills, which he had in bright sunlight gazed upon with such delight, now stood out well defined in the moonlight, and their sombre walls gave back some response in its reflected rays. He gathered himself to this iron-bound window, and clung to the prospect through the narrow opening as tenaciously as if the dim views of the scenes without were as necessary to his physical being as the atmosphere was to his lungs. Through this same aperture shone the feeble moonbeams; yet how welcome to our desolate prisoner, for it was a palliative to the dread darkness of the cell, made the more horrible from his forebodings that its very darkness was but the foreshadowing of the night of death. In the few fearful hours

of the first half of the night, his dreadful condition so worked upon his mind, that the rays of the moon through the little opening and the darker shadows of the corner of his cell, played horrid pranks and conjured up frightful pictures of the imagination. These grew up into the outline of spirits and ghosts, which, with the voices of the winds sweeping over the ruins, and through its vaults, became the real presence of the beings of the nether world.

Nature was soon exhausted by this extreme tension of mind and nerves, and the unfortunate self-imprisoned man sank down upon the stone floor, and in dreams not less horrid than his waking realities, he passed the night. He was awakened by the sun shining from over the eastern hills, and through the window, directly in his face.

He was aroused to a bitter consciousness of what had passed—his hopeless condition—with scarce a possibility of escape. The calmness which succeeded his partial rest, however, prepared him to act with some deliberation as to the means to be used for his extrication. Again he carefully considered every probable chance of escape by his own efforts. He found in his search for means of exit a number of small fragments of rocks not larger than nuts, which had either fallen from the ceiling, or had been, from some unknown cause, deposited in the cell. It occurred to him that possibly by the aid of these small stones he might make his condition known to some chance person wandering by the castle. He first attempted to put out from his opening a flag signal of distress. The thickness of the wall rendered this impracticable. He then fell back upon his last and only resource, as an experiment. From the strong linen texture of his outer garment he extracted the warp threads, and twisting a number of them together, he formed twine for his purpose; from a voluminous memorandum book he tore the blank pages, and upon them wrote in brief sentences, in such German words as he understood, and in good English, a statement of his situation, begging for help to relieve him. These pages he tied each to some of the small stones he found upon his

prison floor. A large number of these messengers he prepared in this way. They were to be sent out, as Noah sent out the messenger-dove from the ark, and with far less prospect that they would be heard from again. These missiles he hurled out as far as possible over the mountain side, from the little orifices of his window. With the skill of a practised hand, to which hope gave direction and force, he threw out the little messengers of distress beyond the face of the wall, over the tops of the surrounding trees. He could hear them, as they flew out of his sight, click and clip the leaves and branches of the trees, in their outward and downward progress, until lost in the silence of their deep descent. Desperation lent force to the muscular power by which they were propelled. Having dispatched a large number of them in this form, he tore up parts of his garments, and in the same manner attaching them to the small stones, both for balance and ballast, they were in the same way thrown out upon the world, with as much hope as that “bread cast upon the waters would return after many days.”

So he plied himself to his task from time to time, as the day wore on. Well was it that his memorandum book, and the threads of his garment, and the fragmentary rocks still remained. Night closed upon him, and he had heard nothing of his messenger doves. No cheering evidence of deliverance, but another night even more dreadful than the past, was before him.—The day had passed without sustenance of any kind. The luncheon and flask of grape juice, with which he had supplied his pocket when he started on his luckless jaunt, had been exhausted ere he had found a lodgment in the cave of death. One day had passed without a particle of nourishment. A night of suffering and horror was before him—and that night came and went—as other nights to other men—but to none other as to him.

The next day dawned gloomily—a splendid day upon the Rhine—with him a day of hopeless gloom, as before. Our despairing friend was now wild and feverish. The overwrought condition of the last thirty-

six hours had done the work of years upon his life. His countenance was haggard, his eyes were glazing over with the hopelessness of despair. With less energy he applied himself to the task of sending out, like flying doves, his little bulletins, which was only like asking of the winds, relief. Before the close of the second day the last leaf of his book had been superscribed and sent off, to follow the fate of its cloud of predecessors.

Then came the third night, with its overwhelming despair, and visions of disordered imagination. Its flickering shadows fell upon an intellect robbed of its acuteness by previous suffering. Towards morning he slumbered more quietly than ever before, for in the weakness of his body, his soul had flown off in dreams, to visit the delightful retreats of home, and to revel in the companionship of brothers and sisters, and in the scenery of vividly pictured childhood. And while thus wandering in delightful, yet to him strange lands, the sun arose; it poured its beams, as on the first morning of the entombment, full in the face of the sleeper. It came very soothingly, as the sun's mild rays in the morning always do. It awakened him not. More intently still was he dreaming and reveling in the regions of his home, in the land of merrie England. And so the sun rose on, and continued its daily round of shedding light on the world, and sending its rays through every chink and crevice, to the most gloomy prison cell. And while he dreamed he heard the voices of the little flock of younger brothers and sisters, around the family homestead, and they grew boisterous in their words of welcome, which seemed uttered in the audible chorus, "we come, we come," so distinctly uttered that it awoke him from his slumber. And the charm passed like the rays of light away, for instead of home, his eyes fell upon cold and naked stone walls, a tangibly stern reality of his flickering span of life. Little courage had he to rise from his stone couch. The beautiful scenery had lost all its attractions. The morning sun only mocked him with its glory. And while he lingers he fancies he hears the voices he

heard in his dream. Perhaps, after all, his "dream was not all a dream." Hope quickens life like the expiring flame in the socket. He listens again, fearful lest he may be mocked by his fancies, or the echo of those dream voices that said "we come." But no voice could he now hear. But attracted languidly to the open outlet, he sees upon the shore of the Rhine, more than usual bustle. A steamer lies at the dock. People are moving about the streets. Many faces are turned towards the old castle which is now his prison. What can all this mean? He had hardly consciousness enough left to make of himself the inquiry. He now distinctly hears the voices of brother men. But they are not words that he can understand. There are shouts from the side of the precipice over which his prison window looks. He tries to shout an answer back, but is answered by the feeble echo of his own cell. He shouts again, and nerved with an inspiration of the moment, he hurls his leghorn hat through the aperture, out upon the air, over the tops of the trees; and he sees the wind give it a toss, and sail it off down the declivity, out of sight. At once there comes up a shout, as of a multitude of voices, clear and distinct—in response to his appeals for help, too significant to be mistaken. He sees, by the increased bustle in the thronged streets of the town below, that they too have recognized his flying signal, floating off upon the winds, down the rocky precipice.

Deliverance is now close at hand. The multitude who had gone up from the villages, and had gathered around the foundations of the ruins, to learn, in fact, if there were any brother there who needed help, and who had assembled while he slumbered—finding now in what part of the ruins he had been entrapped, speedily found the cell which enclosed him, and they forced back the door, and set the self-imprisoned man free. From the exhaustion of his system, and the reaction incident upon his speedy relief, he was unable to ascend from the vault; but ready hands and willing hearts readily carried him above, and seated him upon one of the highest pinnacles, by the

side of the stately walls, where the sun's mild beams, and a gentle breeze of a balmy south, with a plentiful supply of the brown aromatic bread, and native juice of the wine grape, to replenish his exhausted physical nature, he was speedily revived; and he looked out again from his high, sightly seat, with greater pleasure than ever, upon the beautiful scenery, most devoutly thanking God and blessing his fellow men for his deliverance.

On the second day of his imprisonment a simple vine-dresser was passing over the side of the mountain, beneath the castle ruins, on his way to his vineyard, on the sunny side of the same mountain; and he was startled and arrested in his course by the descent of one of the prisoner's messengers through the branches of the tree above him, and rolling down the precipice, lodged at his feet. He opened the paper attached, and though able poorly to understand its import, he was nevertheless much interested to know what it could mean; and while he was cogitating upon it, down came another of the same flying curiosities. He now looked about him, and all along the mountain side he found a score or more of the strange packages, which he gathered up, and safely depositing them in his pocket, conveyed them to the village of St. Goar. Here they excited as much the curiosity of the unlettered villagers, as they had that of the vine-dresser who found them—the detached German words failing to convey a definite idea; till at length a better scholar than the mass of the villagers was found, who, knowing the English language, was able to interpret the ominous sentence, that conveyed to them the startling intelligence that a stranger was perishing in one of the vaults or cells of the old ruins, there accidentally imprisoned, with no possibility of escape, unless relieved by help from without. The villagers prepared that night to rally, and on the next morning proceeded on their errand of mercy, and succeeded as before narrated.

WHAT is more beautiful and poetical than the child's idea of ice:—"Water gone to sleep."

Mechanical and Scientific.

WARMING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.

THE art of warming and ventilating houses, intimately connected as it is with economy, health and comfort, is one in which every member of the community is deeply interested. This art, we are reluctantly constrained to believe, is yet in a very crude state, entirely behind the general progress of the age. The invention of hot-air furnaces, with all their boasted advantages over grates and stoves, is far from being satisfactory. The construction of such furnaces, in every case we have had opportunity to observe, betrays either profound ignorance or an unaccountable neglect of the plainest laws of hydrostatics.

One of the alleged advantages of the invention is its healthfulness, warming a room with a continuous supply of pure air, which has not been vitiated in a close room by the respiration of the occupants. This argument—provided the air is not vitiated in the chamber of the furnace by contact with red hot iron, which consumes a portion of its vitalizing principle, nor rendered noxious by carbonizing the particles of animate and inanimate matter that float in it—is a valid one. Respiration, like combustion, consumes the oxygen of the air, and renders it unfit to sustain health or even life, when the exhaustion is complete, as is witnessed in the fearful mortality which sometimes occurs in close prisons and slave ships. The hot-air furnace replenishes the waste, besides the genial warmth it supplies, thus performing a double service to the physical system, which no other expedient that we wot of has ever been able to render.

After conceding thus much to its claims, we have grave objections against this alleged improvement, as it is ordinarily constructed, which more than counterbalance the benefits derived from its use—objections which, unless they can be obviated, must render the invention a failure, so far as relates to the securing of its main objects. Indeed it has already received the

verdict of condemnation to no small extent, by the general substitution of steam in large establishments—such as hotels and manufacturing establishments—as far more conducive to both economy and comfort.

1. In the first place, its only redeeming quality—above conceded—is often lost through the imperfection of its construction or arrangement. Instead of pure air, it sometimes furnishes an offensive affluvia, either from the coal that is consumed in it, or the source from which the chamber of the furnace is supplied. We have seen an air chamber constructed around a cook stove, receiving its supply from the basement, and filling the apartments above with the odor of the kitchen. It is also a very common evil to place the furnace in a close cellar, with no external communication with the outer world. When we hear of consumptions and fatal acute diseases in such dwellings, as we have done, we are able to divine at least one of their prolific causes. The confined, miasmatic air of a cellar or basement is totally unfit for healthy respiration. Nor is this the only evil of such an arrangement, as the next paragraph will explain.

2. It has often been found inadequate to its object, especially in church edifices and other large establishments, in which the most profuse consumption of fuel has failed to make the building either comfortable or tolerable in a cold day. We have sat shivering in a cold church during both the morning and afternoon services, although an intense heat had been kept up in the furnace from Saturday morning to Sunday night, at the cost of at least a ton of anthracite coal; and this furnace, moreover, a recent construction, in which the builder was expected to avail himself of all the improvements which progress in the art has discovered.

There are two prominent causes of this failure, which ought to be well understood and obviated by all who presume to offer their services or their productions in this department. The first is the want of an adequate supply of air to the chamber of the furnace. We visited the Insane Hospital at Worcester, Mass., in 1839, soon after

the introduction of the furnace into that institution. The Superintendent was charmed with the facility and safety with which it conveyed a genial and healthful warmth to every apartment in that immense establishment. But his first effort was a failure—all the heat he could raise being insufficient to warm even a single story of the edifice. A little reflection taught him that his furnace lacked an adequate supply of air for its successful operation—that all the air it could draw from the basement, even were it possible to exhaust it, would not fill the larger capacity of a single story above it. This suggested to him that the exhaustless reservoir of the outer world was the only proper source of supply. A communication was accordingly opened from the outside of the building to the furnace, which, with the aid of ample ventilation in all the apartments to be warmed, effectually obviated the difficulty.

This last-named provision—ventilation—is no less necessary than the air-duct, which, it is obvious, cannot introduce the requisite supply of warm air into a room that is already filled to its utmost capacity with either warm or cold air. A portion of the present supply must be let off first, which is most successfully done through ventilating passages in the upper part of the room, where the rarefied air seeks an outlet. To the neglect of this provision is to be ascribed the fact, that the operation of the air-duct often proves very unsatisfactory, except when it opens on the windward side of the house. Air being an elastic and compressible fluid, a current of wind may force into a room an excess of it, beyond the natural equilibrium which would otherwise be preserved; when, without this external force, air-ducts are comparatively useless, unless aided by corresponding ventilators within.

Besides the two prominent causes of failure above specified, there are incidental ones no less important to be known and avoided—such as the wrong location, or the inadequate capacity of ventilators. We know of a spacious church, not a thousand miles from Chicago, in which two small chimneys are provided for this purpose

with a register contiguous to the floor, to let off the escaping element. This provision is not only inadequate, on account of the diminutive capacity of the ventilation, but absolutely useless from a radical defect in the arrangement. Ventilation from the base of a room through an ascending flue, before the air at the base is warmed and rarefied, is impracticable. By an appropriate arrangement you may produce the escape of either cold or warm air, or both, at your option. But the provision alluded to is not adapted to either purpose. Warm air naturally ascends, buoyed up by the greater density of the colder strata of the same fluid. On the same principle, the colder portion as naturally sinks. Hence, a ventilating flue, with the entrance at the bottom and the outlet at the other end, does not provide for the escape of either. It does not let off the rarefied air, for that is borne to the upper region of the room by the power of the denser air beneath it. Nor will the cold air ascend in it, for its tendency is in the opposite direction.—While it is an inlet to the one, it is an outlet to neither.

An ingenious expedient to counteract this tendency is adopted at the Ohio Female College. The flue is made to communicate with the attic of the building, which is warmed by steam radiators—the inventor designing thereby to produce an upper current in the flue to fill the vacuum created by heating the air above it. If this expedient proves successful, we must confess to a misinterpretation of the laws which govern aerial fluids in such circumstances. The “draft” of a chimney, as it is called, is not a current of cold air, seeking an outlet above, but of rarefied air, escaping the pressure it experiences from the expansive power of heat, and borne upwards by the superior gravity of the colder air. While the warm air rises, the cold air sinks, by the universal law of gravity. Besides, the expansive power of heat on air is calculated to produce a pressure rather than a vacuum—a pressure which forces the escape of the rarefied fluid through every opening, the cold air rushing in through the same openings, to sup-

ply its place, in obedience to its own gravitating force, just as the downward or lateral pressure of water would rush in under like circumstances, and by the force of the same law. But we do not expect water to run up hill by the power of gravity; it requires a superior force, outside of itself, to compel it thus to contravene its own laws. Equally preposterous must it be to expect the heavier portion of the air to run up hill by its own intrinsic power, when all its tendencies are downward. Nor can we understand how the rarefaction of the air in the attic, at the upper orifice of the flue, can supply the requisite *external* force. If let off by ventilation, it may indeed produce an upper current in the flue, provided there is a pressure of rarefied air at its lower orifice, seeking an outlet; but it will be the buoyancy of the warmer air and not the gravity of the colder that will constitute this upper current. The latter can be drawn off only in the opposite direction. A heavier fluid will never ascend of itself into the region of a lighter one.

3. The enormous consumption of fuel in hot-air furnaces is a third grave objection to their use. To operate successfully, as we have demonstrated, it requires copious ventilation at or near the ceiling. But this unfortunately removes the heated air you wish to retain, and keeps you immersed in the cold air, which the furnace has no power to expel. The current of heated air which it supplies ascends directly to the ceiling, by the force of a law already explained, and there passes out through your ventilator, except the small portion that mingles in its ascent with the colder air. The waste of heat in this process is immense. Probably nine-tenths of all the furnace generates escapes from the room without stopping to impart its genial warmth to the surrounding stratum of cold air. This infelicity is most severely felt in churches and other spacious rooms, with high ceilings, in which a large region in the upper section of the room must be filled with the heated air before the congregation that sit freezing below can enjoy the comfort of it. To prevent this waste of hot air

by having no ventilation at the ceiling only aggravates the evil, by excluding warm air from both the lower and upper section; because, as we have before explained, the room is already filled with air and can receive no more, except by compression, and then in very stinted measures. If you lose no heat by this arrangement, it is simply because you have none to lose. Your furnace, though as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's, can furnish but a meagre supply, until you first make room for its introduction by suitable ventilation. True, rooms are partially warmed in this way, for with all its preposterous defects, it is the arrangement in general use, so far as our observation extends; and the reason of this partial success is, that your room is not air-tight, but partially ventilated, through the various crevices of its doors and windows. A portion of cold air also will naturally seek an outlet through the same orifice in the floor that introduces the heated air, and either escape thence or become rarified and sent back by the heat with which it there comes in contact. Were it not for these redeeming circumstances, the invention, as ordinarily applied, would be an entire failure. But this restricted ventilation is totally inadequate—it is like attempting to draw off a hundred-barrel cistern with a pipe-stem, in order to make room immediately for another supply. The capacity of a large church is equal to that of many thousand barrels, requiring an orifice of corresponding dimensions to exhaust the fluid with which it is filled, in order to replenish it with a warmer fluid. Were the same room filled with water instead of air, no sane man would think of exhausting it in a reasonable time for such a purpose with an inch tube, nor with an orifice of a foot, or even a yard in diameter. And yet water would escape more rapidly from the same orifice than air, forced out, as it would be, by a heavier pressure, and impeded with less obstruction.

The great desideratum, then, in the present imperfect condition of hot-air furnaces, is to provide adequate ventilation for the cold air. Ventilation at the ceiling, we have seen, will not remove it; nor will it

ascend through a flue, even though coaxed by the application of heat to the upper orifice; the law of gravity forbids it. Nor will the difficulty be relieved by opening an orifice for its escape, through the floor, or contiguous to it, into the colder air without. This would introduce rather than expel cold air, as is continually demonstrated by opening outside doors. The most successful expedient for this purpose which we have ever witnessed or conceived, is direct communication, through an orifice of large dimensions, with the basement where the air is rarefied by direct radiation from the furnace and its smoke pipe. To make this arrangement perfect, the basement room should be capacious, the air in it kept pure by occasional ventilation and the use of needful disinfecting agencies, and the pipe or funnel of the furnace should be sufficiently extended to raise the temperature of the room to the degree of heat needed. The air of the basement should be pure as well as warm, because the cold air that settles into it from above will force the escape of an equal amount of its own warmer air, through the same orifice. This air should therefore be suitable for healthful respiration. We know one church in which this experiment was tried with very gratifying success—resulting in a great saving both in the time and expense required to warm it. In this downward ventilation, the required capacity of the outlet should not be overlooked. Nothing of smaller dimensions should be thought of, than would be requisite to draw off the same volume of water in a reasonable time.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—To make Siemen's artificial stone, take one hundred pounds of caustic soda in solution evaporated to eighty quarts, and one pound of silica added for every quart. The solution is effected under a pressure of 4-5 atmospheres in a strong steam vessel. This solution, mixed with quartz sand, hardens to a stone which strikes fire with steel. For building stone, mill-stones, etc., one pint of the solution is mixed with two volumes of fine silica, and to the whole are added ten

quarts of sand of different degrees of fineness, and sometimes five parts of coarse sand or gravel in addition. When the stones are air-dried, they are kept for several days in an apartment heated to 104 degrees. They become quite hard in five or six days.

NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.—A species of concrete, in which ashes are a principal ingredient, has of late been advantageously introduced for building purposes in Paris. One manufacturing firm is reported to utilize most of their waste in the working up of this new material. So rapidly has this artificial stone been improved, that slabs for floors are now made seven metres long and six metres wide, which, being laid all in one piece, no beams or vaulting is necessary underneath. The inventor says: "I fabricate in *betons agglomeres*, as hard as the best stone, all the parts of a house—cellars, drains, paving flags, sinks, walls, floors, roofs, exterior ornaments, without using wood or brick. By this process the house, however large it may be, is a monolith, and this monolith equals, at least in solidity, masonry of hewn stone, and costs much less than the coarsest building in rubble."

GAS MADE FROM WATER.—All attempts to manufacture gas from water alone, have heretofore been a complete failure; Payne's gas, turpentine and water, and platino gas, and many such like have all proved either impracticable or inferior to the coal and wood gas now in use.

A French chemist, Mr. Gillard, says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, (a highly respectable French newspaper published in New York,) has at last discovered and put in actual use the gas made from water, not in the laboratory, nor at an exhibition, but in illuminating a whole town. The ancient city of Narbonne, France, glories in a light, the elements of which are drawn from its antique and beautiful canal, the flame looking like the electrical light, dazzling but not tiresome; as white as can be, without vacillation or smell; the burners being similar to so many planets. Under the in-

fluence of this new light, objects such as flowers or garments, preserve their natural colors as they look with the sun; crowds are flocking from a distance to behold the new triumph of human science.

Mr. Gillard exhibited at the gas works an apparatus for warming and cooking by means of the new gas; a kettle full of cold water was put in ebullition by a single burner in one minute and a half, blowing with a pipe; copper and iron were reduced, and glass melted almost instantaneously.

Statements like these in regard to water gas, as well as any other kind of gas, must be taken with several grains of allowance,—"well shaken before taken."

SUBMARINE CARRIAGE WAY.—We notice in the last *Scientific American* that a Mr. H. P. Holcomb, of Winchester, Ga., claims to be the designer of a Submerged Viaduct or Tunnel, adapted to the passage of rivers or other narrow waters, where the purposes of navigation or other difficulties render the common elevated bridge inconvenient or impracticable. This plan proposes a tube of either wrought or cast iron sunk in the water, and conforming somewhat to the general profile of the bed of the stream, being sufficiently low to allow shipping to pass over in the usual channel. As the tube approaches the shores, it will ascend on an easy inclination, and pass out of the stream with its upper side at low water mark, into abutments of masonry. Mr. H. proposes a cylindrical tube of twenty feet diameter. About one-third of this would be occupied with ballasting of stone, which would at the same time form a double roadway for traffic in each direction, while in the curves of the cylinder, on each side, would be placed the footways, suspended by rods, attached to the cylinder above.

In relation to Mr. H's design, says the *Chicago Democrat*, we have to say that it is not original. In 1849, Wm. H. Stow, Esq., of this city, proposed a structure almost identical with the above, to be used in crossing the Chicago River. It was at the time our bridges were carried away by the ice. Whatever originality there is in the design, we claim for our fellow-citizen, Mr. Stow.

SONGS AND SONGSTERS OF THE SEASON.

THE BIRDS.

HAIL wanderers!—stay ye in your airy height,
 And tell us of the mystery of your birth;
 Whence came ye, whither wend ye in your flight?
 What mission have ye on this dreary earth?
 Your inner life to us is not revealed—
 Your being here's in depths of mystery sealed.

And is it thus with you, ye feathered band?
 Know ye not more of mortal destined fate?
 Read ye it not in Nature's written hand,
 To solve the secrets of our fallen state?
 But ah! to read those notes of songs in heaven,
 Was never yet the power to mortals given.

Do ye not love the souls of men, and sing
 To cheer and bless them in their lower sphere?
 Oh! blessed being! thus upon the wing
 To live, and soaring high to heaven draw near,
 And worship daily at the throne of Love,
 And sing the songs that angels chant above!

Ye love the dells—the flowers—the lonely woods—
 Unchecked ye fly o'er fields and everglade;
 Ye are familiar with the solitudes,
 Ye free and grateful children of the shade;
 And 'neath your feathery robe ye may conceal,
 What beings of a higher order feel.

Ye are of higher order! in each breast
 May dwell thoughts purer than to us are given;
 Ye may be spirits—and ye may be blest—
 Ye cannot sin, and earth may be your heaven!
 What need the spirit more than voice and wing,
 To soar on high, and to its Maker sing?

THE FLOWERS.

Welcome again, ye messengers of love!
 Over the earth your bright forms scattered lie;
 Upturned your faces, answer from above
 Love's sparkling echoes from the stars on high;
 Ye came when Spring's melodious voice ye heard,
 The sweet companions of the singing bird.

Ye are the silent monitors of good,
 Which meet us on our journey o'er the earth,
 That gem like stars the path of solitude,
 And cheer us when to labor we go forth.
 Your welcome comes from way-side, field and hill,
 In fragrance joined with music from the rill.

A wondrous language speak ye to the heart,
 To which our souls can answer not in words ;
 Thoughts which your fragrant beauty can impart,
 And uttered through the magic life of birds.
 Though silent, to the inner soul ye speak,
 As angels whisper smiles on infant's cheek.

And from the starry thrones on high have come
 The first celestial ministers of spring ;—
 They've sown the seeds of truth around the home,
 And from these germs the flowers of love upspring,
 And where they bloom, o'er all the landscape round,
 We mark the angels' footsteps on the ground.

Lessons ye teach of faith and trusting love,
 That he who hath the sinless angels formed,
 Doth feed and clothe the songsters of the grove,
 And hath the lilies of the field adorned,
 Much more will care for us, as he hath said,
 Who are his children in his image made.

Editor's Table.

WE congratulate the public on the restoration of our peaceful relations with Nature, which now seem to go on in the accustomed regular course—the season of putting forth, and of buds and blossoms, seed time and harvest. All but the latter of these have come ; though delayed for a time, like the master of the house—and the latter, the harvest, will also come. The harvest signs are propitious. The crops give promise of abundance. The corn, however, waits to take the season at an advantage, and it will make all the more of July and August for what it has lost in May and June. The cultivator looks up with cheerfulness and gratitude, and thinks, after all, it is best to trust Providence, and put in the seed—have faith, and plow deep, and stir the soil well. He never has yet found this way of getting along wholly to fail.

—There are more complaints than ever of “hard times.” This kind of news, like snow in winter, and hot sun in July, has been spreading wider, until people in remote villages—away from the telegraph, the railroad line, or the county newspaper, have learned that the times are hard. They thought possibly it might be so, when the winter, with a provoking obstinacy, held over upon the limits of spring—and grass refused to grow, so that they were compelled to feed out all their grain, to

keep their cattle from starvation, and had nothing more to sell for cash. That looked something like hard times ; but they knew the sun still rolled through the heavens, and the soil remained as fertile as ever ; and where they got their crops and money last year, they expected to get them this. They didn't complain much of hard times ; but wished that the grass *would* grow. But the newspapers published the news of hard times—the borrowers of money repeated it—and finally, everybody says it is so ; and now, as the newspapers have affirmed it, it is the fashion for everybody to be talking about the hard times—and fashion rules the day.

As it is so, there is no use in dodging the issue. “There is no crisis which an honest man need to fear.” The tightening up of the finances is the law of Deity, which holds rash men in check ; and is a restorative process, and not the diseased state. The disease has preceded this condition—and it is like the discovery of a modern physiologist, that sickness is the healthy process of getting rid of a disease ; and that a man is never more well than when he is sick. We may then infer from this logical sequence, that times are never easier than when they are hard. This certainly is putting the best face on the matter ; and if we conform our practices to some of these quaint notions, we shall find

that the evil carries an antidote with it.

There have been causes which ought to have resulted in hard times by the ordinary course of things: there have been too many consumers, and too few producers. In this respect, we are somewhat in the condition which preceded the memorable crash of '86. Too many have been tempted to try to live by speculation, and eat bread raised by some other hand, and have attempted that to which they were *tempted*. When men can live easier by doing nothing, than by steady and manly work, doing nothing has the preference, with the mass of mankind, over doing something. There has, therefore, been too much brain work—too little hand work. Men have attempted to be enterprising, at the expense of their industry. The law, that "that is nothing worth which produces nothing," has not been rigidly enforced of late. And the old foggy notion, that all the public wealth comes from what man makes, which is labor—or what nature produces, which comes from the growing crops—has been superseded by the new light of the present day, that all wealth comes from the rise of real estate, or high rents, or high rates of interest.

The facility with which money has been procured, credit obtained—and real estate, particularly in the West, advancing, to sustain these expansions—has led to great extravagance in living, costly luxuries, costly dress, show in magnificently rented houses, in furniture and carriages—especially with the non-producing classes—is a crop which, having been planted, is producing its fruit. "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye reap." If other crops are unpromising, and the farmer looks desponding, there is another crop which is sure, namely—that extravagance and living beyond the means, will produce hard times, ruin, and in the end, vagabondism.

To bring our remarks home to the present audience, to the present state, time and locality, we would say that the West is now unquestionably "enjoying" a period of hard times, as some people have "enjoyed" ill-health. Then, for this period—we are such a grateful people—there are very many who are really glad—like the cheerful old lady who had got a very bad cold, and seemed very thankful for it—for, said she, "the times are so hard, I am thankful for anything." While money is scarce, crops have been fed out to keep the cattle alive; while the comet was dallying about our outer sphere, and drawing off the vital currents, so that grass wouldn't grow, and water would hardly run down hill, our good people have been very thankful for the things they had left, good or bad, and have taken their present afflictions with a cheerfulness that is a sufficient compensation for all losses.

Now, we attribute this state of feeling, not to excessive piety, but to a strong faith in the future. This faith is based on some substantial things, which may be compassed in breadth, depth or altitude, by common sense. The truly Western man knows where he stands, in what a country he lives, what are the currents about him, and what storms from the elements around threaten to assail him. He knows that the road of prosperity, either in this or in any other country, is never an even grade, or down an inclined plane, over which it may glide with its own propelling force; but he knows it is oftener up the tedious ascent, and always where great industry, perseverance and prudence, as well as wise calculation on the chances of the future, must be the propelling and guiding force, over upward and downward ways, and circular courses. Therefore, occasional stoppages in the career of prosperity, or even reactions, he expects and is prepared for them. But when he sees that farmers over many States are putting in their crops more abundantly every year; that they have an increasing demand in the market, at remunerating prices; that they are continually making improvements upon their lands—putting out trees, making better and more fences, or cultivating hedges, getting more of their land under the plow or into tame grass, for better feed for their cattle, and erecting better buildings; that town improvement still progresses, cities still enlarge, business in various branches still expanding; that fine blocks of stores and princely palaces are being erected and paid for; that railroad business falls not off; that they pay no less dividends, though their stocks fall in the market; that emigration seems not to have been in the least checked; that, notwithstanding a large amount of produce must be consumed to support this mass of emigration, and to sustain the mechanics and day laborers who make the railroads, build the towns, and handle and transport the great commercial staples, there are millions upon millions in value of the agricultural productions which are forwarded to an Eastern market, as our convertible earnings. When the Western man sees all this, as he does, he is about as much alarmed at the crash which croakers about the West have prophesied, as he is alarmed that all this grand display of the Creator, in making this country as he has, shall be knocked into ruin by an accident in the Providential government of the universe, in the comet striking the earth. For the last twenty years, and more especially for the last ten years, there have been "wise men from the East," who have prophesied a general break up of all things Western—a crisis—a crash

—a suspension—universal bankruptcy—falling of prices down, down to nought—the bursting of this over-inflated balloon. There have been “wise men,” both in the East and West, who have prophesied every time the comets have turned their tails from us that they were going to strike, and lay the earth as prostrate as Western prosperity was to have been prostrated. These two problematical events seem to keep equal pace with each other in the progress of the universe. When the North-West, now containing one-third or one-fourth of the population of the whole Union, shall be stricken down from her financial and commercial position in the nation, then look out for comets, for they surely will strike about that time.

Important changes are now going on. The West has been stimulated to great action, if not over-action, by the large outlay of foreign capital here, in the construction of our many thousand miles of railroads; also by the great amount of emigration which has been drawn hither by the large prices and stimulated enterprise which this outlay of capital has produced. These railroads have stimulated a larger and a more profitable outlay of labor and private capital in town-building along these lines, and in the purchase and improvement of farming lands. There has been agitation, while equivalents have been seeking their level. Railroads having furnished an outlet or market for the products of farmers in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, the problem is now being solved—the cost of raising, amount produced per acre, and the cost of transportation to the East, being given—with the cost of raising and the amount per acre produced there—what should be the relative value of lands in the East and West? It has been proved that Western lands have an approximation to Eastern value; therefore, it has been a natural flow of the tide of investment to purchase very largely of the Western soil, for improvement and speculation. This has drawn largely upon surplus Eastern capital. It has produced tightness there which is felt here—for the fountain reciprocates the force felt at its head. There must of necessity be a re-action from this land-speculating mania. This we are now feeling. We shall feel it more sensibly, and for a number of years. Prices cannot be sustained in Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, where they are yet shut out from a foreign market—where yet the first costs of improvement are to be sustained. They must pass through those periods which Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin experienced in 1836 to 1846. There will be a long period of hard times to the settler, when the money which the emigrants

have brought into the country shall all be used up in first improvements, and sent back for goods, before they have a surplus produce, or an adequate market for their crops. They will conquer at last by sacrifices and endurance, and after they have built up manufactures and their railroads; when they will enter upon a permanent career of prosperity, that will be governed by well-known fixed and immutable laws, which determine the rewards of labor, and regulate the relations between production and consumption. The full formed communities, in which the balances of industry between agricultural, mechanical, and the trading—and the non-producing and the producing classes, are established—and where permanent public improvements have been made—where the mechanic finds employment, and the farmer as readily finds a market for his products—are not liable to experience any such reaction as comes upon the half-formed State, after the first flush of emigration has passed over. We see no ground then for alarm at the cry of hard times, and have no sympathy with mere croaking about trouble ahead—so far as they may be aimed at this portion of the West, and particularly the city of Chicago, where institutions, and the laws of production and expenditure seem to be as completely fixed as in the cities of our oldest States. Whatever ups and downs the cities of old communities are subject to, Chicago is made liable to, but no more so than any other city.

To this point are the brief remarks of a cotemporary, the *Chicago Journal*, so appropriate, that we introduce them as the last words on this topic for this sitting at our Table:

“The fact sooner or later a point must be reached in the inordinate thirst for speculation in western lands, when it must receive a check and a more healthy tone be imparted, is apparent to all; and we have frequently so stated; but that there is to be a general “crash” of the business, and among the business men of the West—that the West is to be materially retarded in its increase of wealth and population, we do not for a moment believe. On the contrary, we believe that a check to land speculation will materially add to the *real* prosperity of the West. It will diminish the class of non-producers, and divert a large amount of capital and talent, now employed for no useful purpose to the public, to the legitimate channels of business. Hence it will prove a blessing to the West, and not a curse. It is therefore devoutly to be wished for, and not to be deplored.

Trade, agriculture and mechanical industry are in a healthy condition at the West: and they only need the capital now employed in blowing up the bubble of speculation, to give them vigor such as they have not yet known.

It is stated that grave predictions are made of a general crash in Chicago. But those who are acquainted with the business of Chicago smile at such predictions. In the published records of failures, no city in the Union of its size has presented so small a list. Indeed the failures have been so insignificant, that the first knowledge of them which the people generally of the city have obtained, has been through the New York papers.

The business of Chicago cannot keep pace with the demand of the country which is tributary to it. Real estate and rents are too high, and they must come down; but no legitimate business in Chicago has been to any considerable extent, overdone. Hence a general crash is impossible.

Croakers may talk of Chicago as they please, but it is "bound" to be the great city of the West. The finger of Providence has pointed it out as such; and every effort to avoid the accomplishment of its "mission," will only show the weakness and folly of those who attempt to thwart the ends of "manifest destiny."

CHICAGO AND HER RIVAL CITIES.—There are but two cities in the West, that have any claim to be rival cities of Chicago, these are Cincinnati and St. Louis. Either of these cities have a population larger than Chicago. But neither of them is increasing at so large a rate; and at no period in the past have they increased so rapidly in population as Chicago has done. They were large cities when Chicago first had a name to live. They have had a career, since they have been recognised as important places, and have been properly marked as cities, twice as long as Chicago, and yet the population of neither exceeds that of Chicago but a few thousands. The *Cincinnati Times* has noticed the enterprise of Chicago in contrast with that of Cincinnati, and denies to Chicago any natural advantages over her rival city—but attributes her prosperity to the energy of her citizens. The *Times* handsomely notices the Chicago Magazine, in connection with compliments to our enterprising citizens,—and it is because of a mistaken notion which this Journal, and some others have entertained, that this Magazine is a puffing instrumentality, that we have copied the article of the *Times*. We wish to correct the inference—but shall first let the comments of the *Times* on the policy of city enterprise be heard from our social board, a seat at our Table.

"We are well acquainted with the fact, that the position occupied by Cincinnati in relation to the other cities of the Union, is one to which she is fully entitled, and from which she cannot be easily displaced. Much of the prosperity by which she has attained her rank is owing to her locality, being situated in one of the most fertile valleys in the world, and otherwise surrounded by natural advantages of no ordinary character. To what extent these have been improved her present prosperity will indicate. How much more might have been done, the severest speculation cannot surmise.

"What Cincinnati might have attained had her course been marked by the policy pursued by other cities contending with her for the ascendancy in the West, we cannot say; but that she would now have been far ahead of even her present position no one will be inclined to doubt. Let us turn for an instant to Chicago, that "city of magic," that in twenty years has sprung from the wild prairie to the teeming city with its great commerce, and driving manufactures, and vast concourse of citizens, and immense retinue of travel that continually ebbs and flows like the tide that knows no rest. Now, we deny that Chicago owes her unprecedented increase in commercial prosperity to any natural advantages derived from a peculiarly happy location. The climate is not healthy—nor is she sur-

rounded by a country exceedingly fertile that it would be sought in preference for agricultural purposes. What, then, is Chicago? A point on a great avenue of travel or transportation, to which the attention of the public from all sections of the Union have been drawn by the facilities created by her citizens, and with which all the world have been made acquainted by the enterprise of those who set them in motion.

"How has this been effected? The answer is an easy one, and will be a ready one with all who are at all conversant with the policy pursued by those who have an interest in Chicago. It is by a combined effort on the part of her property-holders, merchants, manufacturers, and citizens of every calling. With them no effort has been spared to spread far and wide the great advantages to be derived from the purchase of property in her vicinity, and the establishment of all kinds of business within her limits.

"The result is that capital has been invested there to a wonderful extent, the supply has created the demand, and the effort on the part of all has met a proper reward. We have before us now a specimen of the means by which the enterprise of Chicago is vindicated. We refer to a monthly magazine entitled the *Chicago Magazine*, of one hundred pages, and entirely devoted, as its previous numbers were, to the advocacy of the interests of Chicago, and the great benefits to be derived by the active business man who will become her citizen. Every number contains nearly a dozen illustrations of the fine improvements of the city, and also portraits of the earliest and most prominent citizens. It is well printed, and is in reality a creditable work, from which the enterprise of any city may take a useful lesson.

"This is one of the hundred methods adopted to a similar end, and from such a policy, in the eastern and farther western cities we hear the name of Chicago under discussion five times where that of the Queen City will be mentioned perhaps a single time.

"To be sure such a policy may be termed bloviating, or puffing, or some other like appellation, but we hold that it nevertheless has its effect, and produces just what those interested desire it should, namely: a notoriety so continually hammered on that eventually those who set the story in motion actually believe it themselves, and induce others to believe it also. In our city every merchant attends to his own trade, and every manufacturer to his own establishment, but he recognizes no policy that would dictate a combined exertion for the general good. He appears to be satisfied with the already established reputation of the Queen City, and reasons that his individual gains must depend only on individual exertions. The result is, a comparatively small number adopt the necessary method, and the remainder divide the trade that follows as a national consequence.

"Now, we are not zealous believers in the present greatness of Chicago. Further than her citizens are most enterprising and energetic, and altogether a "fast people." We think that a crisis must come in her affairs, when her vast pretensions will find their proper level, but, at the same time, we hold that her inhabitants, are, by their present and past course, doing that which will make the shock, when it does come, a light one, and may, perhaps, enable her to go through, scarcely shaken by the collision. As for our own business community, we think a little more combined exertion in behalf of our city would not be productive of disastrous results."

The Chicago Magazine was never designed for an instrument to swell the greatness of Chicago. It is published in this city because it is the best point for getting up and issuing such a work. It will be better supported by the public from this point. We publish liberally about Chicago, because she furnishes topics of

public interest—and her history must be read with pleasure by people in any part of the nation. But it is a Western Magazine—its first ideality is to represent Western literature, to be a repository of historical and progressive events—and to give form and expression to sentiments and ideas, and enthusiasm and enterprise, which are locally-national—which are born of the spirit of the great West. We have proved that it is a literary world of itself. And other localities may construe our intentions from any low or mercenary motive,—but they may read if they will from our accomplishments, that we have opened veins of literary wealth, and historical reminiscences, that will have an influence far beyond general expectation, in molding the ideality, and directing the tastes and sentiments of this section of the Union, and contribute somewhat to the advancement of knowledge and the practical sciences among the people. We wish to put our literary tastes and aspirations in tune with the living topics of the present. This is a present life with us all. And we can only make the present valuable to us from what we may learn of the past, and hope for in the future. So we wish to make our publication a live concern, and remarkable for its portrayal of the present. It is therefore designed particularly as a representative of the West-as-it-is, and the whole West is our field of enterprise. We would as cheerfully illustrate the leading features of Cincinnati, as Chicago—and hope to be able to command such facilities, as will enable us to do so. But the public interest at present seems to follow in the wake of the emigrants in the far North-West, and on the plains west of the Mississippi, and to center about the young towns which have been left upon the track of this rolling tide of population. We must follow them with our sympathy and interests. We depend wholly upon the circulation of our publication for support, and that which legitimately belongs to the prerogative of the publisher. And we must therefore select those subjects which will most speedily and liberally contribute to the increase of our circulation. If the patronage extended to this Magazine in Cincinnati, would enable us liberally to illustrate it, as we have done for Chicago, we would as cheerfully “vindicate the enterprise” of Cincinnati. But we must apply that test to our experiment which has been made the touchstone of Chicago success—will it pay? This may be deemed a frank announcement—but we know nevertheless that it is the rule by which all the men of success are actuated. We are paid when the public interests in the topics of our work enable us to sell our edition.

In tune with the remarks we have just made, we will introduce the comments of the editor the *Iroquois Republican*, on the West and its literature, with its welcome of the Chicago Magazine. The Western newspapers have readily met us with a cordiality only begotten of the Western spirit.

“We were born and raised in the West; our tastes are western; our feelings are western, and all our associations have been western. We love its soil; we love its institutions; we love the glorious, expansive, exhaustless, mighty West. Every step it has made in the great highway of progress, has given us a glow of pleasure and exultation. And chief among its progressive institutions we have beheld the advancement, in every sense of that term, of that great moral and intellectual, and we may say physical (does it not build railroads and steamboats, and towns and cities, and throw open the vast prairies to the emigrant,) lever of society, the press.

“These brief reflections have been suggested by the appearance on our table of the Magazine with the above title. The appearance of the Magazine gives us a new pleasure. As an Illinoisian, we are proud of Chicago. Like Minerva, who sprang forth from the brain of Jupiter fully formed, Chicago has risen “in a day” by the wand of western genius. Into the great “live” Metropolis of the North West. And it was time that Chicago had begun to have her “Monthlies” and her “Magazines.” It was time that she should not only be considered the “fastest” town of enterprise in America, but that she should begin to husband and expand the native talent and literature with which she cannot but be liberally endowed.

“The Chicago Magazine fills, timely fills, an “aching void” in the North West. Its first number gives abundant promise of a career of lustre and usefulness. It is none of your sickly, wishy-washy imitations. It possesses a living, palpable individuality. It is not afraid to meet the world upon its own merits and we have that confidence in the great, earnest, throbbing, generous heart of the West to believe it will welcome cordially and liberally this new-born of her genius and enterprise. We have been prompted to thus notice the Chicago Magazine, because it is a Western Magazine.”

—There is a certain *Daily Journal* that we have a particular use for. No matter what be its date, or where it may be found, (we are patrons only by chance to this print,) we are sure to find, in the fourth column of the second page—always the next column following the editorial head, and beginning at the top of the column—a string of pearls of more real value to that part of our nature which is not dependent on bread alone, than the pearls which have been fished out of the creeks of the “Jerseys.” Now, everybody of course knows whose column we mean, and whose pearls we go afishing for; if not, everybody had better read “January and June,” and on the title page of that unique volume, which ought to be read a great deal more than it is—though we know of a certain public library that keeps duplicate and triplicate copies of it—you will find the name of B. F. TAYLOR. There is a pile of newspapers—we know the cut of each one of them so well that we can pick out any one we want half across the room; the *Daily Journal* we can tell either side up or either face

out, and we shall clip a few paragraphs from the said fourth column of the first two journals we put our hands upon. Here they are:

"Good old Doctor Clark is related to have been greatly disconcerted, when having preached upon the free Gospel, that could be had 'without money and without price,' a worthy brother announced 'a collection' for the spread of the glad tidings in foreign lands.

"A lady relieved the Divine from his embarrassment by saying, 'why, to be sure Doctor; the water of life is free, but they must pay for the pitchers to carry it in.'"

"Religion has ceased to be a reproach, only because it has ceased to be religion; the simple, childlike faith in things unseen; the stern, unyielding self-denial, that has made many a feeble old woman the truest of heroines, has been sometimes exchanged for a shrewd and convenient adjustment of the conflicting interests of heaven and the calf.

"The 'fashionable churches' that we hear of, were not built out of martyrdom. By the gentiest of grades, without jolt or jar, people can go by Sabbath-days' journeys towards the New Jerusalem. 'Fashionable churches' has a singular sound indeed; but then death is all the fashion, and so are graves, and so is dust, and why not churches as well?"

"The New York Independent says that one of its editors heard an ordination sermon of great ability, upon salvation by Christ, in which that name was not once mentioned, the Cross being the synonym. Had a heathen stranger been present, he would have supposed the name of God whom he worshipped to be 'Cross.'"

The whole tenor of the Independent's "star paper" is eminently truthful. Prayer as heard in the churches, is frequently a dove-tailing of stereotypes; and with a "font" of blocks, each containing certain phrases we could "set up" the majority of prayers twenty minutes before they are uttered. But not always in twenty minutes. We have heard of a man who was in the habit of praying regularly through the six days of creation, down to Noah's time, on to Mount Ararat, and straight down to Moses; forty years in the Wilderness; lingering with Jeremiah, playing Jonathan to David, and going over to Uz. Then he used to pray "by easy stages" through the New Testament; all over Galilee, land and water; and at last brought his scriptural wanderings to an end, by praying himself on the Isle of Patmos where John was, and which he persisted in calling Pata-mouse.

But his prayer was nothing like the son of Jesse's yet—it was not ended; for he followed Captain Cook round the world, went up and down the Nile and the Ganges, and over to Polynesia, and across the Rocky Mountains, and then home; and at last, where he ought to have gone at first, to Heaven.

This was in the days when the congregations stood, while the clergyman called upon the name of the Lord, and many a frail body, and now and then a lazy one, went down, like a forest before a mighty wind.

Of all things fashioned by human intellects and warmed by human hearts, prayer should be the simplest and most direct.

How men pray at heaven, about heaven, and everything but *to* heaven; how they call out Lord as if He were not everywhere, and the song of the sparrow came not up before Him; how they fancy that prayer is a lever to move the arm or throne of Deity, believing in Tupper-lam that it "is the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence," when it is only a wing, as of a dove, to bear the upward-panting spirit nearer the unchangeable and eternal.

And it has seemed to us, though with what truth we are unable to say, that nothing would surprise many an author of a prayer more, than to have it answered, and nothing would so surely deter him from ever venturing to pray again.

There are prayers Corinthian and Gothic prayers; prayers full of Whateley's Rhetoric, and Burke on the Beautiful; but who will not turn, from these irrelevant toys to the child-like utterances of Him who left hope's sweet perfume to linger round the grave; or to that valley cry of him who "stood afar off;" or to the homely prayer that Agur breathed, which when laden camels pass the Needle's eye, shall be offered by them that pay homage to the calf of gold?"

We should esteem it a pleasure to return again to our former employment, to ex-scissorise on a semi-occasional publication, if we could always cut at random at so good a rate as we have done above.

—The following choice *morceau* we find adrift upon the sea of literature. It will commend itself to every lover of the beautiful:—

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing over the garden wall.
Bounding through the busy street.
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay;
Never dare the question ask.
"Why to me this heavy task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child;
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow while yet unbroken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you,
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Erradicating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

—How prodigally some people waste the choicest things of life by their foolish habits and practices! Real life consists in the peace and happiness which we enjoy for the moment. For these how much are we indebted to so insignificant trifles as smiles and frowns: "Which will you do—smile and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about business."

THE LOCOMOTIVE SPIRIT.—Our readers will recollect the "First Locomotive" article in the first number of the Chicago Magazine. That was a fugitive production, which strayed away from its owner many years ago, in its journeyings through the newspapers. It was fished up by a correspondent from an odd newspaper, which must at least have had a score of years upon its brow, for it had grown grey of age. It has been claimed to have originally appeared in the Knickerbocker—when and by whom written we know not.

The whole thing seems to have been a sort of myth; and Jabez Bigelow likewise a myth. His fate is also a myth. He was last seen in the body, riding off on a sort of lightning-train, perched upon his First Locomotive. It is a fanciful notion that he yet rides his immortal invention—and if, perchance, by any collision, or any accident, "for which the conductor or engineer are not to be blamed," he has "been changed," "as in the twinkling of an eye," his spirit is still intent upon the same pursuit, and rides triumphant at the head of every locomotive that rushes upon its fiery course over the land. And the spirit of Jabez may occasionally put on airs, and take an airing on its own account, after the manner of his terrestrial independence—and thus be led to take the engineering of trains upon its own spiritual guidance. We have heard of many strange feats upon the rails—some that looked much as if jollified or mischievous spirits had for a time assumed control—and where, too, they seem to be trifling with serious and solemn things. But the spirit of Jabez will do no mischief. He may now and then run off with a train; but it will surely come back safe and sound. We fancy the spirit of Jabez must have been about these parts, more particularly of late. A few days ago he unquestionably appeared in the vicinity of Janesville. The *Gazette* of that city reports that—"During the storm of Saturday night previous, two passenger cars and a baggage car, standing on the track of the Beloit and Madison railroad at Footville, started off at full speed, (propelled by the wind,) toward Afton. An attempt was made to stop them, but failed, as they had got fully under way. On, on they went with lightning speed, uncontrolled by the locomotive and the faithful engineer—without steam or lights—no shrill whistle to signal down the brakes; no brakeman nor conductor aboard; but all, all alone they went careering over the iron way, startling not a few of the people living near the track, who could hear the rattle of the rails, and occasionally as the vivid flashes of lightning momentarily lit up the heavens, see, or thought they could see, a

train of cars rushing along amid the darkness and the storm. Some thought it was a spirit train, or the like, as it was a propitious time for such an event. Frightened and astonished at the strange apparition, and with wild imaginings and fitful dreams, they watched the morning dawn, when their minds were quieted by the appearance of a locomotive containing the engineer, conductor, &c., in search of the runaway train. It being down grade the principal part of the way, the train had continued its flight to Afton, where it was found all safe and sound, and none the worse for the little bit of a spree it had been indulging in all alone in the darkness and the storm."

This is the last appearance on record of Jabez Doolittle.

CHANGE WITNESSED IN A SINGLE LIFE.—In the passage of Chicago History which fills its place in this number of our Magazine, reference is made to Gen. Cass' visit to this locality on two different occasions—once to make a treaty with the Indians, and on the other occasion to warn the settlers of the breaking out of Indian disturbances in the North-West, after he had provided the means for their subjugation. Mr. Cass for many years was a wanderer throughout the wilderness of the West. He navigated all its lakes in canoes, explored all its rivers, traversed all its woods and prairies, and made himself familiar with all its scenes, and with early settlers and the red-skin natives. Perhaps no man alive personally embodies more of the West than Gen. Cass. He has grown with it, and the West has acknowledged him as one of her greatest men.

There has been the present month a great railroad excursion to the West, and a central celebration at St. Louis. Gen. Cass was in company with a party of the excursionists who landed at Marietta, Ohio, where they were handsomely welcomed by Gov. Chase, who addressed his remarks to Gen. Cass, as the representative of the party. Our venerable Secretary of State responded, drawing a charming picture of Western progress, as he had seen it developed with his own life experience. Said he in reply:

"I have listened with deep interest to the address by your Excellency, in your reception of the strangers who have just landed on the north bank of the Ohio.

"Of all persons on earth, none more than myself can appreciate these passing scenes. Within a few feet of where we now stand, I landed more than half a century ago, a poor young adventurer, seeking in this land of promise to commence my first enterprise in life—this to me was the land of promise of my first trial—my first sacrifice

—here commenced my career in life—my hopes and my fears.

"Your Excellency may judge, then, that there could be nothing more strange than the Ohio of the past and the Ohio of to-day. The circumstances under which I now find myself, awaken sensations of more than an ordinary character. Here was my first school—I left this spot a scholar—I come back now a teacher. I went out to fight the great battle of life. I return with it fought. The result is a glorious illustration of the popular character of our institutions. The poor boy has represented the people in the high places of the land, and as representative of the nation has been her Minister before Kings—no other nation presents such a spectacle.

"Hold on, then, to the popular character of the government as to a ship when night and tempests come. No such prosperous land can be found under the sun; our lines have indeed been cast in pleasant places.

"Fifty-seven years ago all the Northwest Territory contained only 30,000 people; and now its limits include six millions. The man is now living whose axe felled the first tree of the forests; and there are men who are now alive who will not pass away until the United States has attained a population of one hundred millions. The triumphs of the past are wonderful. From land without cultivation, without schools, without internal improvements, this has become both prosperous and powerful. The vessels which traversed the beautiful river at our feet were the "Kentucky Ark," for descending, and keel-boats for returning. Fifty years ago I was a young man representing this county in the Legislature of this State, when those pioneer steamboat builders, Messrs. Fulton and Livingston, made a proposition to our State authorities to establish lines of passenger and freight boats on the Ohio, propelled by steam against the current at the rate of four miles per hour. The proposition was laughed out of the Legislature as impracticable. I was a young foggy then; I am an old foggy now. If it had depended upon us of that day, the magnificent enterprise of steam navigation would not now be startling us with its grand achievements. I have just passed over the magnificent railway traversing the mountains, dividing the East from the West; a work Rome could not have constructed even in her palmiest days. The time has been when a horse-back trip to Baltimore required twenty days, now it is accomplished by steam railway in near that many hours."

GARDENS.—Our wanderings this spring in the country have burdened us with some thoughts in regard to the slackness

of our Western farmers in the care of that landscape of human comforts, known as the family garden. Our opinion is, that the Western farmers neglect this important "appurtenance" to the homestead. They seem to act as if it were too small business for them to engage in, as detracting from the dignity of wheat-growing, and stock-raising, for the Eastern and European markets. The garden is not expected to be the source of money income to the farmer,—it is only the nursery of household comforts, table luxuries, and the source of supply for a variety of family necessities. The extent of the garden is a good test of the degree of perfection of home accomplishments. It is a very sure sign of the educational progress of society.

It is therefore a pleasant sight to see the large and well cultivated garden; a sad sight when no garden can be seen about the house—or a mere apology for one in a narrow strip of weedy space along side the corn patch, with three rows of sickly potatoes, five hills of beans, a few hills of bug-eaten cucumber vines, and broken rows of beets and turnips. Instead of this beggarly show, every man who has ground enough, whether he be a farmer or mechanic, should have a garden that is a garden. Its value to the home, in the good things which it yields, for the support of the family, are not among the least of its recommendations. There is no better soil in the world for gardening than prairie soil, if well prepared—and yet no country on the whole, is more destitute of garden luxuries. Near the towns, they command such a price, as to well make it an object to cultivate them for sale. The price of vegetables in Chicago, is really outrageous. They are dearer than in New York city. Fortunes could be made by cultivators raising vegetables for this market, and do some service to their fellow-men, in reducing the price so that common people can afford to use them. We know many families who used no vegetables, excepting potatoes, through all of the past two or three summers, because they were too expensive a luxury for their means.

And the same remarks are in fact applicable to fruit raising. The Western people are too slow in getting out their orchards. It is one of those things which the farmers put off to a "more convenient season," and as that convenient season never comes, the farmers, which might have had their homes surrounded this year, with apple orchards in full blossom, are destitute of a tree. The time for this year is past, for any additions, and we only make these remarks as an expression of regret. For no home is finished up without fruits casting their fragrance around it.

No home has its fruition of comfort without a supply of all kinds of fruit for family use. Our country will not have the best preventive of disease in our sickly season, before the land yields abundantly of fruit. And then there is no other way on the farm, in which so little outlay of capital and labor will yield so large a return. These are inducements enough to lead the enterprising and practical man to the determination to do his whole duty in tree planting.

A JOURNEY OF A DAY.—About the first of the month, Jeremiah and 'we' took a trip into the country. It was Jeremiah's opinion that a journey at this season of the year would be exceedingly pleasant, and as our opinion usually coincides with Jeremiah's, we thought so, too. We only needed the form of an excuse to justify this journey of a day. At the proper time, which was just forty-five minutes past eight o'clock, A. M., (by town time half past eight) on a very fine June morning—one of the first attempts of June to make mornings—we found ourselves at the Wells street depot of the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad Co. We had to pay the usual compliments to the business of Chicago, and to its resistless progress, by having our own progress arrested, and business suspended, by the opening and shutting of the bridge—whereat we had our consolation by observing the long tail of waiting carriages, omnibusses, drays, &c; the proportionate accumulation of laborers going to their work, merchants to their counters, and travelers, with carpet bags in hand, getting over the gulf of waters suddenly laid open before them—for the time was nearly up, and they knew that the cars wait not for bridges or men. Jeremiah said the scene reminded him of some of the mysterious portions of a lady's ornamental dress, of which he had heard mention made—"open and fret work." Just in time we arrived at the depot, and procured our tickets; paid seventy-five cents therefor, at the ticket office, as all good travelers are advised to do.

This was the morning accommodation train, and the cars, not so numerous as on some other trains, were crowded full; for on this road they always carry the people with them when they move. The grade of passengers was democracy displayed. There were fashion and plainness in close companionship: Emigrants for Iowa and Minnesota; travelers numerous from New England, and not so numerous from other sections; all, for the moment, bent on the same direction. It was a page opened for observation, well worth attention; the study of mixed humanity as we find it on

republican cars—and that particular page, with the knots and circles of the traveling public, with the various styles of dress, habit, and intellectual culture, their craniums and faces to match.

The first point of interest on starting on a journey is an outline of the surroundings. The immense green flat, that surrounds this city at this season, arrests with some exclamations of surprise, the attention of every passenger who has never before seen the prairie—and this is the first sight which thousands have of the prairie, who take Chicago on their way to the West. The city gradually fading out, through scattered cabins becoming less and less frequent, into an uninterrupted field of green, is such a harmonious blending of art and nature as to produce the pleasantest impressions. The flocks of cattle feeding upon this green lawn, is not the least of its attractive features. While we were thus quaffing in the first sights, and sounds, and gushes of the dewy air—meditatively inclined,—there came suddenly across the line of our vision a locomotive with a light car or two attached, running on the St. Charles branch of the road towards Chicago. It was like the fiery steed, flying across this sea of green, as if he had escaped from his rider, and spurning all control, and restraint of rein, and track, was taking a run upon the prairies upon its own account. The New Englander's opinion of the scene is, that it is too flat, too much like the down-east swamps and salt marshes—but it may do for hay, but can never be made into good farms. Jeremiah, being more hopeful, and while believing on the whole, that the world is made about right, though in some places it wants the finishing touches of man's labor,—can foresee the day when all this flat prairie will be drained, and will be covered with gardens in the highest degree of cultivation—indeed the most profitable attachment that could be, to this city, to supply its hundreds of thousands with vegetables and garden luxuries.

The newsboy brings around the morning newspapers and the CHICAGO MAGAZINE. We are not surprised that the MAGAZINE is patronised liberally by the traveling public. It naturally opened the subject of the West as the topic of conversation. The free current of the observations made was not interrupted by the supposition that there was a "cheil among them taking notes" to be printed. A fine old gentleman from Vermont, with his intelligent lady, occupied a seat opposite. He was a man who understood himself well, and was well posted-up with the world also. He was one of the finest specimens of the New England gentleman—dignified, self-possessed, and self-con-

fidant, with a clear musical voice, the tones of which, though not loud or uttered with effect, could be distinctly heard above the rumbling of the car wheels. He attracted, of course, his group of listeners, and we had his opinion of the West freely expressed. We had grown wild and extravagant in our notions—landed property was getting up extravagantly high—the East was being robbed of its vitality to support the West—it was sending out its best men, its most energetic managers of business—it was sending us our goods, and loaning us their money—for which he frankly acknowledged they were paid well, in high rates of interest and in good dividends on stock—and then the West was feeding the East. "You have the resources here," said he; "that is unquestioned. You give us in return the vitality of the nation, in your produce, and beef and pork. Your progress is a wonder to us; the Eastern people cannot begin to realise what a country you have got here until they see it. But they all expect a general break up—terribly timid about investing here, or loaning money on your securities—and are looking for a crash to come which will prostrate all your glorious prospects." "Yes," responded his sensible lady, "and they have grown grey in their expectations." It was very evident that the couple took a very correct view of things—putting a moderate estimate on the advantages and resources of the West, in which they will never be disappointed. We are willing to stake our reputation on a genuine Yankee guess, that he had come out to see the country, well prepared to make a large investment, and to put some share of his fortune into the keeping of the West—perhaps to loan at 25 per cent., on property worth four times the amount of the loan, and increasing at the rate of one hundred per cent. per annum. If so, will he take any more than the share of profit which capital is justly entitled to? Jeremiah conducted the discussion and handled it very well; and the conclusion left upon the minds of all was, that the West was something of a country after all.

The time only served for this exhibition, before the cars arrived at Wheaton, where it was necessary that we should leave Jeremiah and his new-made friends to pursue their way, while we took another tack. Wheaton is one of those new towns which has sprung up on the railroad in a day and a night, occupying a little more time than it did for Jonah's gourd to grow. We trust it will not go down as soon under any wilting sun. We know of many towns a hundred years old, as central as Wheaton, and apparently commanding as many advantages for business, which contain no more

inhabitants, and do no more business than this place of to-day. And yet it has to compete with several neighboring villages. On a fine elevation, at the north-east part of the town, stands the Wesleyan Seminary, a flourishing school, which was begun there when the town first took a start, by the Wesleyan denomination of this State. We know much about the first days of this enterprise, which furnish some pleasant reminiscences, and some not so pleasant. It shows the value and appreciation of educational institutions in connection with the increase of population. The Seminary has done a great deal for Wheaton; the railroad station has done the rest; for it has no local attractions naturally, above its rivals, to draw residents.

There are two lines of stages from Wheaton to Naperville—the mail line and opposition—and a quarter will pay your fare to the county seat of Du Page County. At this rate, as Noggs says, it is cheaper to go than to stay at home; therefore, for the economy of the excursion we must go to Naperville. It is a ride through the open country, along the carriage road, through the most thoroughly improved agricultural section of this part of the State. Some farms were commenced near here when Chicago was but a small village. This ride constituted the charm of this journey of a day. We had had none too much warm weather up to this date. Our first impression was, that the color of the "putting forth of new leaves" on the trees, lacked that rich green which we have always before noticed in early Spring. There was a pale look to vegetation, and faintness of the lively tinge in the distant outline of the timber, that was a little depressing to the enthusiastic response we had expected of the Spring's welcome. The grass—both prairie and timothy—was growing well, and doing its best to put a good face on the surface of things. The Spring wheat was looking very bright and promising. Oats were pointing up their straight-fingered spires through the dark earth directly to the heavens. Corn plants two inches high could be traced in rows across the fields, looking yellow, and irreconcilably prejudiced against the prevailing temperature of the atmosphere, but thoroughly determined to hold on for the good time coming. We approach Warrenville—a town that used to fill a place in the public eye, but which now looks as if smitten with premature age, for it has been jilted by the railroads, and left to thrive in its secluded glory. It has, therefore, grown until it is big enough for the locality, and that is very small, and there it rests. We have seen no change from year to year as we have passed by that little home-like hamlet, on the

banks of the Du Page. Even a little white paint would give it an air of growth that might be somewhat attractive to the chance hunter of a home that might wander that way. But all about are some of the best farms we have seen anywhere. And so on this picture runs to Naperville, four miles further down the Du Page.

The appearance of the country reminds us much of old scenes. The houses are comfortable, but many of them built years ago—the fences are the old rail fence, cut in the groves, when wood was so cheap, that it was cheaper to buy it than steal it, and we believe they are all honest fences—though getting a little rotten at the heart. These improvements are the works of Yankees out west. The cultivators have paid more attention to gardens, though in this respect sadly deficient, as every where else that we have seen, where ambition runs to large flocks, and large fields of wheat and corn. Much taste has been displayed in getting out shrubbery around their homesteads, and in setting out trees along the road, and the division fences of their farms. The good old front door-yard lilac has been plentifully cultivated, and are now in full bloom, throwing off a luxuriance of beauty and fragrance. Nothing can beat the old-fashioned lilac for farm-house adornment—the same which our grand-mothers, when they were girls, carried with them to meetings. But the glory of all the scene, which has in fact made us feel that this journey of a day is worthy of any note on the imperishable page—was the splendid show of young apple orchards, then in full bloom. We know of no invitation of nature, which produces so lively an impression, and calls out so freely the highest admiration, as the broad acres in orchards, surrounded by sentinels of the cherry, peach, plum, and pear, when the apple is in full blossom, with the accompaniment of these rare fruits. This year more than ever before known in this part of the State has the apple come out with its largest display of flowers, the beautiful promise of bountiful supplies of fruit. Every thing large enough to be called a tree, has thus covered itself with early promises, and these have now set in the form of fruit; and if we have not untimely frosts, and unseasonable winds, to blast or shake the young fruit to the ground, the fruit will be so plentiful and cheap, as hardly to command a price. Glad we were to see that the enterprising Yankee farmers along the Du Page had so generally set out their orchards, and were now likely to be so soon so richly rewarded for their pains. Thus going and returning, this jaunt on a June day, into the country, very pleasantly ended—a journey which can be made from many points from this center of radiation,

with equal pleasure and profit, as often as every now and then, if not oftener.

FINANCIAL.—From the Money article of the *Democratic Press*, of June 13th, we take the following items, as they contain some profitable facts of interest to all who have any interest in money, or money at interest:

"The money market, though still close, exhibits less stringency, with a fair prospect of continuing to improve. The bankers complain that currency is still scarce, owing to the immense demand to move the large quantities of produce now coming forward. Our produce dealers require large sums to send into the country daily, and hence the continued scarcity of currency; but ere many weeks it will flow back through the hands of merchants and dealers, and we for a time at least will hear no more of the want of currency.

"The late opening of the season's business has operated rather heavily upon the lumber dealers, a very large and important class of our merchants. Business with them is now better, as they are realizing largely, which of course produces a very favorable effect upon their bank accounts.

"The bankers are supplying their regular depositors to all reasonable extent at the legal rates, viz: ten per cent. The note brokers are still charging from two to three per cent. per month, though first class paper at two per cent. is not plenty.

"The Board of Trustees of the Illinois and Michigan Canal have ordered a dividend—ten per cent—on the principal of the registered canal bonds and canal indebtedness, payable at the American Exchange bank, New York, July 1st. Every advance towards liquidating our State debt is a just matter of congratulation and pride to every citizen of Illinois.

"The banks east and west seem to be moving along safely and successfully. We hear of no failures nor rumors of such events, always disastrous to innocent bill holders, but a God-send to those who "lie in wait" to speculate upon the toil of others.

"At one time it was thought there would be less building this season than formerly; but it is now plain that a large amount of capital will be absorbed for this purpose. While it will take money from the channels of business, all the buildings that can be erected will at once be needed, and will return a large profit in rents to their owners. Let therefore, the building go on. The magnificent country west of us was never improving more rapidly than it is now, and Chicago should, if possible, keep pace with its progress. Room must be provided in Chicago for another hundred thousand people within the next four, certainly within the next five years, and we

are glad that our real-estate owners and capitalists do not flinch from doing their duty the present season, though at one time it must be confessed the financial horizon looked decidedly squally."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHICAGO PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.—This building is located in the southern part of the city, between Michigan and Wabash Avenues. The view gives the front on Wabash.

It was erected in 1853. The design was furnished by Burling & Bauman, architects, of this city. The building was erected under the direction of Messrs. W. B. Ogden, C. Follansbee, Jonathan Burr, O. Lunt, and T. King; and cost at that time, while building materials were comparatively cheap, \$22,720, which was raised by private subscription.

The object is to secure a home for the destitute orphans of the city; and is under the charge of a Board of Female Directors, the President of whom is Mrs. T. King, who has ever been an active friend of the institution. Among those who have been earnestly engaged in building up this benevolent institution in its infancy, we remember Mrs. C. V. Dyer, and C. Follansbee, Esq., who has devoted a large share of his time and private means to the founding of the Asylum and its support up to the present time. It is flourishing, and one of those public institutions which reflect credit on the character of any community in which it is supported.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.—This building is situated on the south-west corner of Wells and Randolph streets—fronting eighty feet on Randolph and extending one hundred feet on Wells. It is six stories in height. It was built in the years 1855 and '56, and opened for the reception of the public on the first of July, 1856. It contains one hundred and fifty sleeping rooms. It has a suite of stores beneath. Its cost was about seventy thousand dollars. Isaac Speer, Esq., is the owner. The lessees of the hotel are Messrs. Goodman & Mason.

THE FOSTER HOUSE.—The owner of this public house is Geo. F. Foster, Esq., whose biography we have given in this number, and from whom its name is taken. It is one of the fine improvements which has been added to the city by the energy of one of her eminent citizens, who came here with no means, and has grown up with the city. It is one of the distinguished hotels of the north side. M. H. Baxter, Esq., is the lessee.

We have given these two views as specimens of the hotels of the city—not, however, as the largest and most fashionable. Our other hotels—of which the city boasts of some equal to any in the Union—will have their place hereafter.

WOLF'S POINT.—This view was taken by Geo. Davis, Esq., of this city, when it presented the most important point in Chicago. A particular description of the view will be found on page 302.

ONE OF THE PRAIRIE CITIES.—Peoria is now a fine town of some seventeen or eighteen thousand people, and in beauty of location is not excepted by any other town in the State. The Union thus speculates upon its future:

"That it will yet be a city of 100,000 inhabitants is far less doubtful than its ever reaching its present population was ten years ago. Occupying nearly a central point between Chicago and St. Louis, being at a distance of 160 miles from the former, and 200 miles from the latter, with a navigable stream lining its margin that has not its superior in western waters, Peoria is certain to become a great business mart, for a wide extent of territory of unsurpassed richness of soil, ever expanding and extending, till its size and population will have exceeded the present size and population of the largest city in the west.

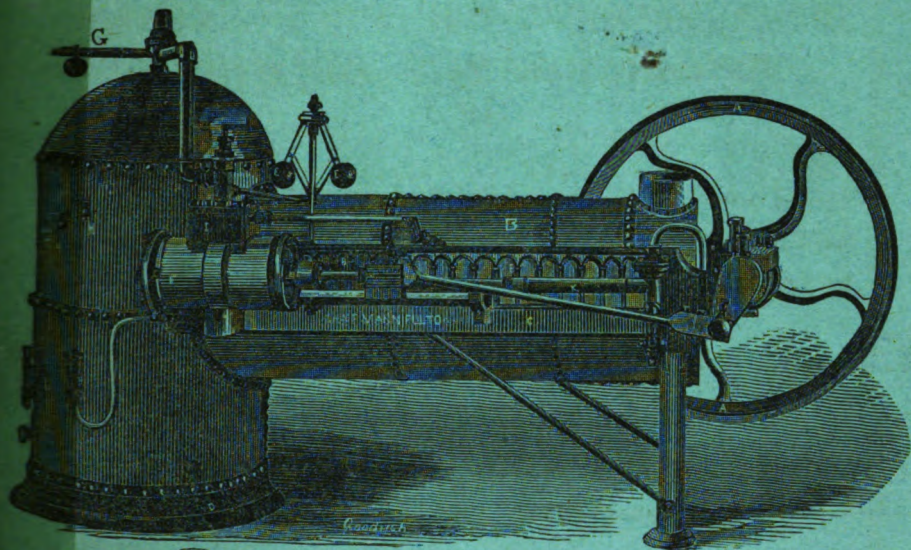
—A correspondent of one of our country papers alludes to the position of Chicago with our rival cities, and introduces in that connection an extract from a St. Louis paper:

"Without instituting invidious comparisons between Chicago and other cities, the rapidity of its growth, and its position, places it in the foreground of all other Western cities. Richly deserved is the following tribute from the St. Louis *Intelligencer* of the 1st inst., and praiseworthy is the candor and out-spoken frankness of that valuable sheet, although published in a rival city. The *Intelligencer* thus speaks of Chicago:

"This great young city of the Lakes is rising now like a giant refreshed. She feels new life and impulse in every branch of business and trade. The emigration pouring through her thoroughfares is tremendous—fully up to the average of past years. And every soul that 'moves' North and West of her, contributes of his labor, wealth and skill, to build up Chicago. It will not do to mock at Chicago, or speak lightly of her power and resources, and incalculable future. It is the emptiest nonsense. A man is quite as sensible who snaps his fingers at a rushing locomotive, and predicts that it will be out of wood and water, and will have to stop after awhile. When the North Western States become exhausted from ten thousand years of close culture, and people are forced to seek another continent to find a living, then Chicago will check up—not sooner."

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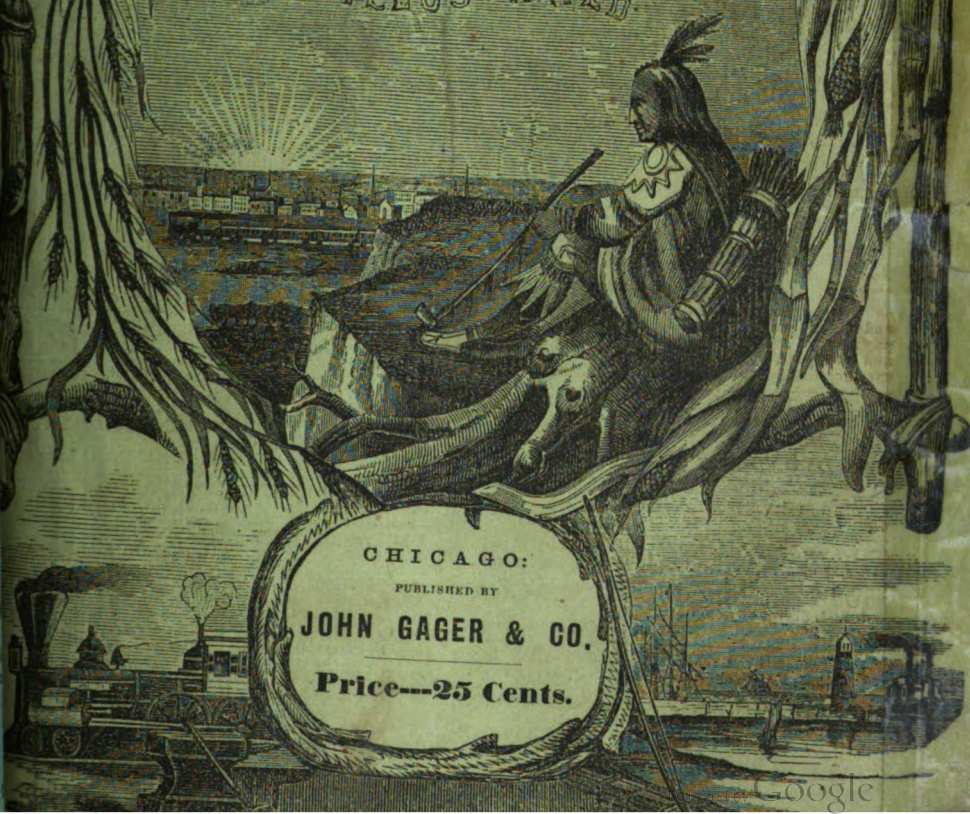
AUGUST, 1857.

US 26831.5
No. 5.



CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

THE WEST AS IT IS;
ILLUSTRATED



CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN GAGER & CO.
Price--25 Cents.

NOTICE—No number of this Magazine for July was issued—for the reason that our publishing day, being the 15th of the month, was found to operate much to our disadvantage in circulating our work; and we therefore concluded, inasmuch as the facilities for printing in our city would allow of two numbers being published in one month, to pass July until the close of the volume, thus enabling us to be beforehand with the August and subsequent numbers.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

- A VIGNETTE ENGRAVING OF CHICAGO—Which embraces views of Garrett Block; Iron Block, north side Lake St.; The Court House, Marine Bank, Chicago High School, Old Fort Dearborn, The Second Presbyterian Church, St. James' Church, Clark St. Bridge, The City Seal.....
- A GROUP OF PORTRAITS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL OF CHICAGO—Containing Twenty Portraits.....
- A BEAUTIFUL FULL PAGE VIEW OF THE "MADEIRA PET,"—Our first visitor of the European fleet.....
- PORTRAITS—A beautiful Mezzotint Engraving of HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, Mayor.....
- OF CHARLES N. HOLDEN, Esq., City Treasurer.....

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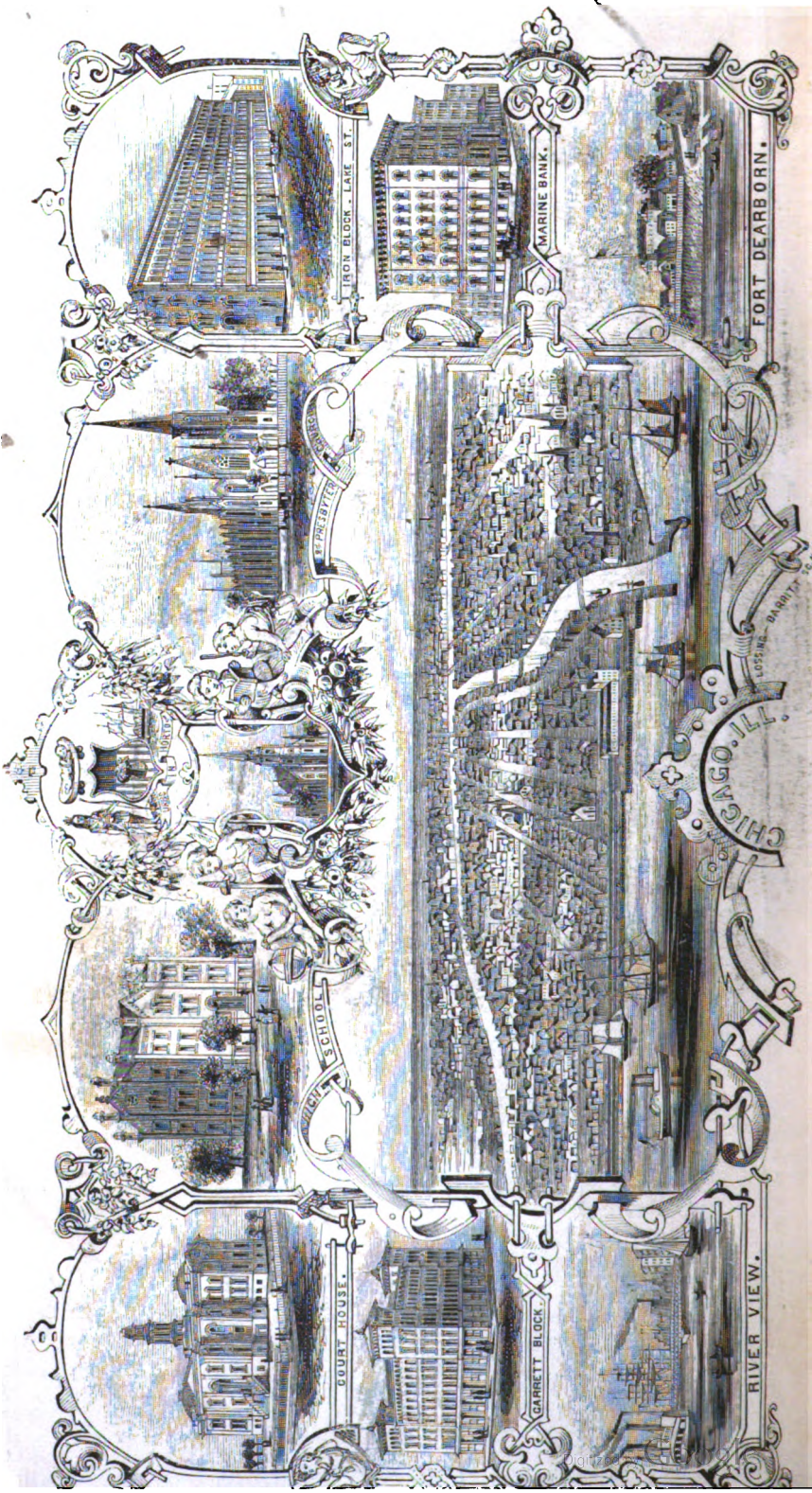
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(City Clerk.)

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- 15. " GREEN.
- 16. " BROSS.
- 17. " DUNLAP.
- 18. " WAHL.
- 19. " LONG.
- 20. " JOY.

Biographical notices will be given in our next No.



[Photograph by Hesler.

CHAS. N. HOLDEN, ESQ.

[CITY TREASURER.]

For Biography, see page 336.



THE "MADIRA PET."

OUR FIRST VISITOR OF THE EUROPEAN FLEET. SEE PAGE 44.

[Photograph by Alenbuler & Freeman.]

1853, Jan. 1.
Gift of the Honorable William Cassie.
through Rev. Francis R. Butler.

CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

The West as it is.

VOL. 1.

AUGUST, 1857.

NO. 5.

HISTORY OF CHICAGO.

THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL.

AS we now look forward to the future in the extension of population and improvements into the now uninhabited, or but sparsely populated territories of the whole West, whether north or south; and as we study the topography of the country, note the situation of the lakes, the large streams which are navigable or may be made so, and along which business and population will flow into regions uninhabited; and where we see connections between great natural points can be made by the least outlay and effort, and natural means of communication be extended; we very naturally imagine the sites here and there where the great cities of the hereafter will be built up; where canals will be made which will connect the waters of the lakes of the north with the great rivers of the south. We can imagine also in generations yet to come, in the periods of decades and centuries, that the whole country will be filled up with a population as dense as that of Illinois, Ohio or New York; and we see where great marts of trade and inland communities, sustained by agricultural resources, will spring up;—where population will gradually sweep away the forests and drain its low lands, covering over the country with improved farms and villages. We see the unexplored streams, in which steamers will ply, and the points along these rivers, the lakes, or the canals to be made as connecting links, where wharfs shall be erected, and an immense business will be conducted by the future people, in the development of the great resources of the country in lumber, in its mines, in its coal, and in agriculture, sustaining other great interests, in mechanics and commerce, and inland trade. None can imagine what such a future will be, only as we can see it foreshadowed by the progress of the country in the past generation. And in that future, not far distant, we shall see that Chicago is no longer the West—it is a central city—and stands to great States, and a larger part of a great nation, west and north-west of us, as New York, and Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, now are to the country thus far progressed, lying west of them. As we look upon the map, and mark the position of the mountains, and trace the course of the rivers, catch with the eye the natural points against which population, with its business, must throw its tide, we shall see where great cities are yet to be founded, as our fathers, thirty and fifty years ago, saw the future Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati and Chicago. At the west point of Lake Superior we locate some great city of the future, which as a center point of trade between the country of the North-West and the navigation upon

the lake, with lumber, mines and fisheries, will come up of necessity. We see that a narrow strip of land, at the height of the flow of waters, is only to be severed by an artificial channel, as that between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River, and navigation is established between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. Who can doubt but that in time this communication will be made. Already is a track of a railroad projected. We look farther back into the interior—we see the land dotted with lakes, connected by rivers, which are natural channels of communication, some of which flow north into lakes in an almost, to us, unknown land; and flowing still further, empty into Hudson's Bay. Though we have but little communication with this section, and know but little about it, so far is it removed from the circle of our sympathies, yet we shall find along the course of this Red River, settlements of white men, and a single town containing a population of white and mixed blood of six thousand inhabitants. Up the channel of the Mississippi, and of the Missouri, reaching far now into uninhabited regions—up the channel of the Nebraska and the Kansas, are foreshadowed homes, villages, towns, and cities, which are to be—and they will spring up as the generation past have thronged upon the course of the Ohio, the Wabash, the Maumee, the Illinois, and many other of the noble streams of the West. Who can foretell the destiny of this country? who can comprehend its future, and number its population, and draw the picture of it as it shall be in the more perfect ages to come? when all this New World shall have become Old, and abound in relics of antiquity, even as the nations of the eastern continent are old in this age of the world!

Forty years ago the people of the Atlantic States, exulting in great prosperity, and in high hopes of an increase of population, and of extension of improvements into the West, had some vague notions of the country around the head of Lake Michigan, as we have of the lands high up the Missouri, or about Lake Winnepeg, or Lake of the Woods. But they never imagined any such strides of population to the Far West, as have been made—coming here, and passing on many hundreds of miles beyond us in every direction. That which has taken place in the progress of settlement, should have been the work of ages, according to their comprehension of things. We find that as long ago as seventy years, the North-West Territory was marked off prospectively into States, with a wise view to the speedy settlement of the country known as the North-West. Further than this there was little expectation, and it was believed that the interior was a country sealed up by God for ages yet to come. After the commencement of this century, the improvement of the national territories attracted considerable attention. There were able articles written and published on the character of the country, its natural resources, &c. Some schemes of improvement, some expectations as to the sites of its future cities, were discussed and suggested. Important towns would some time grow up upon the shores of the lakes; and at the head of Lake Michigan, as the geography indicated, there would be an important inland city. The navigable branches of the Mississippi stretching North, and to the North-East, seemed struggling for a closer communion, and to invite but a reasonable enlistment of the enterprise of men, to improve their natural channels, and overcome obstacles, and perfect a line of navigation from the Lakes whose waters flow north and east into the Atlantic Ocean, to the Mississippi River, whose waters flow south into the Gulf of Mexico,—outlets that are separated thousands of miles, which drain a continent of land unexampled in fertility, and which flow from the heart of a nation, which has no superior in all the resources which can make a nation, on the globe. Standing at the head of these water courses, in the middle ground between the two, with a hand upon the two regions, and a free choice from which to select, whenever interest or a wise policy may require a selection—will be this central inland city at the head of Lake Michigan. So men of past days could foresee the future.

As a matter of course, when the first indications of settlement were manifested, pub-

lie attention was drawn to the possibility of opening, at some future time, a communication between the Illinois river and the Lake. The route had been followed by the earliest French explorers, and it had been kept up by the future intercourse of the traders with the Indians—because it was a line of travel and navigation which nature had provided to link distant portions of the country together. Therefore, when the Indians first relinquished any title to their lands, it was where this future city should be, and the next extinguishment of title was over a line of territory averaging twenty miles in width, that formed the road-way between the Lake and the River. When it was considered what should be the character of that natural thoroughfare of trade and travel, a canal was most naturally suggested, as the one best adapted to the circumstances and wants of the locality. And the early purpose of making it a “ship canal,” a channel of sufficient capacity to take through it the largest boats adapted to the navigation of the rivers below, and the lakes above—which was laid aside only for the want of means to execute it—was the wisest suggestion that has yet been made, as the proper means of wedding the North with the South, by the conjunction of the navigable interests of the lakes and rivers—and which sooner or later must be adopted.

The first suggestion found in print of this proposed canal, is contained in the sixth volume of *Niles Register*, page 394, of the date of August 6, 1814, in an article written during the last war with Great Britain, on the importance, in a national point of view, of the States and Territories of the North-west, and of the improvement of the courses of inland navigation. The passage is as follows:

“By the Illinois river, it is probable that Buffalo, in New York, may be united with New Orleans, by inland navigation, through lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan, and down that river (the Illinois,) to the Mississippi. What a route! How stupenduous the idea! How dwindles the importance of the artificial canals of Europe compared with this water communication! If it should ever take place, (and it is said the opening can be easily made,) the territory will become the seat of an immense commerce and a market for the commodities of all regions.”

So thought a writer forty-three years ago, who with the map of the country before him, and the lakes and rivers of the North-west traced thereon, he could foresee what would be the demands of the future, as the men of to-day, with the map of the North-west before them, set reflecting, imagining, theorising and philosophising upon the national growth in the territories now just opening to population, and where it will be necessary to extend navigation by canal, or where the track of the Pacific Railroad should be laid, or where an important city will fill a place on the map of the world, never more to be blotted out.

Therefore, the extinguishment of the Indian title, by the treaty with the Pottawatomies in 1816, to the strip of land from Ottawa to Chicago, covering in a breadth of twenty miles wide, the navigable route of the Illinois, Des Plaines, and the portage to the Chicago River, as the foreshadowing preparation for the carrying out of this “stupendous idea,” of opening water communication from the Lake to the River, as a belt to girdle the Union.

Gov. Bond, first Governor of Illinois under the Constitution as a State, in his inaugural address, in 1818, first called the attention of the General Assembly to a survey, preparatory to opening a canal upon this route. He suggested an early application to Congress for a certain percentage of the sale of the public lands in the bounds of the State, to be appropriated for this object. In his valedictory message, in December, 1822, he again referred to the subject, and to its having been suggested in his first address, and stated—“It is believed that the public sentiment has been ascertained in relation to the subject, and that our fellow citizens are prepared to sustain their representatives in the adoption of measures subservient to its commencement.”

The session of Congress for 1821–2 passed an act which gave “permission to the

State of Illinois to cut a canal through the public lands, connecting the Illinois River with Lake Michigan, and granting to it the breadth of the canal, and ninety feet on each side of it;" which permission was coupled with the condition, "that the State should permit all articles belonging to the United States, or to any person in their employ, to pass toll free forever."

Gov. Cole, successor to Gov. Bond, inaugurated in December, 1822, in his inaugural address, devotes four pages to the consideration of the canal and internal improvements of the State. The governor was an earnest advocate of a judicious system of internal improvements. He proposed various plans for the accumulation of funds for the purpose, such as a revenue from taxes on the military bounty lands, fines and forfeitures, &c. He urged the importance of opening a communication with Lake Erie, by the Wabash, through Indiana, and the Maumee in Ohio, as well as communication with our own lake, in our own bounds, and asked the Legislature to invite the co-operation of those States for that purpose. He directly proposed that measures should be taken for the examination and surveys of the rivers and the canal route from the Illinois to the Lake; and to memorialise Congress for a liberal donation of land, for the opening of this line of national intercourse. A general act for the internal navigation of the State was passed; and a memorial to Congress was also adopted. This act, which was passed the first session under Gov. Cole's administration, and approved Feb. 14th, 1823, provided for a Board of Commissioners, whose duties were "to devise and adopt measures to open a communication, by canal and locks, between the navigable waters of the Illinois River and Lake Michigan; to cause the route to be explored, surveys and levels to be taken, maps and field books to be constructed, and estimates of the costs to be made; and to invite the attention of the governors of the States of Indiana and Ohio, and through them the Legislature of those States, to the importance of a canal communication between the Wabash and the Maumee Rivers." Thomas Sloo, jr., of Hamilton county, and Theophilus W. Smith, Emanuel J. West, and Erastus Brown, all of Madison county, were elected the said commissioners. In the autumn following, a portion of the commissioners, with Col. Justus Post, of Missouri, appointed Engineer, made the first exploring tour of the route. In the next autumn after this, in 1824, Col. Rene Paul, of St. Louis, an able engineer, was also employed, and with a necessary corps of men, to assist in the surveys and taking the levels, and accompanied by one commissioner, attempted to complete the proposed survey. The party was divided into two companies, and five different routes were surveyed, and an estimate made on each. The plan of construction was on the scale of the New York and Erie Canal. The cost of each route was estimated—the highest being \$716,110; the lowest, \$639,946. At the next session of the Legislature, an act was passed, dated January 17, 1825, to "incorporate the Illinois and Michigan Canal Company." The capital stock was made one million of dollars, in ten thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. The stock not having been taken, this charter was subsequently repealed. Owing to the embarrassed condition of the State, nothing further was attempted for the canal till the Legislature, in 1829, passed an act authorising another Canal Board of Commissioners, consisting of Dr. Jayne, of Springfield, Edward Roberts, of Kaskaskia, and Charles Dunn, with power to employ agents, engineers, surveyors, draftsmen, and other persons, to explore, examine, and determine the route of the canal; also to lay off town sites, sell lots, and apply the funds to the purposes of the canal. This Board was elected to act under the new phase of the enterprise, which it had assumed under an act of Congress, granting land for the construction of the canal. During the time the State was thus taking its first steps to open this canal, Daniel P. Cook, from whom Cook county was named, was the Representative in Congress, and he, in conjunction with the U. S. Senators, Jesse B. Thomas and Ninian Edwards, (and Elias K. Kane after 1825,) were active in their efforts to procure an appropriation from Congress. To Daniel P. Cook, however, we

believe it is no more than justice to say, are we chiefly indebted for getting the appropriation of land through Congress. As the result of these efforts, an act was passed by Congress March 2, 1827, granting to the State of Illinois, for the construction of this work, each alternate section of land, five miles in width, on each side of the proposed canal. From this act of Congress did the State acquire the title to those lands which have filled so important a part in the financial operations of the State—which have aided so essentially the completion of this work, so important to our city, the State and the nation—from which the titles have come for these valuable canal lands, on which so large a portion of our city is built, on which have sprung up villages all along its line, and from which the owners of so many farms, now flourishing, derived their title.

After the State had first moved in behalf of this measure, having had the subject called up by its first two governors, it became also a matter, to a considerable extent, of national concernment. Information in regard to the practicability of the route, its effect upon the improvement of the country, and its connection also with the growth of Chicago, which was then but a village, as will be noticed from our report of its progress thus far, were matters inquired into by public men everywhere; and whoever had the opportunity of making any personal examination into these matters failed not to do so. At the time this enterprise was proposed, population had not extended above the middle portion of the State. Sangamo River and Fulton County embracing all west of the Illinois River, were the northern boundaries of the settlements in the State. Chicago was only the same trading village it had been for nearly twenty years previously. Peoria was but the site of a dozen French families, and Springfield, now capital of the State, was the frontier village on the north, having not more than a dozen log cabins. Morgan county, the upper county east of the Illinois, including what is now Cass and Scott counties, had altogether about seventy-five families. The northern part of the State, where we have now the heaviest portion of the population and the greatest amount of public spirit, was then a wilderness, an uninhabitable prairie, which, as it was supposed, an age would be required to overcome. Like many whom we have seen, generally intelligent men, who have calculated that our large prairies would remain uninhabitable for a hundred years, they supposed the Grand Prairie traversed by the Illinois Central Railroad would remain for many generations like a desert, to divide the interests of the State. Just before the commissioners appointed by the Legislature had made their first examination of the canal route, the Expedition under Major Long, for the exploration of the source of the St. Peter's River, &c., passed through Chicago, on their way, in June, 1823. The party remained a few days at Fort Wayne, thence they proceeded to Chicago, and after stopping here for an examination of the post and of the country around, they continued on their way, through the north part of the State, to the Mississippi, at the Dubuque lead mines, the whole route through from Fort Wayne being as much of a wilderness as if never before explored by white men. Prof. Keating, who is the author of the "Narrative of the Expedition," gives us the following description of Chicago, (then known as Fort Dearborn,) as it appeared when visited by the party in June, 1823:

"Fort Dearborn is situated in the State of Illinois, on the south bank, and near to the mouth of the Chicago river; the boundary line between this State and that of Indiana strikes the Western shore of Lake Michigan ten miles north of its southernmost extremity, and then continues along the shore of the lake until it reaches the forty-second and a half degree of north latitude, along which it extends to the Mississippi. The post at Chicago was abandoned a few months after the party visited it. Its establishment had been found necessary to intimidate the hostile and still very powerful tribes of Indians that inhabit this part of the country; but the rapid extension of the white population to the west, the establishment along the Mississippi river of a chain of

military posts which encloses them, and at the same time convinces them of the vigilance of the government, and of the inevitable destruction which they would bring upon themselves by the most trifling act of hostility on their part, have, it is thought, rendered the continuance of a military force at this place unnecessary. An Indian agent remains there, in order to keep up amicable relations with them, and to attend to their wants, which are daily becoming greater, owing to the increasing scarcity of game in the country.

"We were much disappointed at the appearance of Chicago and its vicinity. We found in it nothing to justify the great eulogium lavished upon this place by a late traveler, who observes that 'it is the most fertile and beautiful that can be imagined.' 'As a farming country,' says he, 'it unites the fertile soil of the finest lowland prairies with an elevation which exempts it from the influence of stagnant waters, and a summer climate of delightful serenity.*' The best comment upon this description of the climate and soil is the fact that, with the most active vigilance on the part of the officers, it was impossible for the garrison, consisting of from seventy to ninety men, to subsist themselves upon the grain raised in the country, although much of their time was devoted to agricultural pursuits. The difficulties which the agriculturist meets with here are enormous; they arise from the shallowness of the soil, from its humidity, and from its exposure to the cold and damp winds which blow from the lake with great force during most part of the year; the grain is frequently destroyed by swarms of insects; there are also a number of destructive birds of which it was impossible for the garrison to avoid the baneful influence, except by keeping, as was practiced at Fort Dearborn, a party of soldiers constantly engaged at shooting at the crows and black-birds that depredated upon the corn planted by them. But, even with all these exertions, the maize seldom has time to ripen, owing to the shortness and coldness of the season. The provisions for the garrison were for the most part conveyed from Mackinaw in a schooner, and sometimes they were brought from St. Louis, a distance of three hundred and eighty-six miles, up the Illinois and Des Plaines rivers.

"The appearance of the country near Chicago offers but few features upon which the eye of the traveler can dwell with pleasure. There is too much uniformity in the scenery; the extensive water prospect is a waste unchecked by islands, unenlivened by the spreading canvass, and the fatiguing monotony of which is increased by the equally undiversified prospect of the land scenery, which affords no relief to the sight, as it consists merely of a plain in which but few patches of thin and scrubby woods are observed scattered here and there.

"The village presents no cheering prospect, as, notwithstanding its antiquity, it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians from whom they are descended. Their log or bark houses are low, filthy and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort. Chicago is perhaps one of the oldest settlements in the Indian country; its name, derived from the Pottawatomie language, signifies either a skunk, or a wild onion; and either of these significations has been occasionally given for it. A fort is said to have formerly existed there. Mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671 by Perot, who found "Chicagou" to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miamis. The number of trails centering all at this spot, and their apparent antiquity, indicate that this was probably for a long while the site of a large Indian village. As a place of business, it offers no inducement to the settler; for the whole annual amount of the trade on the lake did not exceed the cargo of five or six schooners even at the time when the garrison received its supplies from Mackinaw. It is not impossible that at some distant day, when the banks of the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population, and when the low prai-

*Schoolcraft's Narrative Journal of Travels, (Albany, 1820.) page 384.

ries which extend between that river and Fort Wayne, shall have acquired a population proportionate to the produce which they can yield, that Chicago may become one of the points in the direct line of communication between the northern lakes and the Mississippi; but even the intercourse which will be carried on through this communication, will, we think, at all times be a limited one; the dangers attending the navigation of the lake, and the scarcity of harbors along the shore, must ever prove a serious obstacle to the increase of the commercial importance of Chicago. The extent of the sand banks which are formed on the eastern and southern shore, by the prevailing north and north-westerly winds, will likewise prevent any important works from being undertaken to improve the port of Chicago.*

Thus commented, thirty-four years ago, the author of a narrative of an official exploring party, sent out by order of government to make report on the character of the country over which they were to pass—thus testing by competent and scientific men the condition and resources for settlement of a new country. This, no doubt, was a truthful representation of things, as they then appeared—but then how little was the importance of the West understood, and the place it was destined to fill in the history of the country! “It is not impossible,” they say, “that at some *distant* day [thirty-four years,] when the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population, &c., Chicago may become one of the points in a direct line of communication . . . which always must be a limited one; . . . and the scarcity of harbors must prove a serious obstacle to the increase of the commercial importance of Chicago,”—which in thirty-four years has a population of one hundred and ten thousand, and has become the largest grain market, and also the largest lumber market in the world.

This subject matter of a “direct communication between the Northern Lakes and the Mississippi,” which had been broached in other quarters, was one which this exploring party felt authorised to look into; they therefore made an examination of the watershed, or the line at the “summit level” of the great national water flow that divides the elements of a summer shower, so that kindred drops shall be separated, some to flow south through the Des Plaines, Illinois, and Mississippi, out into the Gulf of Mexico; others to flow north, through Lake Michigan, and the other lakes, over the Cataract of Niagara, through the River St. Lawrence, into the Atlantic, there to be joined, under the cold glance of the icebergs, by the kindred drops that had flowed south to water the orange groves and cane fields, and wafted together again, by the course of the Gulf Stream, like long severed friends, to meet once more. The account there given of the high water channel that connects the two sections, and which had sometimes been used for the purposes of navigation, will be read with interest now, while the subject of the improvement of the Illinois River, by a supply of water from the lake, through a ship canal, is again being agitated, and with more practical views of its feasibility, and its value as an improvement, and of the effect it may have on the navigation of the Illinois, the prosperity of the country, and the business and health of Chicago. Says the Narrative,—

“The south fork of Chicago river takes its rise about six miles from the fort, in a swamp which communicates also with the Des Plaines, one of the head branches of the Illinois. Having been informed that this route was frequently traveled by traders, and that it had been used by one of the officers of the garrison, who returned with provisions from St. Louis a few days before our arrival at the fort, we determined to ascend the Chicago river in order to observe this interesting division of waters. We accordingly left the fort on the 7th of June, in a boat which, after having ascended the river about four miles, we exchanged for a narrow pirogue that drew less water; the stream we were ascending was very narrow, rapid, and crooked, presenting a great fall; it continued so for about three miles, when we reached a sort of swamp designated by the

* Major Long's Expedition, pages 162-65.

Canadian voyagers under the name of *le petit lac*.^{*} Our course through this swamp, which extended for three miles, was very much impeded by the high grass, weeds, &c. through which our pirogue passed with difficulty. Observing that our progress through the fen was very slow, and the day being considerably advanced, we landed on the north bank, and continued our course along the edge of the swamp for about three miles, until we reached the place where the old Portage road meets the current, which was here very distinct towards the south. We were delighted at beholding for the first time, a feature so interesting in itself, but which afterwards we had an opportunity of observing frequently on the route; viz: the division of waters starting from the same source, and running in two different directions, so as to become the feeders of streams that discharge themselves into the ocean an immense distance apart. Although at the time we visited it, there was scarcely water enough to permit our pirogue to pass, we could not doubt that in the spring of the year the route must be a very eligible one.—Lieut. Hopson, who accompanied us to the Des Plaines, told us that he had traveled it with ease, in a boat loaded with lead and flour. The distance from the fort to the intersection of the Portage road and the Des Plaines, is supposed to be about twelve or thirteen miles; the elevation of the feeding lake above Chicago river is estimated at five or six feet; and it is probable that the descent to the Des Plaines is less considerable. The Portage road is about eleven miles long; the usual distance traveled by land seldom, however, exceeds from four to nine miles; in very dry seasons it has been said to amount to thirty miles, as the Portage then extends to Mount Juliet, near the confluence of the Kankakee. When we consider the facts above stated, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that an elevation of the lakes of a few feet, (not exceeding ten or twelve,) above their present level, would cause them to discharge their waters, partly, at least, into the Gulf of Mexico; that such a discharge has at one time existed, every one conversant with the nature of the country must admit; and it is equally apparent that an expenditure, trifling in comparison to the importance of the object, would again render Lake Michigan a tributary of the Mexican Gulf. Impressed with the importance of this object, the legislature of Illinois has already caused some observations to be made upon the possibility of establishing this communication; the commissioners appointed to that effect, visited Chicago after we left it, and we know not what results they obtained, as their report has not reached us; but we have been informed that they had considered the elevation of the *petit lac* above Chicago to be somewhat greater than we had estimated it. It is the opinion of those best acquainted with the nature of the country, that the easiest communication would be between the little Calamick and some point of the Des Plaines, probably below the Portage road; between these two points, there is in wet seasons, we understand, a water communication of ten or twelve miles. Of the practicability of the work, and of the sufficiency of a supply of water no doubt can exist. The only difficulty will, we apprehend, be in keeping the communication open after it is once made, as the soil is swampy, and probably will require particular care to oppose the return of the soft mud into the excavations.[†]

The canal commissioners appointed under the act of January, 1829, proceeded to make somewhat available the lands donated for the purpose, by laying out the towns along the line of the canal—first laying out the town of Ottawa, at the junction of the Fox River with the Illinois—and in the autumn of 1829, authorised the laying out of the town of Chicago, on the alternate section which belonged in course to the canal lands—which lay upon the main channel of the river, and over the junction of the two Branches—having employed Mr. James Thompson to survey and plat the town, which he did. His first map is in the Recorder's office, bearing date August 4th, 1830, and is

^{*} Mud Lake, as it has since been called by the early settlers.

[†] Major Long's Expedition, pages 165-67.



Engraved by T. Donay 1849

John Wentworth

MAYOR OF CHICAGO

the part known as the original town of Chicago—which was the first beginning of Chicago as a recognised place, having a locality and a name among the towns and cities of the earth—the first official act of organization, which must be dated as its birth. And so this city, of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, will have arrived this month of August, at the ripe youthful age of twenty-seven years.

The projection of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was the immediate precursor of Chicago, the source from which she received her first impulse, and is that enterprise to which Chicago is more indebted to-day for her greatness than to any other source. It is true that she has felt a more direct and speedy impulse from her many railroads; but the canal was her strength in her infancy, her hope for many long years of struggling to keep her place, when her fortunes, with that of the canal, waxed and waned together—when financial disasters fell upon one, it fell upon the other; and at last, when the canal policy prevailed and its fortunes rose, Chicago rose with it; and when it triumphed at last, and the work was finished, Chicago triumphed also, and became then the full formed bud of promise—of all that she has been since. Then her railroads became a necessity demanded by her next step of progress, and they, too, lingered and struggled for a time; but as Chicago, backed by the country, had made the canal, she also made her railroads. But she has outgrown her nursing mother, and the canal is now looked upon as an old foggy institution—one of the things that were, to be superseded by new inventions; but, nevertheless, she has her old-fashioned uses, and Chicago knows better than to give up her canal. She and the State must make another move with it, or it will be truly a thing behind the times—and that is, to enlarge it to the original conception of a ship canal, to draw off, through the harbor of Chicago, the drainage of the city in the supply of water needed for the improvement of the Illinois River; or in some way so modifying the original plan, that a complete line of steamboat navigation shall be opened from the river to the lake, so that we shall find among the things that have soon come to pass, the steamers from New Orleans lying moored at our docks. Nothing short of this will answer the demands of the times.

The Canal Commissioners having thus stuck their first stakes, in providing for towns at each end of their line, they found it necessary again to revise their surveys. The plan of finishing it on the dimensions of the New York canal, and of obtaining a supply of water on the surface level from the Des Plaines as the first feeder, was very doubtful: and the rock on the summit level appearing so near the surface, it being necessary to make a deep cut through the rock to obtain the water from the lake, the largely increased estimate of cost threw doubt and discouragement upon the whole plan. The subject, before anything could be done, went back to the next legislature, who authorized a re-examination, and whether a supply of water could be obtained from Calumet as a feeder, and the estimation of the costs upon a larger plan of taking the water from the lake as a ship canal; and in the same connection, the act authorised an examination into the cost of a single track railway, as a substitute for the canal. Much discussion with the public followed the introduction of this railway project, a large part being in favor of dropping the canal altogether for the railroad; and thus public attention, and the actual support and countenance wanted for one, was for a time divided between the two projects. The cost of the railroad, ninety-five miles, was estimated at about a million of dollars, and there are those who believe now that it would have been better for the State had the railroad been adopted in lieu of the canal. But as it is, we have the canal, and now a railroad also, nearly following the line of its course—and there is room to doubt, if enterprise had not conquered on the canal effort, if we should have had the railroads. Progress usually follows its own order naturally.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THE sun is out, the grass is dry, the footpath neat and clean,
 Yon locust trees are all in bloom and beautifully green;
 The old church steeple points to Heaven in atmosphere serene,
 And dormant labor sanctifies the sweet and solemn scene.
 For old and young, for great and small,
 A blessed day of rest for all.

How beautiful it is to hear those chimes in balmy air,
 That call the motley village throng to that old house of prayer;
 All haste with humble, contrite hearts that privilege to share,
 The banishment of six long days, of trouble and of care.
 Our Father, which art in Heaven,
 Glory to Thy name be given.

From various nooks they straggle forth in Sunday's best array,
 By shady lane, or pleasant brook, that gem the devious way:
 The tottering widow on her crutch, the damsel young and gay,
 The rich, the poor, with one intent, all haste to kneel and pray,—
 O God the Father, and the Son,
 Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done.

Then, how delightful 'tis to see yon cottage smoke arise,
 Where industry prepares her store of requisite supplies.
 The drunkard and the dissolute, God make them less unwise,
 And grant this day a wholesome meal to all beneath the skies.
 For all who work by hand or head,
 Give us this day our daily bread!

How beautiful it is to see the stubborn heart give way,
 And leap to heavenly joy at once, from wickedness grown grey;
 To see the sinner go from sin—the scoffer come to pray—
 To know forgiveness is for all, on this most solemn day.
 Forgive our trespasses, as we
 Renounce all earthly enmity.

O do not sigh for city life, where thousand ills abound—
 Where demons lurk in every nook to spit their venom round;
 Dive deep into some rustic dell, with lovely woods embrown'd,
 Where nought, if such a place there be, but endless peace is found.
 Lead us on to happy days—
 Deliver us from evil ways!

O God! for every weary soul Thy blessing we implore,
 Wherever earth expands herself, or any waters roar;
 To every sad and broken heart sweet peace of mind restore,
 Till all shall end—all creatures die—and time shall be no more.
 Thine is the kingdom this to do—
 Thine is the power and glory too.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH.

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO.



WING to our disappointment in getting an engraving of the Mayor of this City in time for this number, we present our readers with a portrait of him, engraved by T. Doney of New York, for the *Democratic Review*, in 1849, whilst he was a Member of Congress. This was then considered a very accurate likeness. We notice that Mr. Healey, a distinguished artist, is now painting a portrait of the Mayor, for the Council Chamber. Thus, whilst we present the Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH as he was in 1849, whilst a Member of Congress, we leave it for a more accomplished hand to present him as he now is, whilst Mayor of the city.

To "Wheeler's Biographical, Political History of Congress," to the "United States Democratic Review," and to the old files of the *Chicago Democrat*, are we indebted for the following biographical notice of Col. JOHN WENTWORTH, who represented this Congressional District in the House of Representatives for ten years, and was, in March last, elected Mayor of this city by the largest majority ever given to any candidate.

The *Democratic Review* says: "He was born in that part of New Hampshire known as the Switzerland of America, among those highlands separating those beautiful and picturesque bodies of water, dotted with hundreds of little islands, which are known as Squam and Winnipiseogee Lakes. As the traveler from the capital of the State reaches the first of that extensive range of mountains, which he never loses sight of until he arrives at Mount Washington itself, known as the Red Mountain, he beholds a promontory of comparatively low lands, nearly equally divided between hills, vales, and little lakes, jutting up among precipitous and rugged mountains, and from which there seems no outlet, except in the direction of the entrance. At the extreme end of this peninsular strip of land, bounded almost entirely by mountains, with no house, no road, nor any place beyond save the mountain's craggy side, less than a quarter of a mile to the right of the road that now leads through a hardly passable gorge to Thornton, in the town of Sandwich, and county of Carroll, was Col. WENTWORTH born, March 5th, 1815, in sight of almost perpetual snows. Seldom, indeed, are all those towering peaks that line the town of Sandwich snowless, and few are the fields that miss the frosts for six months in a year. It blights the blossoms in the spring, and the unripe fruit in autumn. Few are the agricultural products adapted to its short and cool summers, and to its winters, vicing almost with those of Franconia, known as the coldest place in the Union. The soil is sterile and rocky; and its original settlers, in 1768, declared that they found it a dense mass of rocks and trees, with no bare spot save its lakes and rivers. There were no stores, no hotels, and no places of recreation, where one could while away a leisure hour, or which could entice one from the paths of industry. Work was the only recreation, and sleep the only rest. The evening shade was the signal for general retirement, and the day dawn found all breakfasted and the oxen yoked at the door. Amid such habits, and upon such a theatre, was the subject of this sketch born and reared. At the age of seven, he was alone and on foot, carrying the dinners, for miles, to the gangs of men on the mountain, or in the log swamps, amid every severity of weather. At ten, he accompanied the workmen from morn until night, and was celebrated far and near for the vast amount of work performed by him at such an age. The success of the sons of New Hampshire, after their emigration to other States, is often wondered at by those who know not the sterility of the soil and the severity of the climate peculiar to their birth-place, and the untiring industry, rigid economy, and close calculation to which stern necessity has inured them from their youth. The surest preventive of bad habits is industry. Young men kept closely at work have no time to be vicious. Let the money they expend be the product of their own industry, and they never will be prodigals; especially if that sweat has

moistened the spots of sterile soil that lay scattered among the rocks and mountains of New Hampshire. Col. WENTWORTH is celebrated as one of the most industrious and untiring men in the State of Illinois. And why so? He has carried habits contracted among the rocks and mountains of New Hampshire to the prairies of the West, which the God of Nature has already cleared, and which almost spontaneously supply the wants of man. These habits, forced upon him by an early conviction of their necessity, he did not leave behind him when he entered the halls of Congress. Look at the journals, that indisputable testimony against every State or national legislator! No name at any one of the last six sessions of Congress will be found oftener recorded by the yeas and nays. He has voted for the earliest hour of daily meeting, and the latest of daily adjournment. He makes no speeches for 'Buncombe,' and never addresses the House but upon the matter immediately pending. He has favored 'Previous Questions,' 'the Hour Rule,' and every other measure that would facilitate public business. One of his standing rules has been, never to vote for an adjournment whilst there was business of any kind to be transacted.

"With a majority of such men as Col. WENTWORTH in Congress, we should 'return to the earlier days of the Republic,' when Congressmen made brief and pointed speeches, and then only for the immediate benefit of those to whom they were spoken;—we should see independent, practical, industrious, straight-forward and common-sense men take the place of the man who obtains his livelihood by trafficking in politics, and whose sole ambition is to make speeches by the hour, and to trade away his vote and his influence for that source of infinite corruption—executive patronage.

* * * * *

"In the winter of 1826-7, whilst in his twelfth year, he was removed with difficulty from the scenes of his laborious agricultural pursuits, and placed at Gilmanton Academy for three months, and again, for six months, at Wolfborough Academy, in '27, which he left with a full determination to be a farmer. But, in the spring of 1828, his father again forced his reluctant son from the plough-fields and placed him at New Hampton Academy. This was the year of the severe political struggle between the friends of President Adams and Gen. Jackson; and in which Col. WENTWORTH became interested in the promulgation of those sentiments of democracy which he has ever since advocated. At that time, the talent as well as the wealth of New England was upon the federal side; and it will be remembered that such were the odds against the democratic party, that Gen. Jackson obtained but a single electoral vote in the six New England States. It was amid the angry discussions of this day that the importance of a liberal education was demonstrated to him; and thereafter he pursued his studies as a pleasure rather than a task.

"He remained at this place, with occasional intervals of hard labor at home, which his father thought the proper development of his physical strength required, until the spring of 1832. In the winter of '31 and '32, at sixteen years of age, he taught school at New Hampton, at ten dollars a month, with the average age of his scholars, of both sexes, beyond his, and with several who were legal voters. In the summer of 1832, which was a year of the most intense excitement, growing out of that ever-memorable struggle between the people and a national bank, he was at the academy at South Berwick, in Maine, where he contributed articles to democratic newspapers, which leading democrats were proud to have attributed to themselves. He entered Dartmouth College in the autumn of 1832, and graduated, among the first in his class, in 1836. All who knew him there, knew him as an active and determined democrat.

* * * * *

"It was on the 3d of October, 1836, that he left his father's home in Sandwich, N. H., with about one hundred dollars in his pocket, with no definite plan in view, led by the star of 'inevitable destiny.'"

The following account of Mr. Wentworth's journey to this city will give an idea of the slow methods of locomotion in those days.

He traveled in the post coach on Monday to Concord, N. H., a distance of about forty-five miles. Tuesday morning, October 4th, he took the stage to Troy, N. Y., passed the Green Mountains in the night of Tuesday, and arrived at Troy Wednesday night, October 5th. Here he remained until the next morning, when he took the stage for Schenectady, where he arrived on Thursday night, the 6th. On the 7th, Friday, he was astonished at beholding, for the first time in his life, a railroad. He rode in the cars to Utica, where he took the canal to Tonawanda, at which point he took the stage for Niagara Falls, and arrived there on Sunday night, the 9th. On the afternoon of the 10th, he saw a steamboat for the first time, and proceeded in it to Buffalo.

On Tuesday night, the 11th, he took the old steamboat, Columbus, Capt. Walker, at Buffalo, and reached Detroit on the evening of Thursday, the 13th. At Detroit he met James Frederick Joy, Esq., present attorney of the Michigan Central Railroad, who had been his teacher at Dartmouth College. Mr. Joy was kind enough to introduce him to several persons, who gave him a favorable opinion of Michigan as a proper place for him to settle; so he took a walk into the country, to Ypsilanti, and afterwards to Ann Arbor; and then, not feeling exactly satisfied with his prospects in that part of the West, returned on foot to Detroit. The road was very muddy, and it rained a good part of the time.

Col. WENTWORTH has since taken considerable pains to discover the whereabouts of a boy, who was taking home a pair of horses his father had bought, and who let him ride one of them six or eight miles. As his feet were badly blistered, and he was far away from any settlement, Col. WENTWORTH has always expressed the greatest obligations to the boy; and although he had to ride barebacked, the said boy was to him the best living definition of "a friend in need is a friend indeed" he has ever come across during the course of his life.

Col. W. returned to Detroit again on Monday night, the 17th of October, being just two weeks from the time he left his mountain home in New Hampshire.

Oliver Newberry, Esq., the widely known ship owner and forwarding merchant, of Detroit, and then a partner of Geo. W. Dole, Esq., of this city, had just built a new brig, the Manhattan, Capt. John Stewart, which was about to make its first trip to Chicago. After his return from the country, Col. WENTWORTH placed his trunk aboard the brig, after having made up his mind that Chicago was the best point for him to settle at. At that time there was but one stage, and that no better than an open mud cart, running between Detroit and Chicago; and passengers had to wait several days for their turns by this conveyance, as such a thing as an extra was not then known. After riding day and night over bad roads, at a very slow pace, his feet having nearly recovered, Col. WENTWORTH left the stage at Michigan City, on the afternoon of the 22d of October. On the morning of the 23d, he trailed round the head of the Lake, through the sand, and remained that night at a shanty, built on the shore of the Lake, which was known in those days as the "Beach House;" and which, although not large enough to accommodate half a dozen people, was never known to be full, no matter how many came along. On the 24th, Col. W. footed it again, through the mud, to Calumet, where our liberal and distinguished fellow citizen, Jason Gurley, Esq., then kept a very good hotel, as Mr. G. always kept wherever he was, and which subsequently burnt down. Calumet was then, as now, a very fashionable place of resort for the gentlemen of leisure from Chicago, as the prairie and river abounded with game of all kinds, and which were always cooked at Mr. Gurley's in a manner which gave his house the preference over any house within that distance of Chicago. The Chicago Democrat, not many months afterwards, describes Col. WENTWORTH, as being led through a room where there were several good

beds, to a room where the beds were made on the floor. He wished to know why he could not have one of the good beds. The clerk replied that they were not for travellers, but were "*kept expressly for the gentlemen who came out from Chicago.*" The Democrat says, that this was the first and last time that its editor was ever home-sick; for the Chicago gentlemen came in, in due time, with an abundance of game, and must have it cooked that night. Meanwhile they opened their baskets of Champagne and commenced drinking and singing. There were some very good singers in the company, and when they sang "Home, Sweet Home," and Col. WENTWORTH lay there thousands of miles from his home, without an acquaintance, he fully appreciated the sentiment of the song, which addressed itself most forcibly to his feelings. These gentlemen were then esteemed as among the wealthiest men in the city; but their riches long since took wings. Many of them died very poor, while others are yet living, feeling the need of the money and the time which they expended in keeping awake the weary traveller at Calumet.

On the forenoon of Tuesday, the 25th of October, 1836, Col. WENTWORTH reached this city, on foot. The first man he met was an old school-mate of his from New Hampshire, named Matthew S. Moloney, of the, then, firm of Wilde, Moloney & Co., and brother of Hon. Richard S. Moloney, of Belvidere, late Member of Congress from this District.

Mr. Moloney was very urgent that Col. WENTWORTH should remain here, and took him to dinner with him at the United States Hotel, then kept by John Murphy, Esq., in the building afterwards called the Sauganash Hotel, which was situated near the corner of Lake and Market streets. Col. W. boarded at Mr. Murphy's until the latter moved to the west side of the river, to his hotel, burned down a few years since, which stood on the corner of Canal and Randolph streets, and for some time thereafter. Mr. Murphy emigrated to this city from Hartford, Connecticut, in June, 1834. The same year he became landlord of the Exchange Coffee House, on the north side of Lake street, corner of Wells. He then became landlord of the United States Hotel, located on Market street, between Lake and Randolph streets, near the corner of Lake. He then built himself a new hotel on the West Side, fronting on West Water street, between Lake and Randolph streets. The building was subsequently removed back to the corner of Canal and Randolph streets, where it remained till, since Mr. M.'s death, it burned down. This latter building he also called the United States Hotel, while the old one was converted into a theatre, and used as such until it was refitted for the Sauganash Hotel. Mr. Murphy was elected Alderman of the old Fourth Ward in 1839, and also in 1843, and in 1844. He died on the fourth of August, 1850, of cholera. On the same day, whilst boarding at his house, also died Dr. George W. Wentworth, a younger brother of the subject of this sketch, who was Alderman of the, then, Sixth, formerly the Fourth, Ward of this city. They died within a few hours of each other.

After Col. WENTWORTH's business became too pressing to allow him to travel so far three times a day, he commenced boarding with Jacob Russell, Esq., who then kept the City Hotel, corner of Randolph and Clark Streets, now known as the Sherman House. He continued to board at the City Hotel until Mr. Russell retired from business. He then went to the Tremont House, where he has kept rooms ever since.

Col. WENTWORTH went into the law office of Henry Moore, Esq., since deceased, and at that time one of the leading men in the city, with the determination to pass his time to the best advantage until his trunk should come round the lakes. Meanwhile he was consulted as to the probability of procuring his services as editor of the Chicago Democrat. He had with him letters from prominent politicians in the State of New Hampshire. The following is from Hon. B. M. Bean, Member of Congress from his father's district, to Gov. Reynolds of this State, then also a Member of Congress, which we insert:—

MOULTONBOROUGH, Sept. 22, 1836.

HON. JOHN REYNOLDS:

Dear Sir—Permit me to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. JOHN WENTWORTH, a young man of good talents, who has just completed his collegiate studies, and visits the West for the purpose of studying and pursuing the practice of the law. As your knowledge and influence will enable you to direct him in the choice of a desirable spot to locate, whatever assistance you may render him will be gratefully received and considered a favor conferred on

Your friend and ob't servant,

B. M. BEAN.

The two following are from the late Gov. Isaac Hill, who had then been recently U. S. Senator from New Hampshire:—

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 29, 1836.

SIR,—Permit me to introduce to your friendly attentions Mr. JOHN WENTWORTH, a graduate of Dartmouth College, of the present year. Mr. WENTWORTH possesses merit as a scholar and a gentleman, and has already discovered talents as a politician which give him the first rank among our young men. He goes to the West in pursuit of fortune and of fame. Should he take a stand in your territory, I cannot doubt that he will receive, as he will merit, the patronage and friendship of the pioneers of your flourishing country.

I am, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,

ISAAC HILL.

Gen. HENRY DODGE, *Governor of Wisconsin.*

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 29, 1836.

DEAR SIR:—This will introduce Mr. JOHN WENTWORTH, of this State, of whose talents and worth I had occasion to speak to yourself during the last session of Congress. He goes to the far West in pursuit of fortune and fame. I cannot doubt he will be encouraged on his way by all such aids as you may conveniently give him.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your friend and ob't servant,

ISAAC HILL.

This last letter was written to Hon. Robert J. Walker, present Governor of Kansas, at that time U. S. Senator from Mississippi. Gov. Hill was anxious that Col. WENTWORTH should go to Mississippi, and study law in Mr. Walker's office, and Col. W. had serious thoughts of doing so when he first arrived here.

At the time Col. WENTWORTH arrived in this city, Dr. Daniel Brainard was the editor of the Chicago *Democrat*, and he wishing to retire, the services of Col. WENTWORTH were engaged as editor merely, and he was to continue as a student in Mr. Moore's office, and do the writing there. Accordingly, the paper appeared with his name as editor on the 23d of November, less than one month from the date of his arrival in the city. Meanwhile, the proprietorship of the paper had been changed; but the last purchaser failing to meet his paper, Col. WENTWORTH was induced to undertake to purchase the *Democrat* establishment, and thereby become sole proprietor.

Wheeler, in his History, thus alludes to this matter:—

"So well however had Mr. Wentworth conducted the affairs of the establishment, that the proprietors, who were quite numerous, solicited him to remain in the office, to take the concern and pay for it out of his earnings as fast as he could. After much hesitation about the propriety of his thus undertaking a debt of nearly three thousand dollars, he finally consented to the proposition, and forthwith set to work with all the energy of which he was capable. He was the first man in his office in the morning, and the last at night. He never left the city, nor attended a private party nor a place of amusement of any description, until, without receiving aid from any quarter to the amount of a single cent, he had paid for the establishment. To this application in early life, it is probable he owes the success he has met with, and the not inconsiderable fortune he now enjoys. The establishment, the only one remaining in existence of all the papers of that day, and which has increased with the growth of the Great West, he now solely owns, as until his election to Congress he solely edited it."

The Democratic Review also says:

"Such was the independence and ability with which he managed it, that when the new proprietor failed to meet his payments, and the paper reverted to its original owner, they offered the paper to young WENTWORTH, and he was to own it as fast as he could pay off the amount of their respective shares. Here was a fine field for his native industry, economy and perseverance. In less than three years the entire establishment, costing \$2,800, was his, without a copper's aid from any quarter. He had earned it by continuous daily and nightly toil, by denying himself everything that the most pressing necessity did not demand, and by abstaining from all intercourse with his fellow citizens, save what occurred at his own office upon the business of the office. Whilst he struggled hard to redeem his press, the history of the times shows that he met every question with boldness.

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"We mention these things as showing the responsibilities that devolved upon a young man fresh from the walls of college, transferred to a land of strangers over a thousand miles from home, and the manner in which he met them. Just of age, without means, without experience, and without friends, and at an unexampled crisis in both the monetary and political affairs of the nation, he was placed upon a theatre demanding the greatest degree of moral courage, independence, labor, care and caution. He had his profession to acquire, his press to pay for, and his party to protect."

From the salutatory address of Mr. Wentworth, in his paper of November 23, 1836, over twenty years ago, we make the following extract:

"We are partizans; and active partizans shall have to be as long as we are the conductors of a public journal."

How true this has been of Mr. Wentworth! For the last twenty-one years he has been as active a partizan as there has been in the North West, zealously espousing one side or the other of every question that has agitated the public mind, having active friends and active enemies, secured by his services in every contest of a partizan nature, that has arisen since he wrote those lines.

Our city government had not been organized when Col. Wentworth arrived here. He was present at the meeting held at the Saloon Building, in the room now occupied as a United States Court Room, when our citizens voted to adopt the city charter. He took an active part in favor of the election of Wm. B. Ogden, Esq., first Mayor; and his paper, the Chicago Democrat, was elected the first corporation newspaper, and has held that position sixteen out of the twenty years since.

Wheeler, in his History, says:

"Early in the Spring of 1841, Mr. WENTWORTH left the State to attend the law lectures at Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, and with the intention of remaining a year; but having been apprised that he would, in all probability, receive the first nomination for Congress under the new apportionment, he returned late in the fall, and was soon after admitted to the bar. Up to that time he had declined every office. With the exception of the honorary appointment of aid-de-camp to Gov. Carlin, in 1838, he has neither sought nor accepted any office or position other than that which he now holds. Owing to the failure of the Legislature to district the State, the election, which should have taken place in 1842, did not take place till 1843, when Mr. WENTWORTH was nominated over the heads of many older men and citizens, by a majority of more than five to one, and was elected at the age of twenty-eight, by upwards of fifteen hundred majority, a Member of the House of Representatives of the twenty-eighth Congress. In 1844 he was re-nominated unanimously, and re-elected by more than three thousand majority. In 1846 he was again unanimously re-nominated and re-elected by over six thousand majority. In 1848, being re-nominated, he was elected in the face of a strong influence brought to bear against him, by a majority of three thousand five hundred and fifty-five votes. Mr. Polk's majority in the same district was three thousand and

eight votes. Mr. WENTWORTH's majority was greater than that of any other person in the State whose election was contested.

"On the 13th of November, 1844, Col. WENTWORTH was married to Marie Loomis, daughter of Riley Loomis, a wealthy citizen of Troy, New York.

"On first entering Congress he was the youngest member of the House of Representatives. He had never before seen a legislative body in session. Prior to his election, there had not only never been a member of Congress residing upon the Lake, but there had not been one north of the center of the State. Until the admission of Wisconsin into the Union he continued to be the only member from any State who resided upon the shores of Lake Michigan. His district embraces the counties of Boone, Bureau, Cook, Champagne, De Kalb, Du Page, Grundy, Iroquois, Kane, Kendall, Lake, La Salle, Livingston, McHenry, McLean, Vermillion, and Will, being seventeen in all, and extending from the Wisconsin State line on the north, to a distance of one hundred miles below the line of the termination of the Illinois and Michigan Canal on the south, and from the Indiana State line on the east, to counties touching Rock River on the West. It is two hundred and fifty miles long, and one hundred miles wide, being the most wealthy and populous portion of the State of Illinois."

Mr. Wentworth peremptorily declined a re-nomination to Congress, in 1850, and Hon. R. S. Molony, a particular friend of his, and room-mate at Dartmouth College, was elected to succeed him. Dr. Molony was opposed very violently by Mr. WENTWORTH's opponents, who charged that he was the first choice of Mr. WENTWORTH; that Mr. WENTWORTH ought to have been satisfied with having been to Congress eight years without taking any part in the choice of his successor, &c.

Col. WENTWORTH retired from Congress on the fourth of March, 1851. He passed two years in close attention to his private affairs, which had been much neglected during the eight years he had been in Congress. Under the census of 1850 a new congressional district was made, comprising the counties of Cook, Du Page, Kane, Lee, Whiteside, and Rock Island. The three latter were not in the district Col. W. formerly represented. In November, 1852, Col. WENTWORTH was elected to Congress from the new district, and his time expired on the fourth of March, 1855, making ten years of service in Congress, before he had lived in this State twenty years. He declined being a candidate for re-election, and entered immediately upon the improvement of a large tract of land which he owned near the city, at which he has from that day to the present devoted most of his leisure hours.

Of his course in Congress, the *Democratic Review* thus speaks:

"Col. WENTWORTH's political career has been marked by untiring industry and perseverance; by independence of thought, expression and action; by a thorough knowledge of human nature; by a moral courage equal to any crisis; by a self-possession that enables him to avail himself of any chance of success, when on the very threshold of defeat; and by a steady devotion to what he believes the wishes and interests of those whose representative he is. But, though uncompromising in his opinions, he has ever yielded his individual preferences to the regular conventions of his party; and no one has invariably worked harder in support of all the nominees of the democracy. Few men of his age, under so many adverse circumstances, have attained to equal success; and still fewer are less indebted to accidental circumstances. So many obstacles have already been overcome by him, he is never daunted by the hopelessness of any enterprise that it may seem desirable to undertake."

Wheeler, in his "Biographical and Political History of Congress," vol. 2, says:

"We mark him down a man of untiring energy, whose mind, once fixed upon a project, is not apt to be diverted from it, but will make every consideration secondary to its accomplishment. Possessing a good knowledge of parliamentary tactics, and conversant generally with the means of success in any movement he may make, he calcu-

lates coolly and afar off, and turns every little circumstance to good account. We have seen him stand up in the face of denunciation and excommunication fierce enough to awe into submission any mind accustomed to acknowledge the obligations of that austere discipline which is characteristic of the Democratic party. If he has winced, we never saw him. As a good local representative he has few superiors—perhaps none.”

In politics, Col. WENTWORTH has ever acted with the old line Democratic party; but when the old parties became split up, by making the slavery extension question a test, he went, with such other democrats as Hamlin, Wilmot, Preston King, Trumbull, Fremont, Blair, and others, into what is known as the Republican movement. To the success of this movement Col. W. has, by public speeches, by writing in his newspaper, and by efforts in every other way, bent all his energies. And if there is any truth in the old adage, that the tree which bears the best fruit is always known by its receiving the greatest number of clubs, Col. WENTWORTH is singled out as one of the most effective laborers in the ranks of the opposition to slavery extension. It is not only in his own immediate neighborhood, but from the most distant parts of the North-West, and from the extreme eastern press, Col. WENTWORTH receives flattering testimonials of the effectiveness of his labors in the Republican cause, which he has espoused, by the violent personal abuse he receives from its opponents. No idiot, no drone, could receive the notice he daily does from the press. Each day bears witness to the fact that, if he is not hard at work, his enemies, at least, think he is, and are cautioning their party friends to beware of his efforts, and be prepared to counteract his movements.

Last Spring Col. WENTWORTH was unanimously nominated in the convention of delegates, from all the old political parties, that now make up the Republican fusion, as its candidate for Mayor. He at once announced, in his speech, in Metropolitan Hall, that if elected at all, he wished it understood that he was elected to enforce all the laws of the city. He was opposed to all dead letter laws; he believed that they should be repealed or enforced; he declared that he had no pledges to make to individuals, other than those which he considered his public ones; and that any person who voted for him with the mere expectation of getting office, ought to be, and, he hoped, would be, disappointed. He thought there were others better entitled to the office than he, and also could receive it with less personal sacrifices. He did not wish the salary; he could not well spare the time to attend to its duties; and the only consideration that made him a candidate was, that he believed the great mass of those who ought to take it, were deterred from doing so, from the moral certainty that they would greatly increase the number of their enemies. He knew it would greatly increase his; and did not see how he could add a single man to the number of his friends, by discharging the duties of this thankless office. He had always been an active partizan; and had been receiving the most violent abuse. But he feared it not, and if elected would do his duty regardless of it. He was elected by over eleven hundred majority; but he declared that his first must be his last year. He so announced in his inaugural; and is now doing his duty, independently, leaving his acts and his motives to be canvassed, when the bickerings of the hour shall have ceased, by a community with whom he expects to end his days. If any public man living has reason to rely upon the ultimate right judgment of the people, Col. WENTWORTH is that man; for although more violently abused than any other of our citizens, he has never made an appeal to them, in which he has not been sustained. This is as true in relation to his press as to his person. In the near quarter of a century, during which he has conducted a newspaper, hundreds of printing establishments, which were started almost on purpose to oppose him, have ceased to exist; and the Chicago Democrat is likely to terminate only with the life of its sole proprietor. Much of the opposition to Col. WENTWORTH arises from rivalry in the newspaper

business; as competition in that branch of business brings about more personalities than in all others combined. But the zeal and independence with which Col. W. espouses all questions which divide community, must ever secure him the violent opposition of those who may differ with him for the hour. Outside of these newspaper and political controversies Col. WENTWORTH never had any unkind relations with any man living. He has been fortunate in all his undertakings, and although apparently always in anxiety, he sleeps as quietly as any other man living whenever he can spare himself the time; and can read the most highly-wrought eulogium on himself, or the most bitter calumny with equal complacency. It is doubtful, take him all in all, whether there is a man in the city who enjoys life after his own manner and to his own satisfaction, better than he does.

Col. WENTWORTH is the tallest man in the city, measuring about six feet and a half, and weighs about two hundred and thirty pounds. He has had four children, the oldest of whom died while on a visit to Col. WENTWORTH's father, at Concord, N. H., of the croup. The other two died at the residence of his father-in-law, at Troy, N. Y., one of the cholera-infantum, the other of the lung fever. The fourth is living, and is about three years of age.

CHARLES N. HOLDEN, ESQ.

TREASURER OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

A FEW years previous to the last war of the United States with Great Britain, William C. Holden and Sarah Braynard, his wife, emigrated from the granite hills of Groton and Rumney, in New Hampshire, to a country that then to them was a "far west," the northern part of the State of New York, and settled for life in the town of Fort Covington, Franklin County. There, in a new country, on a rough, hard and stony soil, they commenced life emphatically in earnest, and engaged in the business of making lumber and ashes, finding for them a market in Montreal and Quebec. The war of 1812 cut off the market, and involved those new settlers in the alarms of a border warfare. Fort Covington then became the theatre of the display of soldiery—the site of barracks and block-houses—and the river was covered with gun boats and the flotilla of armaments. But no battle was fought in this immediate vicinity. Wm. C. Holden enlisted with a large number of his neighbors, forming a volunteer company, and marching through the wilderness known as the "Chateaugay woods," sixty miles, joined their fellow patriots in arms, at the battle of Plattsburg, which settled the question of peace in that latitude, and its ratification by treaty was soon after announced.

CHARLES N. HOLDEN, the subject of this sketch, was the son of these early New York pioneers, W. C. and Sarah Holden. He was born at Fort Covington, N. Y., May 13th, 1816. The business of his father, as before intimated, was that of farming, clearing up the land which was heavily timbered, making the timber into lumber and ashes for a distant market; and the hard labor of getting in the crops between the stumps and stones—planting corn with an axe—was the kind of employment to which Holden, while a youth, was subjected, along with his hard working father. His mother was also a hard working, energetic woman,—plied the shuttle in manufacturing cloth, as a source of livelihood, a thousand yards in a season, and then plied the needle in making up garments for the family, and in this way of toiling brought up six children, of which Charles is the eldest. And as is too often the case with devoted mothers, she gave her own life to the support of the family, undermining her constitution by constant hard toil, resulting in her death before she had passed the prime age of life.

Charles N. labored until the age of twenty, on this hard land, as a farmer, giving his

energies to the common good of the family. He only had the privileges of schooling for a few months in the year, in the very common district schools of his day; having in addition the benefit of an occasional quarter at the village Academy. The expense of this latter opportunity of acquiring an education, was sustained by a clerkship in a store, requiring attention nights and mornings, for his board; while the tuition was discharged by taking care of the rooms, and doing the "odd chores" of the Academy; thus making the process of his education a self-paying one. His inclination set strongly in the direction of learning some trade, or of entering as a clerk in a store, in view of following some line of the mercantile profession. His father persisted, however, in the determination that he should first learn the first of all trades, that of cultivating the soil—

"The farmer's best vocation;
God's first command,
To till the land,
In the morning of creation."

At the age of twenty, he was engaged—during the winter of 1835-'36 in teaching a district school, and gave the proceeds to his father for the benefit of the family. In the following spring, he entered the store of Mr. Hogle as a clerk, where he remained until May, 1837, dividing the earnings with the family. At this time, being of age, he resolved upon seeking a new and more promising field for his future sphere of life, and for the formation of his own new home. Three of the sons of Major Jesse Woodbury, who had been early settlers in the same village, emigrating also from New Hampshire, had come west and located in Chicago. He had been upon the most intimate terms with this family, and the removal of so large a part of them to this city, was a strong attraction for him to follow. To Chicago then he was fully resolved to go, though much against the advice of his friends, and the wishes of his faithful mother, who of course felt deeply grieved at parting with her first born—removing to a country so distant and then unknown;—it was then more of an exile to come to Chicago than emigration to California or Oregon would be considered at this time. But as he had a mind of his own, and as he was fully determined on this point—having the natural instincts of emigration in him, as with very many others, who are so fortunate as to be born in a "hard country," he started for the west, on the 16th of June, 1837, with an outset capital of forty dollars; reaching Chicago, by the then common route across Michigan, via Niles and Michigan City, on the 5th of July. He began that new year of National Independence, as an independent man, free from all previous incumbrances of wealth or follies of past business projects—a free man in a new and great country, where every one has a fair chance to carve out his own fortune.

Chicago was then at its lowest point after the revulsion of '36. The mists of that exceedingly misty period of our history were beginning to clear away, and all classes were picking up the fragments of their broken fortunes, finding out the reality from the explosions of their wild visions, from which to make some calculations for the future. His first business operation was to purchase for ten cents, from our present Mayor, Hon. John Wentworth,—with whom he is now associated as an officer in the administration of the city,—a copy of the Weekly Democrat, which he mailed to his mother, as the mark of his progress westward, and of his present whereabouts. To obtain any kind of a clerkship in Chicago at that time was a thing out of the question. Those of the merchants that were not detained in New York as *personal* security for their large indebtedness to that city for goods past sold and sunk in speculations in the miry real estate of Chicago—were doing but little business, and not enough to occupy their own weary hours. He had but ten dollars left of his original capital—and realizing how great a curiosity money was, and fearing too many applications for his hoarded "pile," in a city so much in need of capital as Chicago was then—he concluded it the safest course for him to "put" for the country, where there was plenty of room

for the execution of his plans, and the use of his capital, and where the practice of his first trade, that of farming, was sure to yield an adequate return. He had also been disappointed in not finding either of his Woodbury friends here. The elder, Jesse, formerly teller in the Chicago Branch of the State Bank, had been stricken down by consumption—the younger, Luke, had accidentally shot himself while hunting upon the South Branch; and the other, A. Judson, since deceased, had returned to Fort Covington to bring out his mother and family to the city, where they arrived in September following. With his stock of clean linen tied up in his pocket handkerchief, he started on foot for the residence of his uncle, P. H. Holden, residing on Hickory Creek, in Will county; and after a circuitous route and wandering over the prairies for two days, from not having proper directions given him, and people by the way of whom to inquire, not being quite as thick as at the present time—he arrived at his uncle's residence, and received a welcome and a hospitality never to be forgotten—not only the welcome of a wanderer and a stranger, which all will receive in a new country, but that of a relative also, “bringing news from home.” These two days' wanderings were the first of his ‘seeing the country,’ and to him it was a rich experience, giving him some new ideas of the world on the periphery of the circle of population—perhaps of some prospective foresight of what such a country could be made by settlement. Having failed in obtaining employment, or even finding a hook to hang his hopes upon, in this famous city, renowned the country over, for plenty and prosperity, and where fortunes grow as naturally as the fruit on trees,—where, of course, he had expected a lucrative place of employment, at least,—and having undertaken the enterprise much against the will of his friends, and being hard pressed by his mother to return,—and being destitute of the means for a beginning even; it was a trial of courage and perseverance few men are required to make, to turn to the open wild prairie, away from market and population, to begin the process of making a home and carving out a fortune, or laying the foundation of a prosperous future. It was no time to stop and indulge in “blues” over so green a prospect as the prairies then presented. He immediately located his “claim,” obtained five yoke of oxen, as a team, and a “breaking plough,” and with his cousin, O. C. P. Holden, then ten years old, now the energetic land salesman for the Illinois Central Rail Road Company, as his driver, commenced turning over the sod, the first step always to be taken in making a farm on the prairie. After paying for his team by an exchange of labor, his claim was contested by a previous occupant, which was soon settled by Mr. Holden receiving a “promise to pay” for the breaking he had done, and his “right” to the claim; and then he engaged himself through the harvest to wield the cradle and scythe, for the sum of a dollar a day, and had to “well put in his licks” from sun to sun, by the side of a stalwart son of Vermont, who knew well how to drive work before him.

In the fall Mrs. Woodbury (then a widow) and family arrived in Chicago from his native town of Fort Covington, which to him gave Chicago a new attraction. Some time in the fall Mr. H. returned to the city, and soon obtained a clerkship in a retail shop on South Water street, the proprietor of which was a much better judge of roast beef and wine than of business. In the spring of '38, an opening offering, he entered the lumber office of the Lake Michigan Lumber Co., under the direction of John H. Kinzie, Esq., one of its stockholders, then in the forwarding business near the Lake House—who by his kindness and strict adherence to his verbal agreements with his clerks, when the business in the fall ran out, and failed to pay its way, did not turn them off upon the world to shift for themselves, when clerks' wages were necessarily low, sheltering himself under a verbal contract, as many do—continued him in his employ, allowing Mr. HOLDEN to find another situation for the winter, and credit the salary received on his yearly wages—Mr. K. promptly advancing the balance, as the consideration for services rendered when time was more valuable, thus planting a green spot in his business life,

to be reviewed with gratitude by others, although probably never thought of by Mr. K. Truly, there are pleasant reminiscences in the "early day" of the North-West.

In the spring of '38, having by that time saved from his wages three hundred dollars, he formed a co-partnership with Mr. E. Parsons, and took the old red log store where Apollo Hall now stands, at the point between South Water and Lake streets, near Lake street bridge, paying therefor three hundred dollars rent, and entered into the grocery trade. Their small joint capital was placed in the hands of an old merchant, and paying him five per cent. for purchasing a stock of one thousand dollars worth of goods, with an introduction, the firm first became known on the books of New York merchants, which were always kept balanced from that time onwards for thirteen years, to any extent it was found advisable to draw for supplies. The first year proved fairly prosperous, enough for encouragement, the firm clearing fourteen hundred dollars. As business left the Point, receding eastward toward the Lake, and the opening of the harbor—for the business of Chicago, now spreading for many miles on all our divisions, did not require to be spread over the length of Lake and Water streets;—Mr. H. removed, and formed a partnership with Mr. Salisbury, on Clark street, corner of South Water, while the first Clark-street Bridge was being built, under the administration of Mayor Raymond. Afterwards his late brother, Wm. P. Holden, was taken in as partner, and the stock in trade of McCord & Parsons purchased out and the original stock removed to 150 Lake-street. Here Mr. E. Batchellor, well known to them as a faithful and energetic clerk, now Mayor of the young city of Lyons, Iowa, was taken into the firm. In June, 1848, the firm, through the advice of Mr. HOLDEN, purchased the lot and built the store No. 182 Lake street, which was then the best store in Chicago. The lot was purchased of Mr. Willard, on ten years time, for \$4,500, at six per cent. interest; and it has proved a fair purchase, realizing, "for Chicago," a fair profit in the advance of the price, the building paying interest on lot and cost of construction, with "dividends."

Mr. HOLDEN seeing the coming necessity of a greatly increased trade with long debts and credits, to pay largely increasing rents and expenses of doing business in Chicago, which he chose not to incur, in 1852 he sold his interest in the trade to the other members of the firm, and purchased their share of the real estate, and retired altogether from the mercantile business. He has since given his attention to the real estate, insurance and office business.

In May of '55 he was chosen Alderman of the 5th Ward, and remained in the Common Council during the two stormy years of the administration of Mayors Boone and Dyer, filling as the most important post in his line, Chairman of the Committee on Fire and Water. Filling his place on this committee so satisfactorily to the Firemen's interests, as well as to the pleasure of the public, he has been very popular with that useful class of our public protectors, above any mere party considerations. The members of the council in the Boone administration having by a majority voted themselves a set of aldermanic canes, they took the opportunity to purchase some nine gold-headed canes, at a cost of fifty-five dollars each, and when the bill came before the Finance Committee, of which he was a member, he made a minority report adverse to its payment, as not an appropriation legal under the city charter. The council, however, adopted the majority report, which was vetoed by Mayor Boone, but was passed over his head, the interested aldermen taking their canes. In the spring of '56, as an expression of their confidence in him, perhaps in approbation of his previous anti-cane propensity, the firemen of the city, upon the occasion of their review in May, through their chief engineer, presented to Mr. HOLDEN a splendid zebra wood, gold-headed cane, at a cost of \$160. In August, '56, he assisted in the organization of the Chicago Fireman's Insurance Company, and was elected its secretary, which position he still holds, and doing the business of actuary for the company. At the charter election of 1857, he was elected on the Republican ticket, with the other corps of city officers, Treasurer

of the city of Chicago. This office, with his private business, and acting as Commissioner and Notary Public, gives full employment to his time and attention.

In October, 1841, he was married to Miss Frances Woodbury, a member of the Mrs. Woodbury family, with whom he had long been upon the most intimate terms—with whose removal to the West, and their fortunes here, he seemed to feel particularly allied. To this judicious and deliberately formed attachment, and the good judgment and true sympathy of his companion, is he much indebted for the steady, prosperous course of his life. They are the parents of five children, four sons and one daughter. Mr. and Mrs. HOLDEN were both members of the Baptist Church in their native town, and have always filled their places prominently in the First Baptist Church of this city, under the care of Elders Hinton and Smith, and assisted in the formation of the Tabernacle Church, now located in the 5th Ward. Mr. H. has had the leadership of the choir from its formation, and for most of the time has been the superintendent of the Sabbath school of the Tabernacle Church.

In business matters, Mr. HOLDEN's life has been a successful experiment. He is not one of our most wealthy men—neither has he obtained his property by any extraordinary turn of affairs, or by a course of speculation. He has always been engaged in legitimate trade, contented with fair per centage for profits—and by a judicious investment of clear earnings, in real estate, he has realised a handsome fortune. It is not large, like many others who are styled wealthy—but enough for any one man.—It is mostly the result of the increase in the value of a few judicious purchases of business and resident property.

Thus, we have briefly narrated the leading features in the life of one of our prominent citizens—who is, in fact, but one of a thousand others, whose even course of life has led him on to success and distinction. He has been one of our citizens from early times, and with the city has grown up. The combination of a few thousand such men, in industry, perseverance and enterprise, has made the growth of this city. Therefore, it is very proper, in presenting the portraiture of the West, to present the lives of such men, though they may not be made up of varied and thrilling incident—and though they may not, by the common estimate of the world, be the great men of the community.

But any man who has, by the free vote of the intelligent citizens of this city, been honored with the stations in which the subject of this sketch has been placed, and particularly in the honorable position of the Treasurer of the city, is worthy of any place and mention we can give him in these pages, before the public.

It is, therefore, our highest need to record of the subject of this sketch, that his life has been a success. He has succeeded because he has persevered in an honest, straightforward course. He has not put his success upon the stake of a venture, but has left it as the growth of his own efforts. No prestige of early days, inherited fortune, or associations in life, has aided him. But, as the architect of his own fortune, we commemorate him. By the training of his early days, he was prepared to contend for his position on this theater of life—and here the measure of that success has been commensurate with the opportunities which have been opened to every enterprising man. There was no such place to be filled in the northern wilds of New York as Mr. HOLDEN has found here—but competency in any position in which he has been placed by the public, or assumed by himself in his private affairs, has been acquired through discipline in limited circumstances, and by experience in the field in which his success is worked out. He is here one of the people, a man from the masses, and an encouragement for any young man who may follow in a similar path of what constitutes really the highest idea of success—the fulfillment of reasonable expectations in life, sustained by integrity and self-reliance, which will be appreciated by the world.

CHURCH CHOIRS AND CHURCHES
IN CHICAGO.

(CONTINUED.)

THE intention in the mind of the writer on the above subject, was to give but a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the different denominations of christians—a progress and increase as remarkable in Church history, as the increase of both wealth and population of the city. The bigotted prayer of one feeble church, for the downfall of another, as prayed in the year 1834, might probably have savored somewhat more of fervency, had a “prophet’s ken” been granted to him who at an early day, wrestling in the spirit, feared the power of Rome. Allusion is made to that stern and solemn sense of duty, which impelled Rev. Jeremiah Porter of the Presbyterian Church, to kneel in prayer at dead of night outside the door of the small building on the east end of Lake street, near the corner of State street, then used as a Roman Catholic chapel, praying that the infant church then existing in our midst might never know prosperity. But the Catholics, it appears, had louder prayers inside than those sent up on the outside, as the number of large Catholic churches, and the countless congregations in attendance on their ceremonies now among us testify.

These remembrances of incidents connected with the church history of this city, in early days, have arisen so frequently in the retrospect as to lengthen the subject beyond the original design: small matters of detail serve also to show what feelings governed the actions of a church towards the pastor, and of the pastor towards the people; and this great relation of people and pastor, permit it here to be stated, in this enlightened nineteenth century, does not seem to be understood, and that there is yet much to be learned by both parties to make such a relation profitable.

There are supposed by law to be always two parties in a contract, and though the law has many fictions, yet this supposition is a fact, and in all church relations we have these two parties,—the Pastor and

the people. By implication, when a minister is “called,” the house of prayer should be ready for use,—field preaching is now obsolete, but the reverse is two often the case, when any western settlement prospers sufficiently to offer inducements to the original squatter to lay out a town site, a good opening for a minister is talked of among the settlers in about the same business-like manner as an opening for a blacksmith. A “call” is therefore made, and answered in numerous instances without any provision having been previously made for erecting a church, or securing the promise of payment of the stipend requisite for the preacher.

“Stated preaching” is then generally had in court-houses or public halls, in which the echoes of justice or jollity, Blackstone or Bacchus have scarcely died away when opened for the worship of God. In view of this state of things, but few men of standing hear these “calls,” though the number of devoted, sincere, humble and pious, christian men, who do hear, and answer, and toil away weary lives in unrequited labour of love, is very great, solacing themselves with the reflection that although house rent is high, and meat and potatoes are scantily supplied them in the parish, yet there is a mansion and a treasure above for their portion when their earthly toils cease; and they must stay with the people of their charge, visit them in sickness to console, and in health to advise and admonish. (There can be no amateur rectors, though we have lately discovered there are such things in the church as *amateur Bishops*.) The incumbent frequently finds that he has not only to get subscribers to build his church, but has also to collect from them; and after that, to rake up a congregation; in short, his time is expected to be employed visiting and soliciting people to come to worship, instead of being allowed his time to prepare himself for what he shall say to them if they do come. Alas! for such a labor as toiling for the spiritual welfare of those who come into the world you don’t know why, and go out of the world, you don’t know how.

With all this in view, when by his toil a church has been built, and a congregation gathered, it has often happened that an oversight in preaching, such as telling members of their duty, or warning them against idolatry, which sin besets all, whether the false god comes in the shape and similitude of money, lands, bonds, or notes, or of silks and satins, feathers and furs; such indiscretion has cost a dismissal, or so thinned out the praying portion as to render starvation no problem.

Now as ministers feel the comforts imparted by buck-wheat cakes and beaver overcoats as sensibly as their parishioners, they are compelled by the law of self preservation to seek new proselytes, to effect which, they must supply shorter sermons, and spend more of their time out of doors in their "field of operations."

Leaving the memory of the Presbyterian Church and its choir for a time to rest in peace, we will now give attention to a few facts concerning the "small beginnings" of the Episcopal Church in Chicago. The first occasional service under this form of religion was conducted by the Rev. Palmer Dyer, and held in the Presbyterian meeting house in Clark street—the precise date not remembered. This single service seemed sufficient to stimulate the zeal of the few inhabitants in Chicago of that persuasion; for shortly after we find a minister called, who came when he was called, in the person of the Rev. Isaac Hallam, from Stonington, Connecticut, a man of strict piety, and ready for that self-sacrifice and privation which always seems a part of the ministerial profession with those who emigrate to try western preaching. He conducted the services with much propriety, and though his sermons startled none on account of their theological thunder, they were much esteemed by his hearers as "15 minute guns" of thoughts classically strung together and gently pitched (not thrown) at the heads of the hearers. I believe few were ever known to sleep under his discourses; even he who was not kept awake by the neat perspicuity of his style of preaching, and attempted to doze, found the sexton ready to lock doors before he

had perpetrated his first snooze. He was indeed pre-eminently blessed in knowing when he had "said all." There was but one ending to his sermons.

The first unsuitable building wherein this branch of "regular succession" met, was a frame store then unoccupied for business purposes on the north side of North-Water street, near the foot of Dearborn street—once rented by the firm of Hugunin and Pierce. Here on hard uncushioned seats, with stiff, uncompromising puritanical backs, the first handful of Church people in Chicago met and worshipped. Here, with firm faith to guide, and hope of palmier days for the Church, to cheer them on, the Christmas, Easter and Lent of early times in Chicago were solemnized. In a fabric little better than a dry goods box set up on end, were found substitutes for pulpit, altar, reading desk or lectern, a small screen in one corner was the vestry room, wherein the mysterious changes of vesture were wrought which so mystified the ignorant and scandalized the dissenter. Yet, amid their rude architecture, bare walls and scanty furniture, we rejoice to say no jarring elements were at work, no strifes or discords entered Messrs. Hugunin and Price's store, when "The Church" was there. No, these were reserved for the days in later times, when greater conveniences for the worship of God brought greater neglect of that most excellent gift of charity; for be it known, that this Church also like the Presbyterian society aforementioned, forgot its duty in the day of prosperity, and came to the unwise conclusion, as will be told in the sequel, that they also must get a minister who could rejoice in larger stature. They could not lay the sin at his door as did their dissenting friends and neighbors with their pastor, viz: "going all over creation to make a prayer;" because, instead of having all creation for praying ground, he had but the book of Common Prayer, and was by Rubric bound to keep within the covers.

Of the matters relating to his resignation—the part which the vestry and congregation took therein, and the summary and uncourteous manner in which the matters

were consummated, will be told hereafter. He loved the West, and the Church of the West. He had hoped for years of usefulness, but 'twas not to be; and when the separation between Church and Rector was a fixed fact in the peoples' minds, and he was so *told*, at the same time was *told'd* the knell of his western anticipations.

Before the untoward event took place, the exertions of the "little lean man" had been the means of stirring up in the hearts of his people to build a brick church. This church yet stands, although much altered in appearance and commodiousness, from the original design, to suit the wants of the increasing congregation. It is known as St. James' Church, in the North Division of the city; but from its proximity to the dwelling of the senior Warden, or from the princely munificence of his gifts, to aid its erection, or perhaps from some other cause, he seems to have divided honors with the saint, it being as often called "Kinzie's church," as St. James'.

The pulpit of this church was a wondrous mahogany *husus pulpiti* in size, shape and price. Size indeed it had, its dimensions unbounded, except by the walls of the building; shape, it had none; price, Four Thousand dollars *only*! This exuberance of cost can be accounted for only in one way, viz; that there was probably just that amount of money left on hand from the proceeds of subscriptions and fairs, when the main church was finished and for the purpose of making a rational investment, it was spent in pulpit. Its height was two-thirds that of the building, and when the "Hundred and fifteen pounds weight of orthodoxy" crept up behind and looked over the top, like a sentinel on a parapet, preparatory to the usual "twenty minute" sermon, it was entirely unnecessary for him to assure the congregation, in the words of another, "It is I, be not afraid."

His church took the lead in Chicago in the purchase of an organ. The funds for which, as the pulpit had swallowed up the surplus on hand, were raised by again resorting to subscriptions, and that other modern invention, in the shape of a force

pump for pockets, called a "Ladies Fair." The only *fair* features discernable in the invention, are the *fair* who preside over and direct the sales. These means raised sufficient to purchase a very good organ, which, though small, was of unquestionably good tone; and as a proof of the honesty of the maker, it is in the same church now, and well maintains its reputation.

The putting up of this wondrous fabric is yet green in the memories of many; but fresher still in the rich remembrances of the scenes passed through in choir matters; all those in the congregation *who had ever heard of the gamut* became suddenly musically valorous, and deeply impressed with the idea that they could sing, they tendered their services, and as quartette choirs in churches were then comparatively unknown, of course all who volunteered were admitted; no qualification as a test of fitness being required, the only stipulation on admission, hinted at, was a rehearsal once each week. The material thus gathered presented various grades of the musical art, from those who most scrupulously regarded time and note, that sense and expression were lost, to those who cultivated a holy horror of all notes, whether by hand or mouth, or any mystic symbol connected with music.

The organist was a lady who kindly volunteered, and being possessed of a superior knowledge of music, her efforts aided most materially to blend, or fuse together the crude material. At times the village blacksmith of burly frame, with lungs like his bellows, would inflict a visit on them, but it is generally supposed the gratitude of the members of the choir was deepest, for his absence, and ever known to express their thankfulness that his visits partook of the nature of angel visits, "*few and far between*."

This choir, though belonging to a church which always maintained undoubted reputation for doing all things "in decency and order," was doomed to follow the course of all choirs, and indulge in an ecclesiastical row.

It so *fell out* that some singers failed to *fall in* at the appointed rehearsals, who,

upon being notified to attend, still neglected, and were finally excluded from the choir. This exercise of authority on the part of the director caused an awful commotion in the congregation, and for the sake of peace, their readmission, on their own terms, was most strenuously urged upon the director; but he thinking more of the songs of Zion, and their correct performance, than Zion's peace, refused; and being a veey selfopiniated man, well versed in chromatic and diatonic scales, turned the scale in favor of the continued exclusion of all those who refused to attend the regular rehearsals.

The gentle murmurs of discontent on the part of the congregation began now to assume a more serious aspect, and seemed to promise a tempest sufficiently violent to shake not only man's purpose, but the walls of the temple itself. The Rector expostulated with the leader; in vain he urged the fact that the excluded persons were mechanics, and not only themselves, but portions of the congregation who were needlessly sensitive on the point, considered their occupation the real cause of their dismissal. One had declared he would leave the church—unless they were re-admitted to the choir, adding the gratuitous remark that "he did not consider it any *great shakes* after all to worship with the first people." This independent churchman's views were weighty; he occupied a high-priced pew; but threat of layman and expostulation of Rector were alike unavailing. The director stood his ground, and the choir, in its efforts to attain artistic excellence, "maintained its integrity."

The Rector of this church wisely concluded (after he had offered his advice) to let the singing gentry fight it out among themselves;—perhaps some early experience, or later intuition had taught him the wisdom of refraining from exerting any influence among them which might be construed by the most fastidious into a spirit of dictation towards those who voluntarily contributed their services in conducting the vocal parts of the worship of the Church. He well knew his church must have music, and considered that peace

among the musicians was the most essential as they decreased, counseled each, and imparting sound advice to all, left them. It would be a most desirable feature in the conduct of such like controversies—which, it appears, necessarily happen sometimes in the experience of all churches—if Rector and people were as little disposed to backbite and scandalize as were these parties above mentioned. He (the rector) had no private tale of wrongs or "misunderstanding" to carry from each to the other; slights or insults to be apologised for, no slander to insinuate against any member of the choir who did not coincide with his views, or who objected to the admission among their number of any person whom he named—he was no meddler—he was only—Rector.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER.

THE winter of the year 1500 gave birth to that illustrious personage, whose insatiable ambition kept nearly the whole continent of Europe in a succession of wars for more than forty years. With the crown of his father, Philip the Handsome, Charles V. received the patrimony of Germany, Burgundy and Austria; and by his unfortunate mother, Joanna, the only child of Ferdinand and Isabella, to this extensive dominion was added the kingdom of Castilia. His mental development was hesitating in its progress, and his youth gave no promise of the brilliant career that crowned his manhood.

The death of his father introduced him at the early age of sixteen to the activities and responsibilities of royal life. He early displayed a taste for those martial exercises in which he excelled, and which at that age took precedence of all other accomplishments; and the manly address and graceful figure of the young Prince, captivated at once his loyal subjects. Cool, cautious, considerate and inflexibly firm, his promptitude and intrepidity in the execution of his schemes, gave him a vast advantage over his antagonists. And when wearied with the perpetual strife to which his love of power subjected him, he laid

aside his honors, shut himself in a convent, cultivated his plants, made puppets for the amusement of the monks, clocks for his own, and submitted to the rigid discipline of the whip of cords, as an expiation for his sins. His ambition yet craved the surpassing folly of celebrating his own obsequies. His tomb was erected in the monastery; and dressed in his shroud, and followed by a train of servants carrying black tapers, he was laid in his coffin. The burial service was chanted, himself uniting in it, and even weeping with the attendants. But after the last act of sprinkling the holy water on the coffin was completed, and all had retired, leaving him in the deathly solitude of his own grave, he rose, and filled with emotions of awe and solemnity, returned to his apartment, and was immediately seized with the fever which dismissed from life's theatre this mighty actor.

The era of the reign of the Emperor Charles V. was remarkable for the illustrious monarchs who were his peers, and with whom he was constantly trying his martial prowess. The artful Pope Leo X., the courteous and fascinating Francis I., the imperious and ambitious Henry VIII., the dissembling Maurice of Saxony, the wily jesuit, Loyola Ignatius, and Solyman the Magnificent, were cotemporary rivals on the battle-field of Europe. But of all these heroic names, none was more formidable than the accomplished, enterprising and successful Sultan—never the ally, but the constant and often victorious antagonist of Charles. Solyman was justly regarded by his subjects with reverence. By a process of reform and rigid military system, he reduced his lawless subjects to such a degree of order and discipline, that no power in Europe could cope successfully with the well-trained forces of the janizaries. This formidable body of troops was composed of the youthful captives, and were carefully trained in the arts of war, and duly instructed in the rites of the Mohammedan religion. No distinction equalled that of being employed in the service of the Sultan. It dignified every family, and secured the rank of every faithful officer;

and from this source alone was rank ever obtained in the empire. The Sultan, now the ally of Henry, espoused the cause of Isabel of Hungary. By his gallant armies he ejected the usurper Ferdinand, and reinstated Isabel on the throne—spreading at the same time his armies in the East.

While thus engaged, calamities of a domestic nature were ripening in Turkey, to the introduction of which a brief review of kindred circumstances will be necessary.

Solyman, the proud and impetuous, was distinguished by many accomplishments. Brave and honorable—luxurious and indolent—his oriental passions could only be surmounted by the passions of love and revenge.

His favorite slave was one of the Circassian peasantry, though by maternal descent she was of noble blood. Her petite frame, full of nervous activity and the joyousness of a happy existence, seemed too scant to contain the full measure of her exuberant spirits, and the light trip of her elastic step, and the merry trill of her bird-like voice, evinced that the buoyant spring of life within would never surrender to outward circumstances. Her dimpled cheek and laughing eyes, so sweetly shaded by the sunny curls that gracefully fell on the snow-white brow and swelling neck, uttered depths of thought and feeling unfathomed by the casual observer. So loving and winsome was Idaella, that her master's heart was touched, and she became to him a confidant and friend. Her only son, Mustapha, naturally gifted with superior endowments of mind and character, inherited in his person the noble manliness of the Sultan, softened by the beauty and grace of his mother. A noble instance of the combined qualities of the two races was Mustapha—his form of striking manliness and symmetry was crowned by a face glowing with the ardent constitution of the Turk—the flashing eye, when its fire was lighted, and that eye in calm repose was equally captivating. Athletic and brave, his courage and agility won laurels in youthful sports, and as manhood ripened, his military skill gave promise of a successful warrior. By his merit he deserved, and

by his birthright he was destined to be heir to the crown. Having arrived at sufficient age, he was commissioned by the Sultan, with the title of Pasha, to protect and defend the several provinces he had wrested from the Persians. He was invested with the administration of Diarbequesi, the ancient Mesopotamia, and in this capacity his prudence and valor, justice and generosity, won for him the warmest admiration of the people, and rendered him the favorite of the army. He was highly esteemed by his father, and proudly did he dwell on each renewed panygerie of a son so worthy to be his successor.

Roxalana, the beautiful and gifted daughter of a Russian nobleman, was trained in that branch of the catholic faith denominated the Greek church, which in no wise differed from the Romish, except in the rejection of the Pope and the substitution of the "Patriarch" as its acknowledged head. In her imaginative musings, no consideration, save the love she bore to her betrothed, a noble scion of aristocratic blood, would have deterred her from presenting herself as its cloistered devotee. And when she awoke, and the astounding fact that as a *captivè* she had been transported to the harem of the Sultan, its holy liturgy had soothed her anguished and strengthened her despairing spirit, and though no symbol indicative of her faith decorated her magnificent apartment, many an orison and vesper went up from her aching heart to the pitying virgin. But the depths of that heart had not yet been sounded.

Roxalana's beauty, unlike that of Idaella's, was of the dignified order. From beneath her noble and polished brow shot rays from star-like eyes, whose color seemed absorbed in their brilliancy—eyes that could fascinate or awe as the heart dictated. The graceful curve of the slightly aquiline nose, and the exquisite sensibility of the dimpled mouth, softened with a feminine delicacy her captivating face; and the mantling bloom on her cheek faded and deepened with the fluctuations of her inward emotions; and when the rich brown hair, in its wavy luxuriance, stole out from beneath

the band of pearls and gold that encircled her brow, the witchery of her resplendent beauty was invincible.

The oriental costume, with its close-fitting vest of azure and silver; the ample trousers, so adjusted as to disclose the diminutive foot in its slipper of velvet; the girdling scarf, falling in graceful folds around her queenly figure, harmonised well with the peerless elegance of her symmetrical form. With surprised but subdued admiration, the Sultan beheld her—and the lofty spirit there embodied seemed to answer spontaneously to his own. He felt that dear as was the gentle and loving Idaella, on her the wealth of his affection had never been expended. He at once surrendered to the conquering captive, and henceforth no rival severed his heart from her.

The suit of apartments arranged for her exclusive use befitted their occupant. The richness of the furnishing corresponded with the beauty of the architecture. The Sultan, though a warrior, had an eye for the beautiful; and his familiarity with the elegances of life in almost every country in Europe, prompted his fastidious taste in selecting and securing whatever could heighten the splendor of his gorgeous palace. Exquisite paintings and elaborate tapestry adorned the walls; the luxuriant divans and yielding cushions of the richest and costliest of Persian damask, were resplendent with crimson and gold, or purple and silver; statues embodying the ideal divinities of Greece, sculptured gems from Rome, vases of silver, exquisitely wrought, from Athens, and incense and the choicest perfumes from Arabia. The spacious apartments were separated by fluted pillars of ingrain marble, wreathed with living vines, which from arch to arch interlace their tendrils, while their blossoms exhaled a constant fragrance. Chandeliers of curious workmanship, and lustres of the glowing rock crystal, shed their radiant brilliance and threw about them the trembling shadows of leaf and tendril. A costly mosaic paved the floors, and the alabaster fountain that sent up its graceful jet, diffused a dewy coolness through the warm air that

waved the flowing drapery. The magnificent cabinets of arabesque and pearl, whose doors were a network of silver, were furnished with the choicest specimens the united labor of nature and art could produce. The magical effect of an artful disposition of metallic magnifying mirrors, enhanced the splendor and rendered the superb apartments perfectly enchanting.

Years passed away. Roxalana still retained the idolized affection of the Sultan. Her regal beauty had lost none of its attractive charms by maturity. Every object that met her eye she knew was but the expression of the Sultan's devoted love. But her heart was heavy. In vain she traversed the apartments to relieve her burdened thoughts; in vain her eye traced, by the glancing moonbeams, the outline of the varied scene that her seat by the lattice of the oriel window commanded. The dark waters of the Bosphorus were studded with the silver-oared gondolas, swiftly darting or slowly sweeping through the Golden Horn—that pathway which is ever bearing on its arm the wealth of nations. She heard merry voices and kind greetings, mingled with soft strains of the pipe and guitar, as their melody floated by the walls of the palace. The dark-green cypresses on the opposite shore but partially concealed the fairy-like temple of sparkling marble, from which issued the low-murmuring of their ever-flowing fountains. The deep shadows of the spreading foliage that fell darkly upon the reflecting waters alone attracted her eye, and to plunge beneath those depths was her spontaneous wish.

But one thought corroded and one fear embittered the ambitious Roxalana. Her sons had arrived at manhood, and were educated in the arts and accomplishments that befitted their rank; and these sons, beautiful and brave as they were, she knew must be sacrificed to secure the safety of their brother, Mustapha, when he should be vested with royalty. This was the inexorable law of custom in that barbarous age. Often did she command her slaves to leave her, that in quiet seclusion she might nurse her jealousy and mature it for

action. Already did she regard the innocent object of her envy as the enemy of her children, and her heart embittered itself against him as the designer of their fate. In the secret chambers of imagery her plans were adjusted, and she was not destitute of the art requisite to their accomplishment. To Rustan, the grand vizier, a crafty minister, she resolved, as the introductory step, to give her only daughter in marriage. The consent of the absent Sultan was gained and the union consummated. She immediately made him her confidant, disclosing her fears and her purposes. His personal interest quickened his sympathies; his co-operation was at once enlisted; and slowly but surely was the deep-laid and fatal plot developed.

A fierce and superstitious zealot of Mohammedanism was the Sultan, and Roxalana was suddenly inspired with a flaming zeal for the national religion. A gift to the church was in the highest degree meritorious, and she resolved to found a royal mosque and endow it magnificently. The Mufti was summoned to her presence, and to him she announced her purpose. He complimented her pious intention; but (by Rustan's instruction) coolly informed her that the merit of such a benefaction could not be awarded to a slave, but must necessarily redound to her master. Overwhelmed with sorrow at this unexpected repulsion, she yielded to the deepest dejection; and Rustan, knowing that Solyman would withhold from her nothing she craved, immediately despatched a messenger to represent to him the cause and effect of her disappointment. With equal despatch the messenger returned, bearing a testimony of her freedom, signed with his own hand. With its arrival her gaiety returned, and a mosque unequalled in splendor was added to the Mohammedan temples of Constantinople.

She had for many years retained, without a rival, the heart of the Sultan, and now realizing her unbounded influence, she was emboldened to demand the rank and title of a Sultana. By the solemn ritual of the Moslem faith, the nuptials were celebrated. Having by this address placed

herself in a position to act with less embarrassment and greater resolution, she commenced a more direct attack upon the object of her machinations; and incidents in the family history furnished ready aid. Selim I., the father of Solyman, was a renowned and skillful warrior. He destroyed the martial power of Egypt, embodied in the Mamelukes, and was successful in his invasions of Persia. This exercise of power so excited his restless ambition, that in early life he conceived and at manhood executed the cruel crime that placed him on the throne of his murdered father; and soon after his elder brother, the only obstacle that impeded his ascent, was also despatched by poison. With industrious malevolence, the Sultana would repeat the varied encomiums the officers of Mustapha had bestowed upon him, and so exaggerate his bravery and courage as to stimulate the jealousy and fear of his father, until suspicion began to mingle with his parental tenderness; when, as by accident, the fate of his grandfather, Bajazet, would be detailed in glowing terms. The fact that the army was stationed in the vicinity of the Persian territory, and the probability that the Sophi, the mortal enemy of the Sultan, might be induced to become the ally of his son, inspired him with constant fear; and these malignant artifices constantly acting upon his suspicious temper, induced him to appoint spies to observe the movements of his son, and to be himself in readiness for an expected attack upon his own person. Having accomplished her object in alienating and changing his affection to enmity, she had prepared the way for another step.

Roxalana's aspiring hopes for the promotion of her sons surrendered to no common obstacles. The custom of admitting inferior sons of the Ottoman family to court, was not in that age tolerated; but her ardent entreaties and womanly enticements prevailed, and with gratified pride she felt assured that by frequent access to their father, their good qualities and dutiful deportment would enlist his interest and eventually supplant their absent rival. These artifices were not idly regarded by

Rustan. Rejoicing in the skill and address of his coadjutor at home, he with equal rigor prosecuted his intrigues abroad, and with subtle adroitness inflamed and exasperated the jealousy and fear of the Sultan. With a mockery of friendship not entirely original, he assumed the most cordial interest in the prosperity of Mustapha, and wrote to the Pasha of the adjoining provinces of Diarbeque, requesting frequent intelligence of him, and urging the speedy transmission to the Sultan of any testimonials of a flattering character. Of these there was no deficiency. With benevolent interest, every missive came fraught with high and just encomiums. But, instead of calling forth the affectionate instincts of the parent, his fevered mind was the more deluded, and every commendation pierced his trembling heart with the keenest pangs. His confidence in his officers began to waver, and presuming that their admiration of the son would seduce their allegiance from the father, he imagined them ready to prosecute the most desperate attempts to assail his throne. Under this torturing fancy, he lost no time in marshaling a numerous army, and under pretence of renewing the war with Persia, to anticipate the designs of Mustapha and secure his own safety. To Rustan was committed the charge of this adventure, and he was commissioned to seize the person, and, should circumstances warrant, to sacrifice the life of the Prince. But, on arriving at the camp he could find no device nor pretext for committing the nefarious deed, and he was too crafty to burden his character with such opprobrium. But another plot soon suggested itself by which the design could be accomplished, and the responsibility directed from himself. In pursuance of this purpose he despatched a messenger to the Sultan, representing the corruption of the army complete, and as filled with commissaries ready to act with unanimous movement; and the emergency so great as to demand his immediate presence. To this was added, with mischievous malignity, the false and startling assertion that the Sophi of Persia was negotiating a marriage with Mustapha and one of his daughters. This

master stroke of policy was concocted by Rustan and Roxalana previous to his departure for Syria. The plot was successful in arousing the wildest transport of rage and hatred in the heart of Solyman. The Persians he regarded with inveterate abhorrence, and with incredible haste preparations were made for his march, and rapid as the winged hours sped from the rolling earth were his movements till he arrived at Aleppo. A secret interview with Rustan resulted in the speedy despatch of a court messenger to the camp of Mustapha, requiring his immediate presence. Mustapha, though so long absent from Turkey, was not unaware of the intriguing spirit of his step-mother, nor of the malicious enmity of Rustan, and was no stranger to the violence of his father's temper, which gave no promise of a peaceful reception; but, strong in conscious innocence, with heroic valor he unhesitatingly prepared to follow the messenger, hoping by prompt obedience to avert the evil, if any awaited him.

Scarcely had the morning dawned when the chians were summoned to lead the way to his master's court. The soft haze of the purple dew, that is so striking a feature of the oriental twilight, had mantled hill and vale, when their wearied steeds stepped upon the camp ground. The varied colors of the soldiers' tents finely contrasted with the dark-green sward and the surrounding landscape, and Mustapha contemplated with delight the perfect discipline that was evinced by the order and quietness that pervaded the camp. Those of the guard that recognised him, betrayed by silent emotion the welcome of their heart. Denying himself all but a passing admiration, he directed his way to the central marquee, whose glittering whiteness denoted it as the royal pavilion.

Hope mingled with fear, as he perceived no signs of hostility, no extra guard or indication of danger; and he quietly stepped within the tent. While hastily surveying the elegant appliances that so well corresponded with the luxurious tastes and habits of the Turk, he placed himself in a suitable posture to receive the Sultan. But instead of meeting a father with kind words

of welcome, he was appalled by the sudden appearance of two black mutes. Instantly perceiving his danger, he uttered in piercing tones, "Lo, my doom!" and rushed to the door; but with their practised adroitness he was instantly seized; with new energy he for a time baffled their efforts to secure him; but finding escape impossible, he demanded to see the Sultan. Solyman had been an earnest witness of the scene, and now trembling lest his victim should elude him, he drew aside the folds of the curtain and darted a fierce look at the slaves. Arrested by the sight of his father so remorsefully demanding his death, his courage failed, and utterly paralysed, he meekly surrendered himself to his inevitable fate. The fatal bow-string was quickly bound about his neck, and he lay a bloodless corpse.

The body was exposed within the camp; the soldiers gathered around it loudly bewailing the cruel fate of their favorite young prince. They shut themselves in their tents, fasting through the day, and an utter silence reigned throughout the camp.

To appease the murmuring army, Rustan, at his own request, was deprived of the seals of office, and Achmet was elevated to the dignity of Grand Vizier. When, after a few months, however, the impressions awakened by the event were effaced, Achmet, by command of the Sultan, was strangled, and Rustan reinstated. The only son of Mustapha, who promised to inherit the splendid qualities of the father, was destroyed by the same infamous artifices, and the sons of Roxalana were left without a rival.

EARLY RISING.—Rise early, not only to avoid self-reproach, but to make the most of the little life that remains—not only to save the hours lost in sleep, but to avoid the languor which is spread over mind and body for the whole of that day in which you have lain late in bed. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called "old," so long as he is an early riser and an early walker.

REFORMING THE WOLVERINES.

CHAPTER I.

THE REFORMER'S HOME AND HIS FIRST EXPERIMENT.

SOME persons in youth decide upon a certain course of life, and pursue it with steadiness and devotion to the end of their days; others vary their purposes with every varying circumstance; while others again live to old age and die without ever having been conscious of any settled purpose or object in life; but to all these classes Dr. Thomas J. Mystie, or as he chose to write his name, T. Jefferson Mystie, M. D., was an exception. He believed that there was a place for everybody in the ranks of moral and social life, and that everybody should be in his own place and not in that of another; but the great difficulty with him was to find his place. His life from boyhood up to his fifty-second year was a series of trials and experiments, persevered in with the vain hope of discovering his destiny. He had engaged in many avocations, but could never feel satisfied that he was not doing the duty of another; and at last he gave them all up in despair, and spent several years in doubts and promiscuous wanderings, resolving that whenever his destiny should be made known to him, he would step into his place and occupy it as became him.

A year or two before he had attained his sixtieth birth-day, a reform newspaper chanced to find its way to the little town where he was sojourning. The Doctor saw it, and in it read his destiny. That paper was to him like the breaking of a new morning—the dawning of a new existence. The latent energies of his mind were at once aroused, and he resolved to make up in zeal what he had lost in time. He would be a reformer, but he would not follow in the “footsteps” of others, however “illustrious” they might be. He would strike out a path for himself. He could see at a glance that the present system of society was all wrong. The great and splendid temple of social life, from the pinnacle to the foundation-stone, was cemented together only by selfishness, and the only ambition of its priests and devotees was to mislead the mass of the people by their

loud professions, or to outshine each other in the glittering tinsel of wealth. The Doctor saw that a great work was before him, and to accomplish it he must begin upon radical principles. Society, under his influence, should be shaken to pieces and never be put together again; religion should be regenerated; there should be a reform in drink and diet; in dress and education; in reading, thinking, talking; and, in short, the whole world and all it contained must be reformed.

But that he might be prepared to do all this, it was necessary that he should first make some material changes in his own mode of living. Up to this time he had never married, nor enjoyed the rights of a free-holder; and observation proved to him that his influence with the world would be much increased if he conformed to its ways in some degree. And furthermore, that he might not interfere with other reform movements, he determined to leave civilized life; to strike boldly out into the western wilderness, where he could have a new field and free scope for the exercise of his newly-awakened powers of mind. With this purpose in view, he sought out and purchased a small tract of wild land in one of the western counties of Michigan, and immediately commenced building his house. The location and the house were both peculiar. A round about him to the distance of from half a mile to three and four miles were situated farms in various stages of cultivation; some with improvements but just begun; others, where persevering industry had collected many of the comforts of life; and others still, where wealth had added some of its luxuries. In the center of this irregular circle of farms, was a tract of land a mile or two in extent, which as yet no settler had invaded. The soil was light and sandy; the timber was sparse oak openings; and the surface of the ground entirely broken up by what were there significantly termed “knobs,” or little hills, varying in height from an hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. It was among these knobs that the Doctor located himself, and high up on the northern slope of one of the ridges he built his house. That he might

not be tempted to extravagance in furniture, his dwelling consisted of but one small room. It was made of rough, unhewn logs, and the crevices were stopped with moss and turf by his own hands. He meant to have everything so plain that there would be no cause for pride or vain glory when his work was finished; but Dr. Mystie had one weakness, he was vain of his ingenuity at contriving; and in spite of his severe self-discipline, it crept out at last in the building of his chimney. This was made of brick, a thing not very common in log houses then; and it was built wholly within to protect it from the weather. He had much difficulty in getting the fire-place constructed on reform principles. The mason wished to build it as he did other log house fire-places, with a high mantel and flaring jambs, wide enough to take in wood from two to four and six feet in length; but Dr. Mystie had his own idea of economy. He placed his mantel-bar on low, perpendicular jambs, which stood primly parallel to each other, and reached far back to a narrow flue, giving the whole the appearance of an oven projecting out into, and occupying nearly one-fifth of the apartment. This arrangement enabled him to burn his wood endwise, and thus save the expense of hearth-irons. It was an ingenious piece of masonry; and this was the Doctor's pride, though, as he afterwards said, there was one annoying circumstance connected with the building of it: the greedy mason, in the intervals of his labor, had cut and devoured several slices from a smoked ham which hung in one corner, and from which he himself had abstained with great self-denial, intending that it should form the staple of his winter provisions.

In the end of the room opposite the protruding fire-place stood the Doctor's bed; between it and the fire was barely sufficient space for a chair or two to stand; and the corner at the foot of the bed was occupied by a large rough box, in one corner of which was a little flour, and in the other a few potatoes. These, with a tin pail, a small coffee-pot, a bake-kettle and a broom, comprised his whole stock of provisions

and house-keeping apparatus. And now that he fairly had a home of his own, he felt the need of a wife to keep things in order and take care of his house, while he devoted himself to the object of his mission among the neighbors in his vicinity. But while looking for a partner, he was by no means silent on the subject of reform.

In the neighborhood to which his labors were for the present chiefly confined, were several boys with whom he often came in contact, and whom he set his heart upon reforming. Not that they had any out-breaking vices, or were disposed to practices which would make them dangerous neighbors: but they had a habit, as boys will sometimes have, of enjoying themselves in their own way. Many a time when he had been returning, towards evening, to his lonely hermitage among the hills, had he been shocked by their shouts and screams of laughter issuing from the mill-pond, where they had met to amuse and refresh themselves after a hard day's work; and often had he known of their sitting for hours in the summer moonlight before their fathers' doors, talking of things which were doubtless very unprofitable; and this, too, while millions of their fellow beings were in bondage; and other millions, pressed down by poverty, were prolonging the weary labors of the day far into the sleepless hours of night. It would not do; these boys were trifling away their precious time; they must be reformed. He cautioned their parents against suffering them to grow up in the indulgence of such idle practices, and urged the boys to cultivate their minds by studying such works as *Essays on Moral Science*, *Lacon*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *Watts on the Mind*. "*Lacon* itself," he said, "contained many passages, any one of which might be taken as a text in the morning and studied on all day with profit."

"Well," observed one of these rude youngsters, scarcely out of the doctor's hearing, "I could find a good many texts in the *Spelling-book* that might serve you to study on all day."

"And," said another, "who ever heard of that *Lake-on* he tells so much about? 'Taint in the school library I know."

The Doctor did not hear these remarks, but he saw enough of the boys to know that they needed reforming. Here they were, enjoying with all the zest of hardy, industrious youth, the few pastimes within their reach; their time was spent now in plowing and hoeing their fathers' farms; now at their simple lessons in the district school, and again at their sports and idle talk; ignorant of the wholesale wretchedness of poverty and vice in cities, and of the miseries that dissipation has brought upon the human race. The reformer meditated long and deeply on the course to be pursued, and finally determined that as the boys could not be spared from their work on week days, he would invite them to spend the Sabbath at his house, where, unmolested, he could impart to them his knowledge of the evils of the present system of society; his observations on life as he had seen it in cities; and instruct them in the doctrines of the reformation he had undertaken.

After being repeatedly urged, a few of the youths at length agreed to meet at an appointed hour, to receive his instructions. When the hour came, however, only one made his appearance; but he entered the house with such a pleasant smile, and engaged the Doctor in such an animated conversation, that he soon forgot his disappointment, and began to expatiate on the miseries of city paupers, when suddenly an ominous sound was heard in the chimney! There was a clatter upon the roof, and presently down into the little fire-place dropped the white ends of three large, newly-split rails! The pupil within was as much alarmed as his tutor, and so great was the confusion he made, that before the door could be got open and the doctor get out, all was quiet on the house top; but the sound of scampering feet was distinctly heard over the knobs and down the opposite slope.

The reformer appointed no more Sabbath schools; but he had hourly reason to remember this one for many days, there being no possible way to remove the rails, and they being too green to burn easily, it required no little patience to endure the

chill and smokey atmosphere of his room while he fed the scanty flame with chips—for the fire-place refused to admit wood, and the flue to carry off the smoke, so long as they were occupied by these perpendicular intruders.

But in spite of all this incivility, the Doctor's zeal was still unabated. What though a few idle boys had made him their sport, and the toiling, drudging farmers listened to his words without being enlightened, and turned back to his labor with a meaning smile upon his lips? He expected ridicule, persecution and neglect, and his favorite saying was, that he meant to labor on, believing that he should leave the world better off than he found it—a saying which some malicious person construed into meaning that the world would be better off when he left it.

When Spring came he exchanged works with a friendly farmer, with whose assistance he broke up a few acres of ground and planted it with Indian corn. During the summer he became acquainted with a lady whom he had almost persuaded to become Mrs. Dr. Mystie, when she suddenly changed her mind and became Mrs. Somebody else. His greatest grief in this affair was, that on the strength of his hopes he had bought a new coat and several little household articles, which in his bachelorism he might have done without. When Autumn came troubles increased. The cattle broke over his low fence and destroyed his corn; the boys became more rude; and the hard-working farmers paid less attention to exhortations which cost him many a sleepless night of thought. This retrograde progression he feared would not support him through the winter; and at last he hired himself out to work till he earned money enough to bear his expenses, and then went to New York, where he had friends living.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDE—REFORMS AT HOME—A NEW NEIGHBOR.

Nearly a year passed before Dr. Mystie was heard of again among the Wolverines;

and then it was rumored that he had married a young wife, and was coming to live in his little house on the hill side. True enough, following the rumor came the Doctor and his wife.

They were a strange looking couple; that little, wizened, gray haired, almost toothless bridegroom, of nearly sixty, and his sprightly, dark-eyed, dark-haired bride of thirty. Everybody wondered how she came to marry him; but nobody wondered more than the poor bride herself did when for the first time she peeped into her new home. Such a home as it was for one who had never seen a log house before! such openings as there were between the logs, where the turf chinking had fallen out! such great cracks as there were between some of the floor boards, while others of unequal width and length lay lapped upon each other in ridges! such a pile of rubbish under the vacant bedstead; and such dusty cobwebs hanging about the cheerless walls!

Poor bride! she looked the picture of dismay, as she withdrew her foot from the threshold, and leaned her head upon the white-gloved hand which rested against the rough-hewn casement of the door. Her husband took little notice of her just then, for the moment he opened the door he had discovered that during his absence several bricks had been removed from the mantel-bar above the fire-place, thus enlarging its front, and leaving it in the form of an irregular arch—a shape which by no means suited his square-sided taste. He hustled about, cast rueful glances at the mutilated chimney, kicked the loose floor boards, and sputtered at the man who was unloading his wife's band-boxes. With all his philosophy, he had little patience in view of such an outrage, and probably would have shown as little mercy to the perpetrators, could he have found them.

"Sophia!" he cried, in a sharp, cracked voice, to his wife, who still stood at the door, "Sophia, can't you come in? You needn't expect to find Broadway palaces here in the woods! Something else to be done besides dressing fine and playing on the piano."

Sophia looked as if she thought so too;

but she nerved herself up to the task and went in with a brave heart, resolved to make the best of it. With her woman's taste and skill, she soon succeeded in giving an appearance of tolerable comfort to the long-deserted little hut. Before a week went by she had constructed a rude tester-frame over the bed, pasted newspapers over the rough walls, and decorated the side opposite the door with a small mirror, a picture, and a few bunches of princess pine which she gathered from the woods. The little stand that served them for a table was covered with a white fringed cloth; a pretty work-box stood upon one of the trunks; a few books were upon another, while over and around them all frolicked a playful kitten, the only animal the doctor would tolerate about his premises, and he tolerated that only because it was less troublesome than the dozens of hungry little wood mice that in its absence would run races behind the newspaper tapestry, and disturb his midnight meditations by nibbling at the paste.

Meanwhile the reformer was not idle. While at the east he had read reform papers, listened to lectures, conversed with editors, and furnished himself with forms of petitions, with speeches, statistics, and remonstrances, all tending to the overthrow of the present system of society, and the establishment of a universal brotherhood, untrammelled by any artificial restraints.—And he went farther than this: he had documents to prove the justness and necessity of compelling government to make a present of the public lands to city paupers, together with a full enumeration of all the blessings such a course would bring upon the human race. Thus prepared, he had returned, confident of success, to combat the prejudice and enlighten the minds of the Wolverines. His reform in drink and diet began at home, and, as far as his example went, ended there. Some knowledge of his ideas of house-keeping may be gathered from the following conversation, which took place between himself and his wife about a week after their arrival. It was a dreary morning in November, and he was deeply engaged with his papers, ar-

ranging arguments and statistics, as was his daily custom, when his wife, who was preparing breakfast, interrupted him by saying:—

"Thomas, I cannot make anything eatable of this flour and water; it wants yeast, I think, or saleratus, to make it light. I have roasted the potatoes as you directed, but they will be very dry without either butter or meat."

"What! is the butter gone so soon?" exclaimed the doctor.

"There was but a pound, you know, and that has lasted a week," said his wife.

"It might have lasted longer," he replied sharply. "But why isn't flour and water good enough for us now? I have made a meal of it many a time when I lived alone."

"Have you; and how did you do it?" inquired Sophia, anxiously, for she was a novice at house-keeping.

"Why, this way!" said the Doctor, snatching the dish from her hand, and pouring the flour into a kettle of boiling water. "There, with a trifle of molasses, that will make a dish fit for any lady that promenades Broadway to eat of." Then throwing in a little salt, and stirring it about with a knife, he added, "we have something of more importance to attend to than pampering these perishing bodies. We must cultivate the mind, not waste time in making nick-nacks and dainties for the appetite; food should be plain, then the mind will be healthy. There, the potatoes will do with salt; think how many thousands would be glad of such a meal as this."

"It is paste; nothing but paste," said Sophia, after tasting of the mixture, of which her husband eat heartily. "I cannot eat it; but the potatoes would relish very well if I had tea with them, or if I might make the coffee a little stronger, and use sugar instead of molasses for sweetening."

"The coffee is strong enough," said the Doctor; "a pound a month must be our rule, and at that rate we can have it three times a day, strong enough for health. Tea drinking is all nonsense. You will soon get used to the taste of molasses; it is cheaper and goes a great deal farther than

sugar. If half the time that is spent in pampering the appetite was given to improving the mind, we should have a very different state of things."

Sophia did not contradict him; and having finished his breakfast he returned to his papers. In this way they lived several days; but the Doctor either grew tired of his paste pudding or his wife's murmurings at roast potatoes and salt, and resolved upon a change.

His usual hour for rising was three o'clock, and the time that intervened between that and daylight was spent in meditating by his fire; he never wasted candles; the light of the sun sufficed for reading, and the light of the fire for meditation. One morning not long after the above dialogue occurred, he was up a full hour earlier than usual, and meditating with uncommon energy, as Sophia could easily tell by the incessant hemming, hawking and spitting which greeted her ears, and by which he always contrived to keep her awake after he had risen. The day at length dawned, cold and cloudy; and without saying a word to his wife, the Doctor took a tin pail upon his arm and sallied forth.

At the distance of about a mile from where he lived was a house, which though vacant when he went away, had lately been taken possession of by a family whom he had never seen, and who were quite ignorant both of the existence and importance of such a person as himself. Thither he now bent his steps, musing as he went, and sometimes chuckling to himself at the thought of having lived a young man so long and now becoming a bridegroom and beginning the world anew. He tripped along with a light, fluttered step, placed his two thumbs firmly in the two arm-holes of his jacket, and screwed his thin lips first to one side and then to the other of his large mouth, to prevent the grinning smile from becoming too apparent, as he approached his new neighbor, Mr. Harden, whom he found at work at a little distance from the house.

"Good morning; good morning, sir," said the Doctor—he always spoke very fast, but on this occasion he was so embarrassed

by an excess of youthful feeling that he sputtered excessively. That this might pass off as soon as possible, he entered at once upon his business, informing Mr. Harden that he had been a bachelor and was now a married man, and added, while he exhibited his tin pail, "I have just begun to keep house, sir; just begun last week; and have come over to see if I could buy or borrow a little pork of you—just a little, if you could spare it. We have flour and potatoes, but we have no butter nor milk, and we haven't any lard; but Mrs. Mystie thought if I could get a little pork—just a little to grease the pan with, she could make some cakes for breakfast."

Mr. Harden listened to this singular introduction, looked at the man a moment, and then invited him to his house, whither he had just been called to his own breakfast. As they proceeded together the Doctor gradually became calmer, and by the time he was comfortably seated at his neighbor's fireside, he had regained full possession of his sober faculties. Thinking that now would be a good time to sound the stranger's mind on the subject of reform, he began by remarking:

"A very corrupt state of society now—very corrupt indeed. In New York alone there are over fifteen thousand paupers—persons who in the morning don't know where they shall lay their heads at night."

"That is bad," observed Mr. Harden, glancing quietly at his meagre guest, who with his shabby coat, his short brown pantaloons, eked out at the bottom with blue cloth, a ragged shoe on one stockinged foot and a boot on the other, might have been taken for a straggling member of the said family of fifteen thousand. (He had a better suit at home, but would not pamper his pride by wearing it on ordinary occasions.)

"Society is wrong—all wrong," continued the reformer; "civilization is doing the human race no good. The rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer. The system can't stand; it's all wrong. Why, sir, what right has one man to run over another? We are all brothers. But now the rich trample on the poor. The great na-

bobs of New York, what do they care for the paupers? They are brothers and should live on equality; but if they own a hundred farms, they won't give one to a poor, starving pauper. This whole western country should be divided into farms and given to poor people. It will be done—it must be. O, sir, I'm a reformer: I believe in having the world right. All mankind are my brothers; I love them as such; I would embrace them all in my arms and make them happy."

Mr. Harden looked very much as though he thought such an embrace would be no great addition to his happiness; while Mrs. H., thinking that probably their guest was a disciple of Fourier, remarked that that sect had failed in many of their attempts to bring mankind to such terms of equality.

"I'm no Fourierite!" cried the Doctor, instantly; "I want none of your *ites* and *isms*; all I want is the right. There's but one right and one wrong in the world; it's our duty to do the right and shun the wrong. These *isms* and *ites* must go down; sectarianism can't stand; the people are getting enlightened; we don't want to hear of this church and that church, my church and your church. Priestcraft, party strife, and all such nonsense, must be done away with; we are all brothers, and must live like brothers in one great family."

Here he paused to take breath, and as Mrs. Harden did not reply, he flattered himself that for once, at least, his words had not been without effect; then turning to Mr. Harden, he continued, "That was a great mistake of Greeley's—the only one he ever made—that meddling with Fourierism; but he's a great man—a great reformer—done more good than anyone man in the country—Horace Greeley, sir; have you ever heard of him?"

"I think I have," replied Mr. H., with a peculiar smile.

"A great paper he prints," resumed the Doctor: "that New York *Tribune*, the best, most independent reform paper in the world; don't often see such papers as that in this country, I think; I brought a copy or two with me; I was in his office every day for a week while I was in the city; I'll

lend you one if you would read it; you never saw one I suppose."

"Thank you," said Mr. Harden, smiling again; "it would be like meeting an old acquaintance. I was always a regular reader of the *New Yorker*, and afterwards of the *Tribune*, till within a few months past. I shall be much obliged to you for the loan of a late one; Mr. Greeley is an able editor, and always published an excellent paper."

"Ah—yes—hem," stammered the Doctor; "you've seen the paper then; never saw the *man*, did you?" he asked, brightening up suddenly.

"No, I never saw Mr. Greeley," said Mr. H.

"I was in his office every day for a week while I was in the city," repeated Dr. Mystie, proudly, as if this at least was a consolation of which he had no fear of being robbed. "I lived in the city once," he continued; "I graduated at Columbia College, and practised medicine a dozen years or so; but I never liked it—never felt at home in the business; it may suit other men, but there's too little chance for improving the mind or exercising the intellect for me. I've tried teaching school, and I've traveled a great deal too; but, sir, for enlarging the heart and expanding the mind, there's nothing like contemplating the great doctrines of reform. I've seen a great deal of the world—seen a great deal of wretchedness, sir; and am determined to do what I can towards leaving the world better off than I found it. I go for reform in everything."

"I think you told me you had but lately married," observed Mr. H., taking advantage of the first momentary pause to change the subject of conversation.

"Yes; about a month ago; I lived a young man a great while; married a young widow about thirty; and settled down for life on my little farm over here. Come over and see us—bring Mrs. Harden along and get acquainted. We haven't much to treat company with but music; we have plenty of that."

"Are you a musician?" asked Mr. H.

"No, no more than to do my own sing-

ing; but my wife has been a music teacher; taught music for a number of years in the city. She had a piano—she misses it very much now; but the transportation would cost more than one is worth; besides, I bought her an accordeon on the way—a very expensive one—cost five dollars in Buffalo. She cares more for music than for anything else."

Mr. Harden remarked that as they were to be neighbors, they must endeavor to become acquainted.

"Yes, yes," said the Doctor, rising to go; "come over soon; for my part, I should like to have all my neighbors meet together at my house, and spend the day in rational conversation;"—but here remembering his unfortunate Sabbath-school, he quickly checked himself, and then added in a hurried voice—"The radical reformers are about starting a new reform paper, to be entirely devoted to our cause. It will advocate the removal of paupers from the cities to the public lands here at the West. I subscribed for it when I was East—every subscriber is an authorized agent; I should be glad to have you subscribe for it. Come over in the course of a week or two; I shall have one by that time; good morning—good morning, sir," and he hurried away, frightened to think he had invited a repetition of the outrage that had been practised upon him—"for," said he to himself, "for aught I know, these people are no better than their neighbors; though they were very civil to me. I'm glad I told them I had been to college and practiced medicine, and traveled, and taught school; such things have their influence."

With these consoling reflections, which were afterwards repeated to his wife, he went home, satisfied that he had made a favorable impression on the strangers, and resolved to continue the acquaintance.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST VISIT—THE BIRD TRAP AND THE QUARREL.

It was some weeks after the doctor's introduction of himself to the Harden family before Mrs. H. could prevail on her hus-

band to accompany her on a visit to the bride. Sometimes work was hurrying, and sometimes storms prevented, till late in December; then there came a bright, pleasant morning—such a morning as will often come, even in mid-winter, in this variable climate. It was almost as warm as a May day; there was no snow on the ground; no cloud in the sky; the wind blew soft from the south; and the blue-jays among the willows by the brook were unusually noisy. Mrs. Harden could not confine herself to the house, and Mr. H. declared that it did not seem like a working day; so both at once concluded to make the promised visit. O, it was a delightful walk they had through the dim woods that skirted the brook, and over the breezy knobs, now covered with rustling leaves. They lingered by the rivulet, and wandered about among the hills, scarcely wishing for other companionship than their own hearts and the sweet voices of nature around them. A turn in the path brought them almost too soon in sight of the doctor's house. There, in their little cabin, with the door close shut, and a hot fire blazing, they found the reformer and his wife. The atmosphere of the room was almost stifling. The doctor, as he opened the door to admit his guests, stepped back, as if fearful of inhaling the fresh air; his hands were full of papers; but he received the visitors cordially, and introduced them to Sophia, who was truly glad to look upon one of her own sex again, for during the two months she had lived there she had not seen a woman. They were scarcely seated before the doctor, who had stirred the fire to a brighter blaze and buttoned his shabby overcoat around him, produced the new reform paper of which he had spoken, and for which he had subscribed while at the east. "O, sir," said he, turning the paper inside out, and outside in as he spoke; now holding it up to the light, and now folding it in his hands and viewing it as he would some priceless treasure; "O, sir, if we had a few more such reformers as the editors of this paper, it would not be long before we'd have these public lands all settled; the wilderness would soon bud

and blossom like the rose. The poor houseless wretches who wander about the cities, starving and begging, would all be provided with comfortable homes and fine farms, and the rich landlords would be brought down to a level with the rest, and obliged to work for a living. I wish there was a law to compel every man, woman and child to work for a living; people are too proud to work. We want more energy among us! A few whole-hearted reformers, like the editors of this—ah—let me see; what is the name of this paper," he said, unfolding it again to look at the title; "ah, the *Young Windmill*; that's it, sir; appropriate, isn't it? chosen because the principles they advocate are free as the wind, and are to be borne to the four corners of the globe! The wind is free, you know, and why should not the land be? That's the doctrine I believe in. But you here can't be expected to understand the necessity of it as those do who live in cities surrounded by paupers and paying rents to landlords; but this paper will soon make it clear to you that the only way to reform the world is to colonize the paupers on the public lands. These editors are whole-souled fellows—warm in the work."

During all this and much more that the doctor had to explain about his paper and its editors, Mrs. Harden and Sophia had contrived to interchange a few words; (the room being so small as to prevent any separate conversation;) but Mr. H. had hardly found a chance to open his mouth. When they rose to depart the doctor expressed much regret that he had not one of his new papers to lend Mr. H.; but it was only a week since he had received the first number, and he had not studied it quite through yet himself; he meant to be liberal with his papers as he was with his principles; he meant to lend them to everybody, and believed if they were studied as they ought to be, he should soon have help in the great cause of reform. As yet, he said, he stood single-handed against the world; he had combatted ignorance and prejudice for years without any visible sign of success, but was still undiscouraged, still determined to spend his breath for the

good of the human race. When the next *Young Windmill* came he would lend Mr. H. the one he had now; hoped they would have a pleasant walk home; and so, with mutual invitations given and accepted to visit each other, the guests departed.

"What a husband for such a woman!" exclaimed Mr. H., while on their way home.

"How lonely and dispirited she looks," said Mrs. H., "how I pitied her heated face, and how I *did* wish that disagreeable old chatter-box had his mouth stopped with his young wind-mill. His wife told me in a half whisper that he reads that tedious thing aloud to her all day, and keeps her awake all night talking about it."

Both agreed there was something strange, if not wrong, about the ill-matched pair, and resolved, if possible, to visit the wife when the husband was absent.

"Sophia," said Dr. Mystie to his wife, when the guests were gone, "don't stand looking after them all day; here is a speech which was delivered at Albany by the Honorable Mr. Winkum, in presence of the assembled Brotherhood of Universal Reformers. This is just what we want; I wish I had read it to Mr. Harden. I believe he will be a reformer yet, but he's rather slow; it's a new idea to him, I suppose; he won't say much about it, but he's more than half convinced that he's behind the times—behind the age he lives in; he begins to see that a cultivated mind is worth more than money. Come, sit down and hear this speech; I've heard Mr. Winkum speak myself; he's a great man—never wants for words."

Sophia sat down and listened a while, but was soon at the window again. "What! is any one else coming?" asked her husband sharply.

"No, but I heard a bird sing," said Sophia. "O, here it is! a beautiful little thing with blue wings, a black head and white breast! It is on the fence close by, looking so tame and singing so sweetly; do let me open the door and call it in."

"No, the door has been open too much already; I can't have the cold wind blowing in, besides, the bird is wild—none of

your pet canaries; you'll see hundreds of them about here in the spring."

"O, shall I?" said Sophia, wiping the perspiration from her forehead. Then she began to mimic the bird, which she did so exactly that the little Phebe stopped singing, hopped about and fluttered as though it expected to see its mate. The Doctor kept on reading his speech aloud; when he had finished he said in his cross, sputtering way:

"What's all this noise for when I'm reading? Come, get the supper ready as soon as possible; we've no time to trifle away in nonsense."

Sophia made ready the supper and they sat down to eat.

"We have had pork and potatoes so long that I heartily wish we might have a change," said she, scarcely tasting the portion her husband dealt out to her.

"Our living costs more than twice as much as it did when I was alone," he replied. "We have no money to be spent in nice-nacks and dainties; I thought you would be satisfied when I bought the pork."

"I am satisfied with pork and potatoes both," said Sophia, rather pettishly, and with an equivocal glance at her husband, who did not choose to reply; but shoving back his chair he resumed his paper, saying—"I must read this article entitled 'A plan for the removal of city paupers to the public lands;' written by the traveling agent and lecturer in general for the Society of the Brotherhood of Universal Reformers. This is the only article I haven't read. I must finish it to-night, and be ready for the next number of the paper, which will be along in a day or two."

"When you go to town for your paper, Thomas, won't you get me a few small nails?" asked Sophia, who was again at the window.

"Nails! What do you want with nails?"

"O, these beautiful birds! here are two of them! Now, with some small nails and a few narrow strips of board, I might make a cage and catch them both. I would give more for one pet here than I would for a dozen in the city."

"Nonsense! Don't interrupt me again with such foolery; here, now, is something interesting and improving; hear what strong arguments he uses," and he went on reading the article aloud, stopping every now and then to make such explanations as he thought necessary to bring it down to Sophia's comprehension, while she, with an incipient rebellion rising in her heat, stopped her ears and stood silently looking at the birds.

Some days after this, as her husband had positively refused to get the nails, and she had no means of getting them herself, Sophia took advantage of his absence and constructed a cage after her own fashion, with such materials as she could command. With an axe she split a thin board into strips, and with wrapping-twine tied in loops at regular intervals, she contrived to fasten them together in the form of a small square pen of lattice-work, furnished with a lid attached to one side by hinges of twine. A few crumbs were then scattered on a flat stump in front of the house, the little bird pen was placed over them, a standard was put under the lid, raising it to a sufficient height for birds to enter; then one end of a long cord was tied to the standard, and the other end drawn in at the window; and there, with the cord in her hand, the bird-watcher stationed herself. But the coy warblers were not to be caught so easily as she had imagined. That stump had been their favorite orchestra whenever they came forth on a sunshiny day; but now, instead of lighting upon it as usual, they fluttered about, over and around it; then one went up to the limb of an old dry tree, and the other settled on the fence at a safe distance from the suspicious looking cage, which they both eyed for a while, and then, frightened either by that, or by the Doctor who came up the hill at the moment, they flew away and were seen no more that day.

Being now in possession of another number of his paper, Dr. Mystie was impatient for the morrow to arrive, that he might take the previous one over to Mr. Harden. His wife expressed a wish to accompany him, but he told her that if they both left

home at the same time, they would be sure to find the windows broken, the chimney torn down, or half the things stolen out of the house when they came back. She replied that those who had visited them (for by this time several of the neighboring women had called,) seemed very friendly and desired her to return their calls.

"Yes, yea," said he, "they all seem friendly enough, but there's not one about here but what hates me bad enough to destroy anything that belongs to me."

"They are not the people to hate without a cause," said his wife, resolutely.

"All the cause they have is because I tell them they should do as they would be done by, and live like brothers; they don't like to hear the truth."

"They don't like to hear a man preach who does not practice his own precepts; I suppose they found you out sooner than I did, and for that reason know better how to treat you," retorted Sophia, her dark eyes sparkling angrily.

The Doctor turned away, telling his wife that she did not know the Wolverines as well as he did, and that she must stay at home and take care of the house when he was away.

Sophia looked very cross, and began to fondle the kitten which had climbed into her lap.

"Pussy, you love your poor mistress, don't you?" said she; "you would not leave her alone all day in this lonesome place."

Pussy mewed pitifully; the Doctor snatched her from his wife's arms and threw her out of doors. "There," cried he, "you're a woman of a great mind! making a dumb brute your equal! talking to it as though it could understand you!"

"It does understand me, and has more affection for me than you have," muttered Sophia, provoked to tears by this cruel treatment of her pet.

"If half the time you spend in talking to that squalling cat was spent in studying these papers, you would begin to know something of rational enjoyment. Life is short, and every moment should be spent in cultivating the mind."

"Well, if you want mine cultivated, you may set it out in the garden next Spring, and cultivate it like any other weed," said Sophia, as she left him to his papers and went out in search of her kitten.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VISIT RETURNED.—AUTHORS AND REFORMS.

The next morning Dr. Mystie went over to Mr. Harden's with his two new papers in his pocket. Mr. H. was busy at his work and no inducement offered by the reformer could prevail on him to leave it before noon; but he told the Doctor he might take his papers to the house, where he would find Mrs. H. who would be glad to see them. The Doctor went to the house, though somewhat reluctantly; but resolved to keep his papers for Mr. H.'s especial benefit, as he did not think a woman could appreciate their value. "O, why did not Mrs. Mystie come with you?" was the salutation he met from Mrs. Harden when he entered the door.

"Couldn't get her started—can't get her out anywhere; she will have her own way;" was his answer.

"I have been looking for her every pleasant day since we were there; I did not think she would refuse to come and see us," said Mrs. H., in a disappointed tone; for she feared the Doctor had come for an all-day visit, and she wanted the presence of his wife to make it endurable.

"O, she has queer notions—queer notions; you don't know anything about her; she has strange fancies," he replied shaking his head in a solemn and impressive manner.

"One would hardly wonder that she has strange fancies, taken as she is, directly from city life to such a wild, lonely place; but I am sorry she will not come to see us," said Mrs. H.

"As long as we have faculties to improve by reading and meditation," said the Doctor, "I do not think we need be lonely in any place. Now, there's nothing like solitude for meditation. I often sit up half the night to muse and meditate. But women, I find, care very little for anything but

dress and visiting, and fashion. They can talk of fashion, and when they meet the first thing you will hear is, that one woman in their neighborhood has a new bonnet trimmed with furbelows; another has a satin, or silk, or velvet dress with so many flounces and fringes, and that is going to be all the fashion, and everybody else must have one like it or they will be out of the fashion."

"We know nothing about such things here," said Mrs. H., looking up from her sewing and glancing at her own plain calico dress.

"The world is full of it," persisted the Doctor; "all your little country villages are full of it; and women out of villages as well as in them think more of fashionable dresses than they do of cultivating their minds."

Mrs. Harden bit her lip but said nothing. She remembered that she had worn a new, fashionable mantilla and hood when she went to call on the Doctor's wife.

"Go into any of your out-of-the-way country villages," he continued, "and you'll find women dressed in their finery walking the streets, as proud as any fashionable lady that promenades Broadway."

"Why not, sir?" interrupted Mrs. H. indignantly; "why not, pray? Who is to envy us the few indulgences we have? Our husbands have bought them for us by honest labor. No man of sense would choose a slatternly, ill-dressed wife, thinking thereby to provide himself with a companion of refined taste and cultivated intellect. But," added she laughingly, "I think you need apprehend no immediate danger to the republic in consequence of the rivalry of our rustic, country belles, and your fashionable Broadway promenaders. I do not see why birds in the woods may not boast of their fine feathers as well as birds in the city."

"Well—eh—well—the principle," stammered the Doctor; "the principle; pride in dress! Dress! what is it? A mere covering for the perishing body. What good can your ribbons and laces and silks and satins do for the mind, the immortal mind that is to live forever?"

"One would think the immortal mind of man might be more profitably employed than in finding fault with ladies' dresses in such a wildwood place as this," said Mrs. H.; "I know of no lady in the country who has more dresses than she deserves; but I do know of a great many who, if their worth is to be estimated by fine clothes, are deserving of more than they have ever seen—more, perhaps, than they ever will see; still, they can be contented with what they have, and you do not often hear them speak enviously of those who are able to dress better than themselves."

"I envy no man his fine clothes," said the Doctor, somewhat tartly, as he looked at his own parti-colored garments, "I would just as soon visit Queen Victoria in this dress as I would you."

"Queen Victoria is but a woman," was all the answer he received. Then there was a long silence. Mrs. H. plied her needle industriously, and the Doctor racked his brain for a new subject.

"What city did you come from?" he asked at length.

"I never was in a city; I have lived in Michigan ever since my remembrance," was the reply.

"You never saw New York, then?"

"No sir."

"I was once a student of Columbia College," said the Doctor. "I graduated there and practiced medicine a number of years. There's nothing like college studies to discipline the mind; no light reading there—essays, lectures, moral science; such works strengthen the judgment. There's a work on moral science I should like to see again, though I suppose it is not to be found in this country. Wayland's Moral Science, it is called; never heard of it, did you?"

"I have a copy," answered Mrs. H.

"Not Wayland's Moral Science, published in New York!" exclaimed the Doctor in surprise.

"Mine is a Boston edition, I think," she replied.

"Will you let me see it?" he asked.

Mrs. Harden stepped to the back part of the room where was a shelf of books the Doctor had not yet observed, and taking

down the required volume she handed it to him. He looked over it a moment or two, and then asked her if she had ever heard of a book called Kame's Elements of Criticism. Without speaking she took down the book he named and placed it on the table before him.

"Ah—um—hem—published in N. York!" said he, examining the title page; "but this is incomplete without Blair's Lectures; they should always go together."

A smile of mischievous delight spread over the little woman's face as she turned again to the shelf, and taking down Blair's Lectures she placed it beside Kame's Elements.

The Doctor hemmed harder than before. After a while he said something about the importance of understanding philosophy, and wondered if works on that subject were to be found in the country. In a moment Comstock's Philosophy was before him. He took it up, tumbled over a few of the pages, and then pronounced it a childish affair on account of the plates with which it was illustrated; he wanted no pictures in works of science. He thought rhetoric a very useful study. Scarcely was the word pronounced before rhetoric followed philosophy to the table; and several other philosophical and mathematical works left their places in quick succession as they were spoken of or hinted at by the Doctor. "Ah—um—hem—quite a collection—um—ahem!" said he.

"Here," said Mrs. H., thinking that he had seen enough of science, "here is a little book that I think would please your wife. If she has never read it she would find it quite an agreeable companion some day when you are away from home."

"What is it? A novel?"

"Not exactly; yet there is some romance about it. It is the journal of a young widow, kept from the time of her first widowhood till her second marriage."

"No, no," said the Doctor, with a lengthened visage and a solemn shake of the head, "I want no more light reading for Sophia; she has had too much of that already. She has Byron, Scott and Moore about her all the time, and they, with her

music, keep her mind so occupied and filled with trifling nonsense that she has no taste for useful reading at all. I've been trying ever since I brought her here to get her in the habit of reading something that will cultivate the mind and strengthen the judgment. You never read Byron, did you?"

"I have never seen his works complete, but I have read a small volume of his select poems and thought them very beautiful," replied Mrs. Harden.

"I've read Don Juan and I think it's scandalous," said the Doctor. "If I ever have children to bring up and educate, I'll no more let them see such books than I'll give them poison. What two large books are those on the end of the shelf?"

"Those are Shakspeare's writings," said Mrs. H., taking them down.

"Ah, have you Shakspeare? He was a great writer, I believe. There is one piece of his that is said to be very good; I think it is called King Lear; is it in either of these books?"

Mrs. H. opened to the tragedy of Lear and placed the book in his hands.

"Ah, yes," said he, turning over a few of the leaves, "all written in a kind of blank verse. This makes me think of a book I saw when I was a boy. I forget the author, but the book was called Ossian's poems; a sort of prose poetry—there was no rhyming about it, no lines like blank verse; it was written like prose."

"Mrs. H. smiled to herself as she took from a chest a prettily bound volume of Ossian, kept thus choice because it was a present from her husband, and handing it to the Doctor asked him if that was the book to which he referred.

He looked at it with some surprise, but before he had time to make any comments the door opened and Mr. Harden came in. As if glad to escape from the great authors he had so unwittingly collected around him, the Doctor turned from the table, and very soon produced his reform papers for Mr. H.'s edification. The appropriateness of the title, the fearless course pursued by the editors, and the benefits that would result to the human race from the labors of such men, were urged in as glowing terms

as the Doctor could command, and Mr. H. was pressed to become a subscriber.

"I should be glad to oblige you, Doctor," said Mr. Harden, taking a seat near him; "but I will tell you how it is. People in this country who are obliged to get a living by hard work, are obliged to work hard to get it. If they have a little money to spend for reading or any recreation of that kind they want the worth of their money in return. We cannot afford to patronize every little paper of a day that springs up; there are enough that are substantial, and when we have paid for them we know that our money is not thrown away. I am already a subscriber for three newspapers, and am about sending for the Lady's Book for my wife."

"The Lady's Book? How much does that cost a year?"

"Three dollars," said Mr. H.

"Three dollars! and no reform in it, I dare say. Pictures and stories do very well for city ladies to trifle over, but what good will they do here? What benefit is such a book to mankind?"

"The Lady's Book is published for the especial benefit of *womankind*, I believe," said Mr. H., smiling, "and of all places in the world I know of none where the entertaining amusement it affords will be more welcome than here. Till quite recently I have been in a situation where I could exchange favors with publishers, and thus we had the reading of all the popular periodicals of the day—now we feel quite lost without them. I can afford to take but one, and as my wife has chosen the Lady's Book I shall send for it; you never read it, I presume?"

"I? no sir; that is, I have seen it—I have no time to spend in reading such works; I want something more solid—something philosophical—calculated to benefit the human race. Do you take whig or democratic papers?"

"I take both."

"Well, I can't spend my time reading politics. I never belonged to either party, and I never will. Now, neighbor H., I want to be plain with you; I believe you are at heart a reformer. You only want a

little more moral courage to bring it out. But, sir, we want no half way work about it; a man who makes up his mind to be a reformer, must come out and be one; be willing to spend his time, his property, and his life, if necessary, in the cause. Now you know as well as I do how much wrong there is in the world, brought on by the present system of society. You know the world is wrong, socially and politically.—Nature never made men to live as they do; it's an unnatural state of things. We're created to live like brothers; not to fight each other in party strife, to be fooled by priestcraft, and trample on each other to get rich. But that is the way they live in cities; they live so in New York; there are a great many rich men there—men who own large farms and have thousands of dollars, while in the same city there are more than fifteen thousand paupers, men, women and children, who don't know in the morning where they shall lay their heads at night. Now if I had a farm of a thousand acres, I'd be willing to divide it up into lots and give it to such poor people for a home. But these rich men never will do it. What do they care if millions of their brothers and sisters are without homes? All they want is to get rich themselves.—You can see for yourself it's wrong—unnatural.”

“Well, and what are you going to do about it?” asked Mr. Harden, very coolly, seeing that the Doctor expected him to say something.

“Why we must oblige government to give these public lands to the poor. We must have a reform President, and reform officers; then we have only to follow out the plan given in this paper for removing paupers from the cities, and adopt this plan of a brotherhood village, given by Solomon Sharkey, Esq., in the last number. See, here it is; it nearly covers one page. Here are the streets, laid out wide; the houses at convenient distances apart; and fine shade trees growing along the side walks. There is a large grove of trees, and here a wide space left for a public square; everything on a large scale—plenty of room. Now how much happier the

human race would be if we could all live together like brothers. But we never can until we're determined to be independent—we must put side and shoulder to the wheel and move it along. This is a great cause; it is the cause of humanity. I mean to spend what talent I have in trying to make the world better. I think some of lecturing; I would be willing to begin now and travel through the State two years lecturing for nothing.”

“It would be ‘lecturing for nothing,’ and no mistake!” said Mr. H., whose risible faculties here got the better of his politeness.

The Doctor was offended. “What!” said he, “don't you think I could do a great deal of good in that way?”

“You had better not attempt it unless you have a new coat, for every time you make yourself public,” said Mr. H., still laughing; “the result of your labors would appear most conspicuous on your own shoulders.”

The Doctor took the hint instantly; he was very angry; but Mr. Harden soon controlled himself sufficiently to explain that no personal disrespect was meant. “You do not understand our ways of doing business,” he said. “Now, in sober reason, what could you expect to accomplish by the course you propose? You might lecture for years in that manner, and what more would the people know than their own common sense teaches them? Heaven knows we need reforms, but there are certain means to be used, and when the time comes we go at them as we would at a day's work. We elect such men to office as we think will carry out our plans, and then bide our time for the result. If these men are faithless and betray their trust, the work must be done over again. We cannot do a year's work in a day, nor can we in a year bring about reforms that must, in the nature of things, be the work of generations, if indeed, they are ever accomplished at all. With landlordism and city paupers we have nothing to do, since we are not the stewards of the first, and poor men even here, where land is cheap, must make the best of their time and mon-

ey to prevent themselves and their families from sinking to the condition of the latter. If they need reforming it is among them that the reformer should labor, for it is very seldom that hard working men here have patience to listen to abuses for which they are not responsible, and which they cannot prevent if they would; much less will they patiently bear the blame of them. We know our own business best, and we know that persevering industry will do quite as much towards ensuring self-respect, the respect and confidence of others, and a good living, as any foreign lecturer on the subject of reform can do for us. If you live among us a few years, and get the run of our habits, we shall not seem quite as barbarous to you as we do now; you must remember we have lived here in the woods a good while—this is a new State yet, and there is a great chance for improvement.”

Mr. H. paused a moment, and as the Doctor did not seem inclined to speak, he added, good-naturedly; “I hope you intend to make a permanent home among us, do you not?”

“I did when I bought my place,” replied the Doctor somewhat pettishly.

“Do you think of putting in a field of wheat next summer?” asked Mr. H., in a very conciliating tone.

“No, no, I have other things to think of—I don’t live altogether for this world,” retorted the Doctor, speaking very short. He was thoroughly angry and out of patience, and very soon took leave of his new acquaintances without much ceremony. He afterwards told a neighbor that as long as a man would use reason he could agree with him, but he wanted nothing to do with those who undertook to run over him rough shod.

“Well,” said Mr. H., laughingly, to his wife, when the reformer was out of hearing, “has the Doctor been taking an inventory of your books?”

“I think he will never accuse me of neglecting to cultivate my mind again,” she replied, as she restored the volumes to their places.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KIDD'S ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE DORRILLITE IMPOSTURE.

In what Arcadian, what Eutopian ground
Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found—
More hospitable welcome or more zeal
To make the curious tarrying stranger feel
That, next to home, here best may he abide,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney side—
Drink the hale farmer's cider as he hears
From the gray dame the tales of other years—
Cracking his shagbarks as the aged crone,
Mixing the true and doubtful into one,
Tells how the Indian scalped the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild—
Butchered the father hastening to his home,
Seeking his cottage, finding but his tomb—
How drums, and flag, and troops were seen on high,
Wheeling and charging in the Northern sky;
And she knew what these wild tokens meant
When to the old French war her husband went—
How by the thunder-blasted tree was hid
The golden spoils of the far-famed Robert Kidd.
Brainard's Connecticut River.

HERE is no part of New England that is so pleasant to the traveler, in every respect, as the Valley of the Connecticut. From the mouth of that noble stream to its head, there is every possible kind of scenery that can divert the attention and delight the eye. But the most pleasant of all, we think, will be found in Massachusetts. Whoever travels through that section of country, in any season, will not want variety. It is entirely devoid of that monotony which is the poison of enjoyment. The range of hills on either side of the fertile valley, seen in the distance, some places dark shaded by their old woods, or green-clad in the opening spaces, on which are the grain-fields and pastures for their flocks—seem raised as a banner against the blue sky, to shut out a more dreary and outcast portion of the world. One could therefore readily fancy this valley an earthly paradise. The many beautiful dwellings that stud the prospect on every side may well be converted into palaces of the blessed—the beautiful and majestic Connecticut may be imagined to be a river of life, “whose waters are as clear as crystal.”

There is also connected with the beautiful scenery and pleasant villages, many endearing and interesting associations of peculiar interest, to one who is conversant with the history of his country. The traveler through this valley towards the frozen regions of the North, will hardly emerge from the “land of steady habits” and the

country of the "blue laws," ere the towering summit of Holyoke greets his sight;—this natural monument of the savages now gone—of the early times, when our fathers, who lived in the forest and on Connecticut's fertile meadows, looked up to that mountain as something which they could bequeath to their children unchanged for centuries to come, aside from hearts burning with pure devotion and love of liberty, which beat within the bosom of the pilgrim, ere the first blow was struck to fell the majestic tree of the forest. That monument has stood unchanged, a silent spectator of Time's doings within the sphere of its prospect. There it stood hundreds of years ago, when the stream at its foot rolled as beautifully as now—when not a field was cleared, nor a civilized dwelling reared itself above the forest—when no smoke ascended from the happy fires of the men who cultivated lands, who were blessed with the rich fruits of education, and could work those wonders that sprung up in after times like the enchantment of a fairy hand. But there it stood when the dark wilderness rolled beneath like the waves of the sea—when the wigwams of the Indian were hid beneath the shade of the tall pine—when the smoke of the council fires ascended up with the wild yell of the savages—when the majestic oaks covered the surface of those villages—when the wild vine flourished over the soil of the frequented walks—when nought but savage men trod the then unformed roads—when no flocks but the deer, and the wolf, and the panther, roamed upon those hills, whose beauty is now unrivaled. Thus it was once in this thickly inhabited section. Now how changed!—all changed but yonder mountain, clothed now—as when the savage chased his game upon its side, or lurked in its hidden places—with the same dark and woody garment.

As you advance, traveler, behold upon your left, Northampton with its many dwellings, and the spires of its public buildings dazzling in the light of day; it seems like a distant field covered with the white flocks of civilized men. Here upon your right is Amherst, a beautiful village, in-

deed—the location of one of New England's most flourishing institutions. Pause traveler—could that site, where you see yonder stately edifices flashing beneath the glance of the sun, ever be but a solitary hill in "wild swamp," where the fiercest of game sported upon its top, and where the savage only rested in the chase, or struck up his forest fire to repose beside at night to resume the hunt again at dawn? Here immediately before you is Hadley, the renowned in the Indian wars. Turn to the pages of your memory and revive the scenes that have been enacted on its fertile meadows—on its sandy plains of pine—in its wide and beautiful streets—on the broad and smiling Connecticut. Bid adieu to Holyoke and Mount Warner, and the beautiful villages that sleep at their feet, and cast one look as you pass. Now you are in the village of Bloody Brook, on the ground which the brave Captain Lathrop and his men fought and died upon—yea, upon the soil that was drenched with their blood, and beneath which their decayed bones are resting, while every tongue above their grave is eloquent with their praise. Next you will arrive at Deerfield. This town, you recollect, was burned by the Indians more than a century and a half ago; but there you will see, just back of that brick church, a house that alone was preserved through the conflagration, and still stands to tell the tales of other days. Greenfield, which you see yonder between the hills, is another of those pleasant villages which thickly gem the banks of the Connecticut. From this place we pass into Barnardston, a very rich agricultural town, where we shall find quite different scenery. You see the hills begin to grow frequent, as you advance to the north, larger and higher. Though far different in every feature, the prospect here cannot fall much short in beauty to most of those towns we have passed. You have now travelled far enough, and are weary enough for refreshment. Here you may rest a while and be entertained with that most comfortable of all public accommodation, found in a small New England town—where they have the sweetest of sugar, and the purest of butter,

and the choicest of everything. Then we will pass over to Gill, where we must part, when I have told my tale. If you like, from this town you can pass into Northfield, thence to Brattleborough, though Hinsdale—all very pretty villages, well worth the traveler's while to visit them. A modern railroad now traverses this delightful valley, whirling you along at a rate indifferent to pleasure, through this beautiful scenery. But you must discard this modern invention, and resort to the old foggy ways of locomotion, if you would enjoy the excursion. Arrived by other means, slow coach or *fast* train, once here upon the upper line of Massachusetts, and upon the green shores of the Connecticut, we ask you to recall the lines of the beautiful poet Brainard, that stand at the head of this story. Recall, if you can, some half forgotten tale of Captain Kidd and his money working wonders; when I have finished, as you go across the river to Northfield, cast one look down the stream to Kidd's Island.

* * * * *

It was in the beautiful days of June that Robert Kidd and Miles Braddish launched their Indian canoe on the Connecticut from its banks at Saybrook. The time was a joyous one, and but for the ragings of remorse within the bosoms of the companions, they could have been delighted with their voyage up this beautiful stream. But transgression produces bitter fruits—and he that violates the laws of his conscience must shut his eyes to the beauties of nature, and close his ear to the music of its melody. Kidd and his companion only strove to smother the reproving principle within by plunging deeper and deeper into vice. The trees on the river banks were clothed with vegetation's fairest garb. The sun arose at morn to smile upon the earth and glory in the beauty its presence gave—and all beneath rejoiced in the approval of its Maker. How different from the polluted adventurers in the boat! With hands stained with the blood of fellow-beings, and their little craft loaded with ill-gotten treasures, could they have expected that success would attend their journey? But

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the sun shines, the rain falls, the earth produces its fruit, as well for the blood-stained pirate, as for the honest humble tiller of the earth.

Many a beautiful island was passed—many a smiling village they beheld on their way. The river's rapids and falls were passed, as the Indian shuns them, when he journeys up the stream. Kidd and his companion at length drew near the point of their destination, but not till the sun had set, and the moon was careering among the broken fragments of the black and drifting clouds.

They drew up their bark canoe upon the beach of an island that rests upon the bosom of the broad Connecticut, a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. A long and gleaming knife was thrown upon the sand—iron boxes, filled with the gold of foreign nations, were thrown heavily upon the pebbles, and the little bark soon followed. Kidd and his companion then seated themselves upon the grass but a few feet off.

But there was yet one other object that had accompanied these rough men on their journey thus far up the course of the Connecticut—this was a young and beautiful creole girl, which many months before the pirates had stolen away from her sunny home on the shores of one of the West India Islands, when they had visited that locality, on one of their southern piratical expeditions. She had there lived upon the shore of the sea, where her ear had been attuned to its music and its murmurs, as well as the boisterous raging of its winds and its waves. Her home was retired, shrouded in the luxuriant foliage of the tropical trees—where she lived, an only child with her parents, in affluence, luxury, and ease. Little had she seen of the world—and in childish innocence she had been trained, as pure a spirit as nature, in its fallen state, ever produces. On an evil day, the scourgers of the sea and the land, made a descent upon this part of the coast, ravaged the country as usual for supplies for the subsistence of their crew, and ended at last by the murder of this poor child's parents, the plunder of her home of its

valuables, in silks, jewelry, and gold—and kidnapping the maid, carried her off upon the ocean, the companion of the cruel pirates, to be the victim of their vices, and to rouse up and goad to desperation, the ever abiding consciousness of guilt, that only slumbers at times in the human breast as the fire slumbers in its embers. Thus she had been made the slave of these vile men, compelled in all things, unquestioned to do their will—till at length her reason had been quenched, and she a listless and indifferent being had become a burden and a curse upon their hands, which they were impelled to dispose of in the way best suited to their demonical notions and practices affirmed of them by their traditions.

Kidd is reported to have wandered along the north-east coast of North America, and to have buried an immense treasure which he had obtained in plundering the rich Spanish galleons, in the West India trade, on the banks of the rivers into which he would run his vessels—thus to leave them in the only place safe for him, where in some possible future time he might recover them. Innumerable are the traditionary legends of Kidd's buried treasures, from Chesapeake to Passamaquoddy. It is not usual that tradition has identified him far from the coast, but, in this case, it has assigned to him a locality as far up the channel of the Connecticut as almost to the north line of the State of Massachusetts, where one its green sunny isles is called Kidd's Island, and is familiarly known throughout all the region by that name—where it is affirmed his treasures were buried, and where the credulous, a generation or two ago, dug up the earth to find the pirates' hoarded gold and silver. There was always buried with them, as tradition saith, the body of some murdered victim, who was set as a watch, in league with the evil spirit, to protect them from the grasp of any one who might discover and attempt to seize them. It was affirmed that none of the money buried by Kidd, so completely was he in league with the devil, could be recovered without a conflict with that evil spirit, or the spirit of some murdered victim left in charge.

It was supposed that this expedition up the Connecticut, so far from the sea, and into a wilderness country, and far above many rapids and falls of the river, which would close up the way of access from the messengers of justice that should seek him or his pirate band, on the waters of the ocean, was that he might find himself a safe retreat, and found for himself and companions in crime, a place of refuge in their latter days, outcasts as they were from all companionship with their fellow-men.

It was on this island where this evil expedition had now arrived. And in the yielding sand on its southern side, which had been piled up into an island that lifted a bold front above the water's edge, by the slow action of the current for many ages—they dug a deep pit, into which they tumbled their boxes of ill-gotten treasures,—and equally desirous of getting rid of the incumbrance of her who was once a fair and happy child of loving parents, in a peaceful home at the south, now debased and idiotic—they threw her in also, covering in one grave their gold and their victim; setting as a watch over their pirate treasure, the spirit of her who was once a guileless maiden on the earth.

Such was the tradition that gave the name to Kidd's island—and thus was the tale reported in its vicinity.

* * * * *

The struggle of our country for Independence had closed, and many a weary, worn out soldier was cast destitute upon the wide world—his little property expended in the cause of liberty. The home of the soldier had gone to desolation; those that had families found them scattered, and in many instances more wretched than themselves. The war had been a long one, and in that time men thought of nought but the sunny days of liberty when they should be gained—when he with his own household, should eat and drink the fruits of his own labors and enjoy the life his Maker gave, beholden to no one, and with no one to molest. That independence for which he had long striven, he had now gained; he had fought many years, feeding upon the pitiful produce of a desolate country,

and wearing out the little property he had collected under the hard hand of tyranny, to clothe his own, and his wife's, and his children's persons from nakedness, and now was cast aside by the authority which had supported him, even to a worse situation than when nearly naked and starved on the battle field, with nought to support his weary nature but the liberty he had fought for and the soil of his beloved country. This was the lot of far too many of those to whom we now owe what we prize most upon earth. Thus many were left, with hearts hardened by familiarity with blood, to plunder for their scanty needs; and many less depraved brought cunning and artifice to aid them to get what the laws of nature tell us all mankind have an absolute right to.

Such was the situation of the soldier at the close of the revolutionary war—and such was the situation of Dorrill. He had seen the last of his earthly connexions expire upon the battle field—he owned nought of the soil that was now blessed with the sun of liberty. When the army was disbanded, he went forth without money, without bread, and without clothing, with his nation indebted to him for a seven years' service. We lose the sight of him from this time forward, until we find him several years after in the vicinity of G——, in the State of Massachusetts—still ragged—still oppressed with famine.

It was a cold morning of Autumn. Dorrill had just crawled from an almost ruined barn, where he had sheltered himself in part from the frost of the night in the straw and litter of the bay. He was without shoes, with barely sufficient clothes on his person to say he was not naked. Why was Dorrill in such a situation, it might be asked, in this land of freedom and equal rights? Any man of health, it is urged, can work and maintain himself in a style sufficiently well for any person whatever. In reply, we would say that we are fully as incompetent to answer the question as the inquirer. Such has been the fact and such is the fact; our own eyes can testify to the many strolling vagabonds who roam the land, and, it would seem, might be well

off if they depended upon the labor of their own hands.

Dorrill entered a blacksmith's shop just as Bolton had blown up a hot fire upon his forge, and requested permission to warm his benumbed limbs. Such a request of course could not be denied. Bolton looked at his guest—if he may be thus styled—and thought he saw something there not uncongenial with his own spirit. Dorrill watched the blacksmith as he forged his horse nails, though not the first time he had witnessed such a feat, yet he was peculiarly struck with his performance. He related his adventures to Bolton's listening ears, bemoaned his present destitution to one whom he thought heard with some sense of feeling; and the longer he staid the more he perceived the blacksmith was pleased with his company. Thus our adventurer in a very short time became as intimate with the man of the forge as though he had known him of old. The long and the short of the matter is, that Dorrill, weary, houseless and homeless as he had been, desired to try his fortune at the anvil. He had seen enough of adventure, enough of danger, enough of hardships. He longed to have a home—and even at this late day, the thought entered his mind to learn the trade of working iron. All this met the decided approbation of Bolton himself, who willingly offered to take him as an apprentice, and, considering his age, would treat him more as a journeyman than a boy. Thus he entered the shop a poor wandering vagabond, and came out an "entered apprentice" to the trade—in the short space of an hour or two, metamorphosed from a soldier to a blacksmith.

The true character of Bolton and his apprentice remained not long concealed from each other. All the restraint common to the master over his charge was, as it should be, thrown off; and Dorrill was considered by himself, and by Bolton also, fully equal in many respects to the master in whose shop he had learned the art of hammering nails. So tractable did Dorrill prove, that in a very short time he was enabled to do his work, in the common branches, as well as any ordinary work-

man, which served in a great measure to impress upon Bolton the consciousness of his possessing more talent than usually falls to the lot of man to possess. Dorrill had as yet secluded himself from observation as much as possible, shunning the inhabitants at all times, and for what reason can only be conjectured. It was certain he had something under consideration, which as yet he had not revealed to his only companion.

"I have finally concluded," said Dorrill to the blacksmith one morning, "it is not best for me to hammer nails for a living, at least, not till I am obliged to. I don't think it well for me to anticipate getting into the limbo. As I have got an insight into the trade, the authorities can't complain if I don't go any further, should they get me into their clutches," continued he, smiling.

Bolton, from Dorrill's manner of expression, concluding he had got a project in his head which, should it fail, would undoubtedly carry him to the state's prison, replied—

"If you are determined, then, to leave me, as you have a right to do, I warn you to beware—and as a friend I caution you—in the first place, don't make yourself liable," which was said in a manner that meant no more than was intended.

"No need of caution," replied Dorrill, in that self-conceit which rogues always have. "As to leaving you entirely, I don't intend, but calculate to make you a party concerned. As to making myself amenable to the law, I shan't no more than you do hammering there; not if we have just laws here, which will allow one to make as much money as he wishes in an honest way."

The demon of avarice roused itself in the bosom of Bolton at the mentioning of a change to better his pecuniary condition. As there was no law to be violated, he listened with a willing ear and an anxious heart to what ever might be suggested.

Let it be understood that neither Bolton nor Dorrill had any scruples about trespassing upon the law, if they could do it safely and make money by the means.

That avarice was the most predominant feeling in Bolton's bosom, cannot be denied. That Dorrill possessed more talent, had seen more of the world, and was better qualified for a sharper than Bolton, is evident. The most predominant passion, perhaps, in Dorrill, was the love of ease. He did not care so much about making himself rich as he did to have a plenty, that he might be profuse and occasionally a little rustic, and roguish, perhaps, when it suited his notion.

"It is," continued Dorrill, "of the most importance to a man who wishes to be successful in life, for him to understand human nature. Now, in the present age, superstition, connected with religion, in the generality of people, is the most palpable qualification. And whatever you can get to work upon their superstition, under the garb of religion, will be the most successful, let one turn it to what purpose he chooses. Only keep the design hid—only get the substance, and you can do what you please. My plan is to make the people support me; they own these fertile meadows and the rich lands around us, and they can well afford to support another preacher from their produce."

The anxious look of Bolton, who all the while stood leaning over the anvil, with his hammer in hand and letting his iron cool, relaxed into a smile, probably at contemplating the impious Dorrill, in the sacred desk, holding forth in the most solemn manner to his hearers on the all-important consideration of eternity. At the next thought he evidently felt a little chagrined at the result, for he could not easily see how he was to be made a party concerned so as to be benefitted.

Dorrill then explained his whole plan to Bolton, who seemed not a little pleased at the project, yet he could not conceal his fears lest it should not succeed, and exclaimed—

"Why, do you think the people are such fools?"

"Certainly I do," replied Dorrill.

"But they won't hear you."

"How can they help it? They've got ears that will hear."

"Yes, but the trouble is to begin—your doctrine, you see, is new—no body ever heard of it before."

"So much the better—novelty has charms. They would be as eager to hear me preach as they would to see a bear."

"And believe you as much, and have as much to do with you," observed Bolton, turning over and raising his iron.

"Ah! leave that to to me, friend Bolton—leave all to me. Continue your hammering till the people are interested in my religion, then come out a zealous convert. 'T will work—'t will work, I tell you; believe me for once, 't will work."

"I hope it will," said Bolton, turning to his forge with the cold iron. "'T is well enough to try."

"So it is, and I 'll do it. Let no one know you have seen me—keep dark till the time comes," said Dorrill as he left the shop.

* * * * *

Rumor with her thousand and one tongues asserted throughout a wide section of the country, that a certain strange preacher—who certainly was blessed with the spirit of cunning, if with no other—was doing wonderful works by the way of religion in the several towns near the North line of the state. Crowds from a distance flocked to hear this wonderful man. The doctrines he taught were as new as the manner and success of the preacher. He pretended to have the gift of foresight, and could tell the destiny of any person who believed in him. The events of the past came from the dim caverns of oblivion to his sight, like the mid-day sun upon the breast of the earth. He asserted that he himself was a prophet—that he was born to live upon the earth until the millenium should cease, and that at his birth it had begun to dawn. His followers were congregating themselves in one body and living in common, very much after the plan of the Shakers. They were instructed to go without many of the implements of common life, as being unnatural and unholy; and among which the use of leather in all cases was forbidden, and cloth took its place for many purposes.

At a certain time when Dorrill and his followers had collected at the usual place of meeting, after he had made a display of his wonderful faculties in working miracles and foretelling future events, he was addressed by a middle aged stranger, who inquired—

"Sir, if you have the faculty of telling, may I inquire of you relative to certain hidden treasures said to be buried in this vicinity by one Captain Kidd? If there are any they ought not to be lost to mankind. There are an immense number of people to whom they would now be a blessing."

"Mortal," exclaimed Dorrill—"for I perceive thou hast not joined our body—canst thou believe that any thing is hid from me? Dost thou think that even the treasures of the earth are unknown to one who is before you the prophet of the Most High, to whom all things are revealed? Mortal, thy thoughts should be upon the welfare of thy soul, ere they seek for worldly riches. Dost thou believe in our doctrine? Art thou willing to be enrolled in the list of the saints on earth?"

"Most assuredly, sir. The welfare of thy flock—which I may now call *our* flock—is my heart's greatest desire. Thy doctrine and thy usages are well known to me. I surrender all for the common good."

"Thy Maker be praised! Let us return thanks that another soul is saved, that it may be recorded above as well as here."

Thus was the stranger initiated into the band of the Dorrillites.

"Now," resumed Dorrill after the prayer, "thy desires can be attended to. Wouldst thou know of the hidden treasures?"

"I would sir—I would that the precise spot be pointed out, that they may be procured for the use of our good cause."

"Thy heart and thy purpose are indeed holy. The treasures thou desirest to be informed about are buried to the depth of several feet at the very South point of the island situated in the river, nearly opposite to the town of G——. Though blood was shed to obtain that gold, yet it is a pious thought that it should be used to purify mankind. Let arrangements be made this very night to procure the trea-

asures. It must needs be done in the dark, and it will require the labor of two nights to be possessed of it."

As had been ordered, arrangements were immediately made for the commencement of the digging. Dorrill pointed out the exact spot, and three men commenced the labor. They must then continue their work as they had thus far proceeded: They were warned against fearful sights, and by no means to speak after they had commenced their labor, for it was evident they were near the money, and a word spoken within hearing would cause it to vanish immediately. The guard that had been set to it would never permit it to be taken from its place if it could help it.

On the succeeding night Dorrill did not accompany the diggers, but as they had been instructed they proceeded. They had worked scarcely half an hour ere they discovered signs of a speedy termination of their labor. One of the workmen had struck his bar against an iron box. All their exertions were directed to that point. The digging was easier, and but a few moments elapsed before the grating of their shovels was heard on the chest. Elated with success, one of the men seized a bar and drove it furiously against the box, and exclaimed as he raised it a little from its bed, "Grasp it." Ere the sound of his voice had died away, the ground quaked beneath, and with a report like thunder, the treasure vanished for ever, throwing stones and dust in the air, filling it with smoke and a smell like gunpowder. One of the most forward the workmen with its explosion was summoned to eternity. The survivors fled, but on their return nothing was to be found but the mangled corpse of their comrade and their implements of labor; with a large rusty knife which appeared to have been thrown from the earth at the time of the explosion.

The circumstance of this adventure, attested by all the eye witnesses, augmented the fame of Dorrill not a little. He had indeed told correctly respecting the money, for it had been seen to depart with the voice of thunder. The money was lost, to be sure, but the murderer's knife

had been found, which fully proved that Kidd had been there. Thus was Dorrill's ministry and gift of prophecy established beyond a doubt.

Years passed on. Dorrill had ceased to attract that attention which he had formerly done. But his society had become a large one, and were in thriving circumstances. Bolton had long been their treasurer, and with their combined exertions, and the property that had been put in as common stock, now made a sum of many thousand dollars, which of course was deposited in the treasurer's hands.

Such was the situation of affairs, when one Sabbath, while Dorrill was in his discourse, a stranger was seen to enter and place himself near the preacher. Dorrill continued his discourse, and, as was common for him, addressed some words to the stranger personally. Before he closed, he touched upon his "gifts," and repeated the words, "No man can hurt my flesh."

"What 's that you say, sir?" exclaimed the stranger.

"I say no man can hurt my flesh."

Upon which Dorrill received a blow on the side of his head which precipitated him headlong upon the floor. Before aid was given—for he had taught his followers that he needed none—the stranger was on him, pounding him most unmercifully with his fist, and Dorrill exclaiming, "Enough! enough!"

The stranger, however, made him confess before his audience that he was an impostor, and had only played his pranks that he might see what fools he could make of them. He of his own accord advised his followers to go home, return to their former manner of life, and forget the follies of the past. And thus ended the existence of the Dorrillites as a body.

It was afterward supposed that the stranger was an acquaintance of Dorrill's, who had been employed to expose his impostures. Some of the people in the vicinity of G—— thought they had seen his face before, and that he must have been one concerned in the affair of money digging on Kidd's Island.

Bolton was known to be immensely rich

after the explosion of the society; and those who had been Dorrillites never after saw what they had put in, or the money they had helped to collect. They had their land again, and were content each one to sow and reap for himself.

The sequel has shown that Dorrill was as little benefitted by the common stock as any of his followers. Where his plan failed is only conjecture. Let it be remembered that there is no honesty among thieves—or impostors, to make the remark applicable to the present case. He lived many years after this, and died but a few years ago, a pauper of the town of Leyden, adjoining the scene of his spiritual ministrations, where he had lived, the latter part of his days, the most miserable of mankind.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S BURIAL.

"When hearts, whose truth was proven,

Like thine, are laid in earth,

There should a wreath be woven,

To tell the world their worth"—HALLECK.

LOOK back for many years into the vista of the past, to the time when I was a resident in the southern part of the State of Vermont. I was then a young man, rejoicing in the buoyancy of youth, and in a joyous expectation of a glorious future. One or two of the brief summers in that corner of the world, is in more than one sense of the word, a sunny period of my life—and the accompanying winters, not particularly marked for their brevity, are as brightly pictured upon my recollection. But the winters have not the attractions to call the visitor from the city, or from the south, which their summers have—for mountain scenery, woody hill-sides, cooling brooks, and rivers roaring and sparkling from the rocky glens and declivities, have a wonderful charm in the hot days of July to the dwellers on the prairies of the West, or by the fields of cotton and cane at the South; and the bondsman of the city, in the chains of greed and mammon, deems it the highest of human enjoyments to be able to break away from his entanglements for a brief period, to angle for trout in the mountain streams of Ver-

mont, or kill time with his killing city airs, among the rustic boys and girls of the Green Hills.

Descending from the hills which form a part of the scattered ranges of the Green Mountains to the south-east, and passing through the towns of Jamaica, Townshend, Newfane, and Dummerston, is a rapid stream, known in that part of the State as West River. It takes a circuitous course among the hills, and roars and rumbles along over the rocks and boulders that are scattered over its bed, making music of its own all along from its source to its mouth, where it empties itself into the Connecticut, just above Brattleboro. This river abounds in fish; and the many rivulets that flow from the neighboring hill-sides into the upper branches of the main stream, furnish abundance of that most delicious of all fish, the brook trout.

Now, it was in the valley of this river that we spent those two glorious summers of youth. We angled for trout in its higher branches, at Jamaica and Wardsboro; we fished for dace, perch, pickerel, and trout, in the deeper pools, and in the ponds formed by its mill-dams, lower down; and bathed in its pure waters, unconsciously forming an attachment to the principles and practices of hydropathy—before we read of it in books or in Nogg's—of which we have not to this day been fully divested. We hunted in the woods—upon the rocky hills which bounded its shores—and for relaxation worked with some good farmer friends in washing and shearing their sheep, and in cutting their grass upon the narrow intervals that had been formed by the wash of the waters of this river. In the warm summer moonlight evenings—such evenings as are known nowhere else, so calm, mild and silent, as if all nature had ceased its pulsations and was waiting to rest—on such evenings, of which we had many, I roamed over the pastures, and along the green, grassy shores of this river—through the dark shadows of its trees and overhanging ledges—being joined in my wanderings by the young men and maidens of my acquaintance, who were really cheerful and boon companions. I remember with great plea-

sure the Vermont boys and girls who were then my confidential and cherished friends. They seem to me now as they were twenty years ago, fine specimens of the coming men and women. Is it possible that they have grown older, as well as myself?—are not the first gray hairs grown upon their heads as upon my own?

There was a favorite resort near the farmhouse where I resided. On one side of West River there was a level area of land in the bend of the river, on which were several hundred acres of land, divided into a number of small farms. On the opposite side of the stream the hills shut down near the west shore, leaving but a narrow strip of land, like a terrace, just upon its bank, some parts of which were covered by maples and elms; other parts were cleared off and opened for small fields, on which the farmers raised their corn and potatoes—and good corn they would raise too, and better potatoes were never found elsewhere. Down by the side of the hill, on a "dug way," ran one of the important roads until it reached the river terrace; then it took a turn to a right angle and crossed the river upon a covered bridge, to the plateau of little farms, and wound its way up among the hills between Brookline and Townshend. Down the road, and down the hill also, the young bucks of the country towns would drive their fleet horses, attached to the rustic wagons, at rapid pace, and go thundering over the bridge, driving on their way, leaving signal notice, by the echoes up and down the river, from the rolling of their carriage wheels, and tread of their horses heels on the sounding boards of the bridge floor, that they had come and gone.

One of the particular acquaintances which I formed on the first of my visits to this interesting part of the State, was a young man, son of a physician, to whom I became greatly attached. It could be well said of him, he was an excellent young man. In its true, simple sense, this saying would describe him well, and convey to him who is familiar with the plain and expressive idiom of the country people, a better idea of the estimate in which he was held,

than any high-wrought eulogium of the word-painter. All his neighbors spoke well of him. Exemplary mothers and fathers looked to him as the pattern young man of the neighborhood, and one to be imitated by their own hopeful sons. He was a youth of cultivation—had improved well his opportunities—had exhausted the resources of advancement in learning and in the simple arts and sciences—had followed well the district school, and graduated at last, the winter before I was there, in being master himself. Therefore, it was said of this young friend, that he would not find the neighborhood of his home a field large enough for his enterprise—and it was expected that he would go south, or west, or to the city, to engage in a profession or mercantile life. Some thought he would naturally take to the profession of his father, and be a doctor. For a time he considered the matter of returning to the city with me and commence the career of a merchant, by entering himself as a clerk.

But indecision parted us, never more to meet as confidential friends; but to think of each other, and associating events, as interesting incidents in our past lives. In a few months the strong attractions of change, desire to better one's circumstances, already comparatively well enough, which has proved so depleting to the population of the old States, drew me to the West. I was separated from all my old haunts on the shores of West River, and the trouts which sported in the pools and whirlpools, and in the ponds and basins of the branches, in Jamaica and Wardsboro, have sported on from that day to this, without "let or hindrance" from me. I have caught my last trout, and had my last bathe in that roaring river—though the sound of its waters is music in my ears still. The good neighborly people of the whole region around; the "young folks," and the maids that milked the "cows with the crumpled horns;" that spun the wool of the mountain sheep, and knitted my socks, whom I left with regret, have a very sunny place in memory's chamber of the past—and it's a pleasant fancy to believe that they grow

not old, but last on unchanging, like their own hills—though I hear that some have died; some have borne children, and have become old, like their mothers; and many, many others, like myself, have gone West. Strange that though I meet people from every other part of the earth—that many of them I have known are numbered with the settlers of the new States, not a soul from all that part of the East have I met with here, or ever seen except at their own hearth-stones and hill-sides!

But my friend did soon go to the city, and took a place as a clerk in a grocery store. We exchanged newspapers, by way of keeping up acquaintance; but never a letter passed between us. It was clear that he was not one of those born to emigrate, though bound to change. I was, and so destiny separated us.

In little more than a year I received a copy of one of the old familiar newspapers of the east—one of those fixtures that never change—that have neither grown larger nor smaller—on which the marks of pen and ink attracted my attention to a notice—it was the publication of the marriage of this young friend to a young lady from the State of Maine, with a very sweet and pretty name, but a person whom I had never seen or heard of before. I could not reciprocate the compliment. He had chosen his mate from the furthest verge of "away down east," and had given his genius to the trade of Vermont butter and cheese in the Boston market; and myself, unmated, had linked my fortune to the no more worthy pursuit of speculating in western lands. Romancing had ended with both; the next step was the reality of life, in whatsoever lot we were cast.

A year or more passed. I visited my home and friends in the State from which I had wandered; and I visited also the scenes of my summer jaunts and winter sports in Vermont. It was in the fall of the year. The frosts had gone all over the hill-sides, and had touched with his inimitable pencil, with its peculiar dyes, the leaves of the trees, from the brown of the ash to the fiery red of the maple. The landscape had been variegated by the

coloring which had been put on by frosty fingers, in different shades, to the beach, elm, oak, birch, and other varieties of the mountain woods, intermixed here and there with the changeless, outspread limbs of the hemlock and the towering pines.

"The dead leaves strew the forest walk,"

and the wind at times is whirling them in eddies about; and the trees are being stripped of their gaudy foliage—the ripened garments of maturity—which must soon be cast off for the nakedness and death of winter.

"Heaped in the hollows of the groves,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They nestle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread."

But although the frost has tinged the woods, and the gusty winds are now and then singing a melancholy tune through the bared branches and rustling leaves, it is, nevertheless, a beautiful season, for it is in the midst of the "Indian summer." My own spirits, like the aspects of the season, were placid, joyous, yet inclined to solemnity. My old acquaintances met me heartily enough, glad to see my face once more, yet apparently reserved, and a thin, icy incrustation had, figuratively, grown around them, one and all. This was only an appearance, the peculiarity of which I noticed in contrast with the warmth and openness of my new-found society in the West. I had become a Western man, an inhabitant of a country deemed by many as the land of bubbles and bursts, of swell and humbug; and I soon grew suspicious that some of them looked upon me as not much better than the land, from which I had so recently come, and which I was proud to own as the country of my love and my adoption. Some of the wise comments of old acquaintances on the state of the West, its finances, swamps, fever and ague, designed to be sarcastic, were only amusing, and the mischief designed easily forgiven, for they "knew nothing of what they were talking." I realized, in short, that "being well on in one love," I was well off from the other, and that a strong bond of sympathy which I had supposed had existed with the main portion of the population with whom I had formerly moved, was very much weakened.

A brief period I staid to recall old recollections, and to be an idle spectator of things as they were.

On the first day of my arrival I met my young friend, the son of the physician, in the street of the neighboring village. He greeted me cordially, but sadly. A shadow was upon his countenance. He told me of his marriage but a short year ago—and that now his young wife was probably lying upon her death-bed, at the house of his father—a victim of the slow, consuming consumption—the scourge of New England. It was, too, her first visit to her friends, and the home of *his* youth; and she came there a feeble invalid, with the hope that the pure air of the mountain country would heal her. But, alas, consumption is the infection of purity itself, and seems to be the very counterpart of disease, and the minister of terror, to strike where no miasma scatters the seeds of death, and where no other debilitating and infectious influences can destroy. Where the air is pure, where the water is cool and refreshing; where flowers bloom with a ruddy glow and breathe the odor of vigor; where health itself is excessive, and gushes out in the blush upon maiden's cheek, and rejoices in the agility of manly limb—there consumption rules supreme, the fell destroyer, and the last efficient agent of the Angel Death. Therefore, contrary to all our reason upon the philosophy of health, but in accordance with all our experience, she grew rather worse than better, under the influence of the pure air of the mountain region, and declined rapidly; so that she never was permitted to return to her home in the city, or to her loved friends and relatives at her childhood's home in Maine. "She may live along for many weeks, or she may go off in a day or two," was my friend's statement of the case; "for she is very low."

In a few days it was reported in the village that the young Mrs. P—— was dead. Late in the morning of the death, there came over from the direction of that desolate home the family one-horse wagon, bringing the younger sisters of the afflicted husband, the mother, and a friend of the

family, to purchase the crape for mourning—the black for the living; and a web of fine cotton for the shroud of the corpse—white for the dead; appropriate symbols in color of the affliction of death to the living—of joy to the participant in a new and celestial birth. Will it not be something of a victory over death and the grave, and the true idea of life perfected, when we shall be able fully to realize that death is the full fruition of life?—the next step in the great order of progress—first the blade, then the ear—first the worm, then the chrysalis, then the full-fledged butterfly—the insect of beauty. God surely is great and merciful in giving us life, and this world to live in; He is good and merciful as well in giving us death; for it is as much His beneficent ordination as ripeness to the fruit, or as food to sustain in this life our mortal bodies.

Soon there followed the demure old doctor, riding along in his gig, with white hat and broad expanding brim around his temples—to make the arrangements for the funeral; to procure a coffin and a minister to attend upon the solemn services—doing it all as coolly as he would visit a patient—for he had often met with death in its grapple with others, and was familiar with his doings. Stoically he had prepared himself to meet this foe, whenever he should come to him in person or near to him in his family—but only as a stoic. The time of the funeral was fixed for the morrow, at two o'clock, P. M. It was surprising how fast the intelligence of death was communicated through the towns. No special messengers were sent—few persons at any time were ever found driving about from place to place. They were a stay-at-home people. Yet to the store came some one from every little neighborhood every day; and that day whoever came to the village store, or to the blacksmith shop, was told the first thing that young P——'s new wife was dead, and would be buried to-morrow. Every one made it a point to tell the news to every other one they met, so that the sun had not gone down before every person within the circuit of six miles knew that death had been in the neighborhood, and

whom he had smitten. And thus it ever was, when a death occurred; and never was there any lack of sympathy for the afflicted, or respect for the departed; for to attend the remains to the grave, was the last act of regard or affection that could be paid to the once-living, which none, or rarely any, failed to show.

Near the close of day I rode over to that part of the town where the young lady died—for it was in the house of the "old doctor" P——, the father of her husband. It was about two miles from the village. I had not as yet, on that visit, been into that neighborhood. A few years had only passed since I had been there daily. But little change could be expected to have occurred, for change is not a rapid moulder of the face of things in that county. Farms remain unchanged; fences last; briars from year to year creep in the same lazy way over them; houses are rarely built; old ones decay very slowly, for age has already put a brown coat, and fringed it with moss, upon the surface of the building, which is a substitute for paint. And so all things, as with people of middle life, last on, while only children seem to change, and come speedily to manhood; and thus cause us gradually to forget that they have died—for the only living children, those that are children forever, the same happy, beautiful and winning faces, are those that we have laid in infancy and early childhood in the grave, which are left to bloom in our memory like flowers of heaven that never fade. He only who hath lost a child, hath a child forever. On the brow of the hill which overlooked West River, and the covered bridge that crossed it at the foot of the hill, I paused, and not a shade of change could I discern. The woods upon the distant hill-sides had on their gaudiest autumn dress, as they had had the same season every year in my recollection; but in nothing else was there change. Down the long hill I slowly drove; and through the tinged leaves, and partly bared branches of the trees, just as I made the angle to turn upon the bridge, I beheld one object of change, which until then had been shut out from the line of my observation. This was

a new, commodious farm-house, painted white, built among the maples on the narrow terrace between the hill and the river bank, not far from the road that passed the bridge. It was in the midst of a fine grove of young maples and ash, which had grown up thinly on that open space, formerly left free to the road, and which had been a place of favorite resort on summer evenings for woodland roving. The owner had fancied it as the site of a new house, and wisely and tastefully selected it, sheltered as it was from the winds, and embosomed in a cluster of fine thrifty trees, with here and there one aged and stately, which rose with venerable appearance amid the cluster of the young group. A few rods from the road, in the rear, the terrace widened to a broader area of fertile intervals, which furnished the ground for an excellent garden, orchard, and "home field." It was a beautiful site, and a lovely home. This was the house of the "old doctor," the place where the young stranger had died that morning, and where her beautiful form, pale and cold in death, was then laid out, awaiting its removal to the narrow house which must be the last home of all the living. The doctor's familiar gig stood in front of the house, the harness laid carelessly over the seat, as if waiting the call of another patient. There was no person to be seen around. Neither was there in sight, dog or domestic animal, the usual accompaniment, in some form, of the pleasant homestead of the living. The east window of the front room, the parlor of the country residence, was open, and in front of it lay extended a long and slender figure, covered with a white sheet, the outline of a human form; and this was the corpse, the remains of her who came there but a few weeks ago, with hopes of finding in that quiet place of rest, and in that scene surrounded with beauty and pure air, a renewal of health and a longer lease on life; a person whom I had learned to esteem, in whom I had begun to feel a peculiar interest, as the dearest friend of a friend, but whom I had never seen. To my imagination she was the perfection of womanly beauty; and there she seemed, though cold in death

and covered with the ominous snow-white mantle, no less beautiful, and withal a holy thing. Death was in the house. Silence, its brother, reigned over the scene. No sight or voice of human kind was seen or heard—and only nature seemed to read a lesson to my soul. The seared leaves spoke of death; a slight wind through the withered branches wailed; and the few birds that had lingered behind, to chant over the death of the flowers, and to bury them in the fallen leaves, chirped a melancholy requiem to the solemn utterances of my soul—that it was good for the living to visit the house of mourning—to learn what is the last of earth, the first of the higher life.

I passed on, over the old familiar road, to the end of my former rambles, thence back again to the village—realizing that death was the greatest lesson I had to learn in life. Preparation for the burial of the young wife went on, and a little past the hour of noon the next day, the people from all the neighborhood around began to assemble. Then came the simple and rustic people of all that district—coming in one-horse vehicles of the quaint style of the country. At that time, buggies, as we call them now, were not known; but the family carriage was a wagon, and nothing but a wagon; some with square framed bodies—(always a framed body of some kind)—some of them beveled, some paneled, some swelled, some bent, some hollowed like an inverted low arch, others schooner shaped, miniatures of the prairie schooners,—and these painted green, blue, red or yellow, and striped and figured to suit the strange fancy of painter or owner. All along the road, and even in the pastures, horses hitched to the fences and trees, were a caravan of these singular vehicles, now gone out of fashion as completely as the Navarino bonnets of the same period; and thus had gathered hundreds of the good people, all of which claimed to be neighbors and particular friends, as they were. The only person there who did not feel as if he had, by right of sympathy, a place next to the chief mourners, was the unworthy individual who chroni-

cles this solemn event. The throng was so large that the house could not hold the attendants, and by right of pre-eminence, the ladies occupied the interior, the windows being opened, the men seated themselves within sound of the preacher's voice, on benches, and on the grassy lawn, in the shade of the trees, from which came quietly sailing down, now and then, through all the time of service, the yellow leaf, which seemed to have been dislodged from the parent stem without a breath of wind. An impressive discourse was delivered by the good Methodist brother, Hodges, from the text—"shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It was a sensible, as well as a solemn discourse to the living, on the righteousness and justice of God in all his doings with the children of men; and an injunction to put faith and trust in Him. Time has long ago effaced any impress of the language, or the figures and arguments used; but the effect yet remains—and so also rings through my ears the solemn and melodious sound of the preacher's voice—and so, clearly on the mind is pictured as the vision of the eye, the bowed and waiting congregation—hushed in the stillness of death, as if each were bearing a portion of the burden which had been borne alone by her who was laid before them—as they were seen through open windows, crowded together in those rooms, or seated in open air among the fallen leaves, under the branches of the sheltering trees. Prayer addressed to the Deity, and responding from every heart, and singing of a slow and mournful tune, which rung through the grove and peeled up along the side of the high hill, and ascended like incense to the skies, closed the impressive ceremonies; when the remains were brought out and placed in the yard, under the low bending limbs of an elm, when the coffin lid was opened, and all the friends permitted to take their last look of the departed. That last look was the first, to most who were there congregated. She had come there a stranger, yet, as the wife of one well known and beloved; and she had been seen but by few of those who then looked upon her cold and marble fea-

tures. They all pressed around her as if she had been a sister, and few turned away with dry eyes. As gradually the crowd moved away from the hearse, I, too, came forward to look upon the features, for the first time, of the chosen companion of him who I once was happy to call my friend. There she lay, cold and colorless as Parian marble, and as beautiful as ever features chiseled by immortal sculptor. Who ever could have had the genius to have fashioned countenance like that, which, fixed and emotionless, was laid there as the last remains of one who, but a little time before had lived, and that face, the index of a living soul within—would have earned a place highest on the roll of fame in the art of sculpture. But that form was once inhabited by a soul more immortal than sculptured name by genius hallowed, and that soul has gone to the God who was its author. The young husband was the last one to look upon those features, which had answered in life to his love, as soul answereth to soul—when the lid was closed down upon it forever. Strong men took up the hearse upon their shoulders, and followed by mourners and thronging friends, they moved a little to the right of the road, to a shady nook under the shelter of a pine that stood between two little hills—an alcove formed by nature—and the evergreen tree rising above as nature's monument—in a grave which had been prepared, they laid her last remains, and there alone she rests, all that was beautiful in outward form, while her spirit rests in the bosom of her God. And thus I witnessed, the only event of particular remembrance on that visit, and which will be an event long to be remembered with profit to my soul—the young wife's burial.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

No love is like a sister's love,
Unselfish, free and pure;
A flame that's lighted from above,
Will guide, but not allure;
It knows no frown of jealous fear,
No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pardoned through a tear,
Its hopes rewarded by a smile.

CHRISTOPHER, THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

NOT the least of the young giant States of the West, is WISCONSIN. Many and fair are her flourishing villages—hardy and prosperous are her frugal, quiet and industrious denizens—fertile are her fields and prairies—rugged and tree-clad her hills—beautiful her lakes and streams—gentle her daughters—and brave her sons. We, who live there, believe her the belle of the Western State sisters, though we would not make any “invidious distinctions,” knowing that they all are beautiful and fair as the plains of Paradise, and destined to be the joint queens of the nation.

As I have said, we live in Wisconsin—we meaning “self and family.” Our lot, a fortunate and contented one, is that of the farmer,—and we are prosperous as we are industrious, and happy as we are virtuous; for, let men say what they will, industry is the condition of prosperity, and virtue of happiness. Our wealth is in the soil that we till, and our comfort in its enjoyment. We are quiet in our rural home, letting the world rush on in its wild career of ambition, avarice, gold and sinfulness, and keeping aloof from those excitements and tumults which heat the brain, corrode the heart, and belittle the soul. We prefer to *enjoy* life; others may choose to make themselves miserable by loading themselves with care and indulging in the follies of the world. The philosophy of life is to know when to be contented and how to appreciate the true objects of our existence. They who know not this, live to little purpose, or, at least, to little true enjoyment.

On our farm we have a *philosopher*—an odd specimen he is, but not the less a philosopher. He is as hardy as a Russian bear, as tough as a man of lead, and as good-natured as a child with a toy. His name is Christopher, and he is by birth a Briton, having descended, by a direct line, from one of the ancient families of English nobles; and though his lost honors, or those of his family, do not trouble him, nor

cause him to mourn as for a bubble that has burst, yet still is he a nobleman of the genuine sort, for Nature has stamped that dignity upon his brow and planted it within his breast. Christopher came to us some five years ago, a stranger, clothed in garments of doubtful age and service, and rugged in appearance; and with a modest bearing that betrayed the manhood that was in him, offered his services as a gardener. I employed him—it was in the spring time of the year—and ere the mid-summer's sun had summoned the inmost leaves of the rose to show their blushing faces to the air, Christopher had arranged and planted the large garden in the rear of the homestead with fruits and flowers and shrubbery, which, as they flourished and grew and filled the area with shade and beauty and fragrance, made the home which I and mine had years before redeemed from nature's wilds, and learned to love as a sacred spot, to seem as an Eden for all the world,—and Christopher and I became firm friends, and he has been “a member of the family” from that day even till now. My wife thinks him a most kind, but also a most wonderful man—an enigma that has ever puzzled her wits in attempting to solve. The children love him and deem him a very Solomon of wisdom, and a very Howard of generosity. He tells them of the birds, and of the flowers—how the warbler makes his music, and how the roses come to be so beautiful and sweet; and he explains to them how from the little seed the cabbages spring, and how from one little root, so many potatoes are produced; and then he goes out with them into his favorite spot, the garden, and gathers for them the brightest and sweetest flowers, and arranges them tastefully into brilliant bouquets, or weaves them into garlands and wreaths, and with them adorns their heads and hats. The little innocents enjoy such things. They love right well to hear his simple stories, as *he* tells them, about the flowers and the birds; and most proudly do they bear themselves when he crowns them with floral diadems as “kings” and “queens” of the summer.

Christopher is in love with Nature. He

regards that dame as a great book, whose neatly-printed pages he reads to learn, and learns to practice the lessons therein taught. Her teachings, he says, when rightly understood, are never at fault, and when adopted in our practical affairs of life insure bodily vigor, mental ease, and spiritual satisfaction. Nature is his guide in all things. He wakes every morning with the dawn, because with the opening day he thinks we should open our eyes; and he rises when the sun does, because he believes it a great sin to lie in bed after sunrise. He suspends his labor in the garden as soon as the twilight of the evening comes on, and retires to his bed as soon as the sun has set. Nature, he says, designed the dark night as the time for God's creatures to rest, and the bright day for them to “be up and doing.” Those who sleep in the day-time, or infringe upon the hours of the night by toil, study, or amusement, violate the natural laws by which their material being is governed, and he declares it as his firm belief that to do so is as much a violation of law as it is to steal or commit an outrage upon the person or property of a fellow-man.

We must allow that there is some philosophy in Christopher's theory. So long have we been accustomed to witness his practical application of it, and with such good effect upon his body and mind, that we have been almost persuaded to become his disciples in our waking and sleeping arrangements. He retires in the evening in the best of spirits, and in the morning when he rises we hear his happy voice mingling in song with the pipings of the birds, and his face is as bright and serene as those of his own flowers in the garden.

Nor is his sleeping and waking theory his only peculiarity. He extends his practical philosophy into every department of his life, ever taking the lessons of Nature as his guide. In the matter of eating, he declares that the human family has been woefully misled. Men eat too much, too hastily, often eat what they ought not to eat, and at times when they ought not to think of eating. *He* follows Nature's suggestions: eats only when he is hungry;

does so moderately; and is extremely fastidious as to what he eats. A glutton is a great sinner, he says, and the man who eats highly seasoned dishes, or adulterated or improperly prepared food, is as much a suicide as he who takes a dose of arsenic. Vegetables are fit to eat only when they are sufficiently matured, fruits when *fully* ripe, meats when *slightly* cooked or boiled, and condiments *never*—for they are poisoned with spices and sugars. As for pica, cakes and other “delicacies” of dessert, he deems them an abomination, detrimental to good health, and destructive of bodily comfort. He eschews all such, and eats only what is substantial and palatable to a hungry man, and takes full time at each meal to masticate thoroughly every particle before swallowing it. Thus, he says, his appetite never fails, indigestion never troubles him, and the heaviness of spirit and distress of body that are sure to follow a bad state of the stomach, are sensations to which he is a stranger.

In drinking, too, our philosopher is equally peculiar. He has never been known to drink anything except those beverages that are prepared by Nature—fresh water and milk—and says he never can drink anything else, for the reason that everything else is not only unnecessary, but positively injurious. Christopher is right, for by following his example I have during the last two years been free from nervous disorders, mental dullness, or physical discomforts. If we all would adopt, in our daily life, his practical philosophy of eating and drinking, we would be a happier, heartier and healthier people. I have no doubt of it, for I have thoroughly tested the matter.

Christopher allows nothing to trouble him; he maintains a perfect equanimity at all times and under all circumstances. Reverses and disappointments, he says, are matters of course, and we must expect them. What cannot be prevented must be suffered to transpire, and to murmur is an evidence of weakness, as it does no good, neither rendering us any happier, nor influencing that which is beyond our control.

This part of our gardener's philosophy is the most remarkable, and has afforded our Wisconsin people many a subject of discussion and speculation. We have known him to receive a letter from his old England home, in which was announced to him the death of a sister whom he loved most fondly; he read to us the sad intelligence with a smile.

“Dear Nannie is dead,” he mused; “a dear girl she was, and we were brought up children together. I never loved any creature of God so well. But death is the common lot of all mortality. I knew that she was mortal, and that she would die at sometime; and knowing this, why should I be startled to hear that the change—for death is but a change of condition—has occurred?”

As he concluded, I thought I perceived a slight shadow pass over his calm face; but my wife, whose eyes and wits are sharper than mine, declared that not the least evidence of emotion was perceptible upon his countenance. An hour afterwards we heard him sing a comic negro melody!

But once on a time, on a midsummer's afternoon, an event occurred which we thought would surely overwhelm Christopher's philosophy, and our family and some half a dozen of our good neighbors assembled to await his coming home, (he having been absent on business to the city at the time,) to witness the effect that would be produced upon his mind. A heavy thunder-storm visited us, accompanied by a severe hurricane. Fences were blown down, sheds upset, buildings unroofed, and vegetation and grain prostrated and torn up from their very roots. Christopher's garden was a serious sufferer. His frames and lattice work, and vines, were beaten to the earth, his flower beds sadly torn up, his neat fences carried to a neighbor's cornfield, and a general havoc made among all his elaborate and careful garden arrangements. It was a chaos of forty acres of vegetation, flowers, fruits, shrubbery and vines, all huddled together and beaten down in one common mass. A sorry sight it was for us, and we all grieved over the

devastation that had thus suddenly been produced in our lovely paradise.

When Christopher arrived, our curious company stood at the gate to receive him.

"Come to the garden, Chris," I said—and thither we went. "Terrible work has been made here with your arrangements; everything prostrated and destroyed."

When I addressed him all looked intently into his face; it was unruffled, and that same smile which ever plays around his eyes, disappeared not for an instant.

"The work of years destroyed in a moment," he exclaimed, calmly. "Well, Nature must have her course, and when the elements of the storm are awakened, the storm must come. It has confounded our garden, but has not taken from us the means of re-planting and re-arranging that which has been destroyed. Let us be thankful it is no worse. The house might have been blown into fragments, but it stands the survivor of the storm. We ourselves might have been killed, but we are still alive. Murmur not, for it will do no good."

Sublime philosophy, that which can thus console its possessor in the time of trouble and vexatious occurrences. It is of more worth than the possession of a kingdom.

Christopher went merrily to work the next day at his wrecked garden, and it was not many days before its identity was re-established. "That which Nature's irresistible law prostrated," he then exclaimed, "have we again built up. So when Death, Nature's agent, shall prostrate us, will the Gardener of the universe build us up again."

It is now near evening on the "Garden Farm," and the shadows of the maples by the door are lengthening their shapes on the green grass in the door-yard. Christopher and our neighbor, Farmer Toughsides, have been standing at the gate, discussing theology.

"For every transgression of the law of nature must we suffer punishment, whether that law is against God, our fellow-men, or ourselves. He who puts his finger in the flame will smart for the folly; he who wrongs a fellow-being will find cause to

repent of his conduct; he who does either, violates Nature's and God's law, to which are attached inevitable penalties."

With the rough eloquence of a Mark Antony, did our gardener-philosopher utter these words, and then proceeded by illustrations drawn from his favorite book, Nature, to prove his propositions to be true. The conversation ended, and Farmer Toughsides has just left my side, with the expression that "Chris. is a most wonderful man; he reasons like a judge."

And, reader, did you ever think of it, that among our rough western yeomen, not only in Wisconsin, but in every part of our new and growing North-Western realm, there can be found many who, like our Christopher, are men of noble intellect and natural nobility, and who "reason like a judge?" It is the truth. To convince yourself of it, you have but to go forth and mingle daily with the hard-fisted but soft-hearted cultivators of our great Western Garden.

EMBLEM OF UNION.

On earth's fair face, a streamlet flows,
All through a verdant vale;
On it the sun and starlight glows,
When passes calm the gale;
Along its course the tall grass grows,
And flowers its dews inhale;
But moves it slowly from its source,
Lingering in its winding course.

Fast by that vale there is a hill
Down which, o'er rocky way,
There leaps the laughing, bounding rill,
A noisy child at play.
That flowing, singing, onward still,
Makes music all the day;—
And bounds with joy to meet below,
The stream whose waters sweetly flow.

Thus joined and wedded in one stream,
As mingle souls in love;
The one like boisterous joy did seem,
Or like wild winds to rove;
The other placid as a dream,
Or gentle cooing dove;
Now roll in strength and beauty on,
As hearts united beat as one.

Editor's Table.

DIRECT TRADE OF CHICAGO WITH EUROPE.

—The all-engrossing topic, in monetary and commercial circles, for the day, is the influence, prospective, on the fortunes of our city, likely to be exerted by the direct trade with foreign marts which has within the past season grown from a vague dream into a defined reality. The Madeira Pet has, by her appearance in our harbor, settled the matter, that our neighbors across the water, alive to the importance of the subject, have seized the first opportunity to reciprocate, "by a return of the compliment," the enterprise of our own merchants, in proffering to them the offer of an interchange of fraternal and commercial intercourse direct, without the aid of our seaboard cities.

Eighteen months since, and those of our citizens who were bold enough to urge the practicability of opening with Europe a direct trade, with profit to ourselves, were looked upon by the more plodding portion of community as visionary enthusiasts—of the same class as those who recklessly claim that Chicago must, in a few years, rival in extent and importance New York city itself—they were jeered at and their project denominated an empty bubble. Discouraged, but not disheartened, they resolved to test the accuracy of their opinion by a venture of their capital, and accordingly the Dean Richmond laid her course for Liverpool, where, amid the warmest wishes of her capitalists and merchant princes, she soon arrived. Even after news of her successful trip—successful in every particular—had reached us, many still shook their heads, exclaiming—"A rash Yankee speculation turned up lucky. It's all good fortune—nothing more. The more cautious Englishman will never follow her track with a keel."

The Madeira Pet has given the broad denial to this—those poor sanguine souls have gladdened their eyes by an inspection, at their own doors, of an English vessel—English manned and officered, with an English cargo,—cleared from England's greatest metropolis, direct for Chicago—her merchandise consigned to our Chicago market for its sale. Now, they say in answer to the "aside" looks of the "old fogies," if we were crazy, more cautious men than you even imitate our folly; and they, too, will receive a reward of dollars for their foolhardiness.

"As to Europe," said the Father of History nearly two thousand years ago, "no one in existence knows whether it is encircled by the sea." We say now, that North America encircles the sea. Herodotus did not know that a ship had ever sailed

around Europe; we know that a ship has sailed from the West of Europe to the State of Illinois—our own Prairie State. Though we are not, we are sorry to say, witty—not even funny—we claim to be very good natured, and on this occasion acknowledge feeling kindly to all the world, but pre-eminently so to Capt. Crang, the commander of the little British vessel that has just now sailed into Chicago harbor. Hearing of our commercial importance—present and prospective—he is the first of our cousins over the water who determined to show, by ocular demonstration, that "some things can be done as well as others"—in short, that a direct communication can be profitably opened between the port of Liverpool and that of Chicago.

As was to be expected, Yankeeedom was ahead in this matter. It has been duly chronicled, that last year Capt. D. C. Pierce successfully navigated the schooner Dean Richmond from Chicago to Liverpool; that the owners are well satisfied with that venture, and sanguine that such undertakings will prove remunerative; but that was looked upon as only the American side of the question. The safe arrival of the Madeira Pet may be considered as the European demonstration. Moreover, Capt. Crang, the commander—a noble specimen of a Scotchman—who was received with great courtesy and hearty cheers by the Chicago Board of Trade, declared that no accident of any kind had occurred; he was convinced a much larger vessel could have been brought with entire safety. He announced, too, that he was building a larger craft, which, "God willing, he would bring to our waters next season."

The Dean Richmond was the enterprise of our own citizens. For the present undertaking, we are indebted to parties not interested in our city's progress. The originator of this project is W. J. Gilbert, Esq., of St. John, New Brunswick, who spent last season in our city and the northwest.

According to the log of the Madeira Pet, she left Liverpool April 24th. "July 14th, at 8 A. M., off Chicago harbor; sailed up channel, and came to at North Pier,"—thus consuming eighty days in the trip, only thirty-four of which were taken to reach Montreal; but owing to detention on the Welland Canal, to adverse winds and calms, she was forty-five in making the passage to this port. Under ordinary circumstances, not more than five or six days would be consumed in the passage from Montreal here. Vexatious delays occurred to her which will not interfere hereafter with the trip of foreign vessels to our port.

AN INFATUATED DOWN-EASTER.—The editor of the *Albany Knickerbocker*, who is a man well known in those parts, it appears, has recently ventured away from home far enough to come to Chicago. And he saw sights here—and gives the results of his looking into the affairs of Chicago in the following style. It's a very extravagant appreciation of real things, and shows the effect of being let too suddenly into the light. It is no more than should be expected of one who has lived several generations in that very slow place, Albany, where they do not read the *CHICAGO MAGAZINE*, because it is such a *fast* production.

"Last week we took a run out west, for the purpose of seeing how they manage matters in the vicinity of sun set. During our absence we spent some four days in American go-aheadtiveness, to be found in this country. In 1830, Chicago consisted of three mud puddles, and four cabins filled with fever and ague. In 1830, Chicago was fourteen days distance from Albany. At that time Chicago could only be reached by a jaunt through Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, and the whole of Lake Michigan—a distance of almost 1500 miles. By the means of railroad, the distance from Albany to Chicago has been cut down from 1500 to 800 miles, and from fourteen days to twenty-four hours. It is such facts as these which demonstrate that this is a fast age, and that the time will yet come when we will have a suspension bridge across the Atlantic and a tunnel communication between San Francisco and Asia.—Chicago is one of the most enterprising cities in the world. It exhibits an activity and indulges in a style of rents that quite take down New York.

In Chicago, it is quite impossible to obtain a first class store on any of the first class streets for less than \$10,000 a year. Such rents, one would suppose, would swamp any pace west of the commercial emporium. People who think thus are not posted up on the natural advantages of Chicago.—The West is a great place, although only about one-fifth of it is yet fenced in. Chicago is the great entrepot of the West, and occupies a position which must, in the end, make her the London of the Lake States. There is one peculiarity about Chicago—you cannot go west without passing on her railroads and stopping at her hotels. Like New York Chicago enjoys certain natural advantages which must always exist, and which will force her to become one of the largest and most prosperous cities in the world. 1840, and Chicago had a population of 28,000. Chicago, to-day, has a population not much, if any, less than 150,000. Chicago in 1837 has a population as large as New York had in 1830. Should she keep on growing as she has done during the past twenty years, she will have as large a population in 1890 as London had in 1850. And why should she not continue this growth? We can discover no reason whatever.

For commercial and railroad purposes, she occupies a site unexceptionable in every respect. She has a back country, with soil so rich that it converts oxen's horns into gold to feed on it. Chicago at the present time, is one of the greatest wheat, corn and lumber markets in the world. To show the progress of Chicago in another light, let us speak of one real estate operation which came to our knowledge during our stay. In 1858, Dr. Egan, of 'Egan Dale,' bought 300 acres of land some five miles from Chicago. For this land he paid \$10 an acre. This, recollect, was as late as 1858. Last Friday he sold forty acres of this land for \$1000 per acre, and got the money for it! When Egan first took up his residence in Chicago, his entire capital consisted of two jack knives and a plug of tobacco. He is now a man of wealth, and one of the most glorious fel-

lows to be found in the whole State of Illinois. He has a heart like an ox, and is the very soul of kindness and hospitality. May he ever walk in sunshine. We shall speak of Chicago again. The subject is not half exhausted."

—One of the favorite amusements of a recently elected member of the "Boston Union," is to relate anecdotes of the late Daniel Webster, who, as all the world knows, is held in very high esteem by all the brethren of that neighborhood, as well as the rest of mankind. All incidents are treasured up in the store-houses of memory, to be dealt out with no sparing hand when the original stock shall not be decreased by use. The rural retreats of the great man are favorite places of resort, and localities "spotted," where the great statesman has laid off his dignity, and the lion in playful mood deposited his burdens.

A party of the first circles of Boston had been out with the great Daniel in a pleasure excursion in his yacht—and returning, the tide was out, so that it could not be brought fairly to the dock, and it became necessary to pass from sea to shore by means more familiar to primitive than fashionable life. The great man volunteered to carry one of the proud Summer-street dames in his arms to dry land. There was, of course, no shrinking from this emergency. When half way over the soft and slippery breadth, he deliberately set her down, under the pretence of getting a better hold. The marks left upon the splendid brocade, by this playful freak, were never permitted to be removed, and it is preserved as a precious memento of companionship with Daniel Webster.

Upon another time, as the chronicles by Nogg's affirm, two young sportsmen, of the "Mantellini," or exquisite school of amateurs, visited Marshfield to shoot "the demnition foine birds," and so eager were they in the pursuit of the abundant game, that ere they were aware the noiseless tide had surrounded them; and there they were, with their dandy brogans on, with scarce brains enough to know whether it was all owing to a sudden freshet or a flood tide! when as luck would have it, a stout, athletic, farmer-looking man, "in rural hunting garb arrayed," hove in sight; whereupon one of the tide-bound seekers of pleasure—who sought to kill time more than anything else; at any rate, who was sure to do so—cried out most lustily, "Look here, my foine fellow! we have got separated from the continent, whence we incontinently wandered, and find ourselves in rather a dem'd awkward dilemma, in consequence—ah—of our exuberant zeal—ah—of pursuing the dem'd bewitching foine birds that so delight to dwell in these delusive marshes! and we find we are surrounded with the watahs, from which we

would gladly make our escape to the continent once more; therefore, my foine fellah, give us a lift on those brawny shoulders of thine, that we may accomplish our designa."

"Oh, certainly," cried the hero of the blouse and gun, and one by one—even as Eneas did his father, the old Anchises, on his shoulders bear, bore he those effeminate nondescripts to the "continent" once more, the which having in safety reached, the spokesman, to reward the sturdy hunter of the moors in a way that would astonish him, offered him a bright half-dollar!—the which, much to their surprise, he as promptly refused.

"Well, then, my foine fellah, let us at least know the name of the one who has done such service to the world—ah—to-day."

"My name is DANIEL WEBSTER!" said the hunter.

The way these two imitation sportsmen scampered for the interior of the "continent," and how they felt, is left to the imagination. Daniel got his pay in telling of it.

- A PROMPT ANSWER TO A CALL.—The New Haven *Register* vouches for the following, which we half suspect is a fact founded upon fiction, but is, nevertheless, one of the good things which should be gathered up lest it be lost:—"In one of our churches on Sunday morning, the minister had but just read the announcement of a collection to be taken up in the afternoon, when an individual, better known for his devotion to *spiritual* things than for a love of things divine, walked up the aisle, and placing a quarter of a dollar on the table, remarked that "he preferred to pay his fee for that object *then*, as urgent business prevented his being there in the afternoon." He then quietly made his exit.

—Dan Rice is a fun-making character, and will nurse an opportunity of perpetrating a joke as long as some others will their malignity. On one occasion he remitted in settlement of an account, to the publisher of a paper in the West, a three dollar bill, which was returned with the brief remark: "This note is a counterfeit, please send another." It was two months before he heard from Dan again, when he apologized for the delay, saying that he had been unable till now to find *another counterfeit three dollar bill*, but he hoped the one now enclosed would suit, professing at the same time his inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which he thought as good a counterfeit as he ever saw. It must be admitted that Dan swept that board.

—Here is a piece—a plummet, which sounding goeth to the bottom of the heart. We have seen it attributed to Gerald Massey, and to Charles Mackay also—which of the two is the parent of it, we know not. It is worthy of either of them—and such an one as was in their hearts to conceive:

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Words of Wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All darkly lying hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie;
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said:
Ah! so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead!

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth.
The world brought in the New Year,
On a tide of mirth.
But, for lost little Willie,
Not a tear we gave;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful—
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat;
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon eye,
Through which looks no heart.
Come to me, said Heaven;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matter though the door
Be a workhouse grave

—The following belongs to a class of wit that is not precisely of the classical order; which would not pass with *Punch*, but which, nevertheless, shows a trait of Yankee humor, as truly as the bull does the Irish character:

A Western editor, having an eye upon a rival city probably, took occasion to vent his opinion, when another editor replied, and drew out the following neat apology: "In the meantime, if we have said anything we are sorry for, about your city character, we are glad of it."

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper has been styled by the poet, in a phrase containing "much truth and poetry," "a map of busy life." We trace upon its surface the various phases of the human race. We have but to turn to the columns of the newspaper to see with "our mind's eye" the state of other nations, which are far distant, and which, but for this map of life, would remain hid from our view. It is entirely useless to assert that a newspaper is an invaluable possession, yet it would appear from our knowledge of many families that they know it not, while others acknowledge it by having by their side this guide and counsel;—and, too, how much stronger is the proof which they carry with them in their daily conversation, and which can never be taken from them, though they may be surrounded by vice and ignorance.

To what class of people is the public journal uninteresting? The trader here finds a ready adviser, and from which he learns the ways of the world in its various situations, and is thus enabled to take the opportunity by the right ear. The husbandman, too, finds it a counsellor in which he can place confidence, and his weekly examination of the "Price Current" of produce and the "Review of the Market," and his rounded pile at the end of the year, tells him how much he has consulted this oracle, and for how much of it is he indebted to the printer? But alas, the printer! he it is, if any one, that can be justified in cursing the weekly print. He it is that toils the whole week long to furnish his guests with a feast at their ease, while he is obliged to wait their pleasure before he is allowed to obtain the crumbs. Ye patrons of the newspaper press, if ye would make the public journal a blessing to all, remember the printer, and see that he suffers not by your neglect. The man of leisure, also, finds himself interested in the affairs of the world, and he is occasionally seen to turn to this map of life to learn his own latitude. Here he reviews the ground he has passed; and not unfrequently a newspaper paragraph sends a thrill of rejoicing or a pang to his heart. Mr. S., his youthful companion, and one whom he much respected, has gone the way of all the earth—Miss T., to whom in his young days he made love and was rejected, has, after tasting the sweets of single blessedness, got married, and to one whom she would have been ashamed to have acknowledged—she at last plucked the rose, but pricked her fingers;—which is perhaps a balm to his wounded feelings.

The newspaper is a promulgator of virtue and morality, and an enemy to vice

and misery, admonishing the wayward, from its lists of crime and retribution, of the certainty that their sins will find them out. Bishop Horne says, and his words are worthy to be noticed, that "the follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than an auction of estates, houses and furniture? 'Talk they of morals?' There is no need of Hutchinson, Smith, or Paley. Only take a newspaper, and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct thee."

And what a picture of the times is this "map of busy life." When Cowper thus styled the newspapers, they were more "like angels' visits, few and far between." Now they are everywhere, thick as the autumn leaves, that not only fall in one season, but weekly, yea daily, and almost hourly by morning and evening issues. They thus form not only a map of busy life, but a panorama also, in which every hour of time is pictured, and spread out in never-fading colors, a running history of the world as it moves around. As the sun upon the polished surface of the plate, instantly transfixes the fleeting lines of light and shade, so in the pages of the newspapers are daguerreotyped the transactions of "busy life, and its vast concerns."

BEARDS AND SMOOTH CHINS.—Dr. Dixon of the *Scalpel*, has rather a *trenchant* way of expressing his views of men and matters, and he "hits home," as the carpenters say, now and then. His last number thus graphically presents the reciprocity of beards and smooth chins:—"Why do you allow your beard to grow?" said a smoothly-shaved gentleman, with a pair of light blue eyes, and beautiful red cheeks, and a light blue cravat, and a sneer on his lip, to a dark eyed, swarthy, and bronzed young man, with a glorious beard and a superb mustache, the eye of a falcon, and the nostrils of a war-horse; a hard worker at his trade—that of a printer—and the father of two children. 'To improve my appearance,' said he; 'to avoid catarrhs, to please my wife, and to save time. And why do you shave?' 'Because it is the custom,' replied he. 'I think you are mis-

taken,' replied the printer; 'do you not shave because you think it adds to your appearance?' 'Why, yes,' replied the shaved gentleman; 'that, too, of course, is part of the reason.' The printer, like most truly elegant men, was a natural gentleman, and made no further reply; but he might have said, with truth, 'You have told two falsehoods, and you are a vain man, a coward, a saucy man, an ignorant man, and a fool. You shave because your beard is a light color, and you dare not wear it; you are a vain man because you shave to make yourself look better—therefore you have told two lies; and you are an ignorant man, because the color of your beard harmonizes with that of your eyes, lips and skin, and no other color would, and you do not know it; and you are a saucy man, because you are ignorant, and sneered at me. You are an indolent man, because you waste a half-hour thrice a week, patting your face and contemplating its beauties, whilst I am at work. You are continually snuffling with a catarrh in your nose, and you look like a baby with your face just washed by your mamma.'"

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

One day Petrarch went to walk in a delightful place near Avignon, where he had often met Laura; and while he was meditating in this pleasing situation, he wrote the lines of which the following is a translation:

Ye limpid streams, so fresh and clear,
Where Laura's charms renewed appear,
Ye flowers that form her couch of rest,
Ye groves that shade her gentle breast,
Ye scenes that love her charms to greet,
Ye lawns outspread beneath her feet,
Ye are most blest beneath the skies,
When grief shall close these wretched eyes,

May come kind friend when I am dead
Scatter this earth above my head;
'Twill shed delight around my tomb,
'Twill make me fearless of its gloom.
And when that nymph I've ne'er forgot
Shall visit this delightful spot;
When she shall view where I am laid
And mark the change that love has made,
Then will she breathe a gentle sigh,
Then will the tear drop dim her eye;
And like the infant at the breast,
Who cannot tell what breaks its rest,
So will the heart of Laura flow,
And treasure up its secret wo.

—GRACE GREENWOOD has a *graceful* way of touching up everything—but she has done nothing more gracefully than she has fixed up her new baby:

THE HOUSEHOLD BABY.

What a joy to human eyes,
When it laughs or when it cries,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

Be its temper rising, falling,
Is it cooing, crowing, calling,
'Tis the same dear, precious darling,
Is the household baby!

If the scene without be dreary,
If the hearts within be weary,
Baby wakes and all is cheery—
What a rush for baby!

Mamma's eyes grow bright with joy,
Grandpa laughs, and 'grandpa's boy'
Gladly leaves his last new toy
To play bo-peep with baby!

Sisters from their music run,
Maud has caught 'the sweet one,'
Grace bends down in girlish fun
To make a horse for baby!

Up to everything we know,
Hands and feet 'upon the go,'
What a funny creature though,
Is the household baby!

Bring the puppy and the cat,
Let him pull and pinch and pat,
Puss and pup were made for that—
Made to please the baby!

Bring those China vases, mamma,
Get the 'mirror and the hammer,'
Anything to make a clamor
And delight the baby!

Let it clang and clash away,
Let it laugh, and shout, and play,
And be happy while it may,
Dear, mischievous baby!

What a joy to human eyes,
What an angel in disguise,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

HOPE.—Surrounded with misfortune and opposed by calamity, man stands in need of some helping hand to assist him in this world of troubles. The assistance which he gains, is the pleasing idea that something more congenial to his wishes will take place. He feeds upon the prospect of better fortune—he lives upon the expectation of more blissful days. He imagines that to-morrow's sun will shine with uncommon joyousness—that peace before unknown, and pleasure never tasted, will be showered upon him. Although the morrow arrives with the same ill-fortune, and envelops him in the same cloud of misery, yet he despairs not of tasting, at some future period, the real enjoyment of happy life. Thus Hope, "the balm and life-blood of the soul," enables him to support with fortitude the frowns of a giddy world, and the scoffs of fickle fortune.

Indulgent Heaven, granting to mortals

every needful aid, gave them hope, as a directing star, to guide them through life's dangerous paths. Hope throws a mantle of consolation over our sorrows, and administers comfort to our despairing minds. In her we find much to alleviate our distress.

"Hope, with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh;
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite."

The slave, scourged by the rod of a tyrannical master, suffers the cruel treatment, while he revolves in his mind the pleasing hope of escaping, ere long, from the almost insupportable cruelty of his domineering despot. The delightful sensation that he shall some time enjoy his liberty, meliorates his hard condition and makes life tolerable.

The hope of happiness in a life to come operates upon all our earthly conduct. No joy is so perfect as that which the christian feels when hope inspires him to his noble and heavenly doings; the prize of glory is before his sight, and he is urged on to discharge his duty by the inspiration of a heavenly reward. When the grim messenger Death seizes upon the christian for his victim, then hope shines the brightest—then hope is most ready to administer comfort—then hope is prized the highest, and is then present with her smiling countenance.

Hope, although an advocate of peace and happiness, does not always carry with her blessings. "She calculates her schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonor."

In whatever state man exists he continually hopes for an alteration, which may be more agreeable to his wishes. The present is not so pleasing as fond anticipation realizes in the future. When disappointment crowds the mind, and fresh sorrows hover round the soul, the imagination is called into action to paint a more pleasing scene of things, which soon shall happen. The friend whose pale visage indicates disease, and whose faltering limbs scarce support his feeble frame, draws forth the sympathetic wish that his health may be restored.

From hope sweet consolation is derived. From hope the palpitating heart receives a cordial. All that can please or delight the fancy, feels a new impulse from hope's fascinating charms. Let hope be banished from the mind of man, and what joy is there left in his heart? Without this first and best great gift of Heaven, the manly vigor of the soul would droop away, the

energies of the mind would languish, and every faculty would cease to operate.

—There is sometimes a great swell of pretension, which has more of amusement in it than disgust, from the eccentricity of the pretense itself. Noggs, the other day, was talking to a down-east friend, who had not been here quite so long as Noggs had, and therefore the circumference of this new city looked to him more like the surface of the changeable-hued soap bubble. He intimated to Noggs that there were other places somewhat in advance of Chicago—as Boston, New York, and certainly London or Paris. "Yes," says, Noggs, "but you must remember we are young yet." And intimated as much in point, the circumstance of a satellite of the late Emperor Nicholas, who once upon a time was boasting to a Yankee of the wonderful qualities of his august highness, and affirmed that he was the greatest statesman, civilian, warrior, christian, philosopher, &c. But the Yankee was a sort of sly wag, and modestly, and perhaps impudently suggested that the Creator of the world might be greater even than his highness, the Czar of all the Russias. "Ah! yes!" replied the admiring Russian, not to be taken aback in that way—"but the Emperor is young yet!"

AN INSANE POET.—It is not many years since the world was charmed with the songs, and poetry, and prose-poetry of C. F. Hoffman, of New York. His intellect was too active for his delicately nervous organization, and the two have fretted upon each other, and he has become the wreck of a man in insanity. He is now in the Insane Asylum, at Harrisburg, where he was recently visited by one of the editors of a Pittsburg paper. This editor says:

"His disease is of peculiar form, and Doctor Corwen tells me, presents the only instance he ever met with of hallucination of *five senses*—touch, taste, sight, smell and hearing. The most distressing indications of his disease are exhibited in his fancies that somebody is touching, or pressing, or pinching him, or that he sees persons and objects, which trouble and disturb him.

"A trace of the aberration is apparent in his reminding me that our last meeting was many more than sixteen years ago, and with a sudden turn, forgetting the lapse of time, to make a polite inquiry after a young lady's health, as if he had parted with her but yesterday. The casual visitor will fail to detect traces of insanity in Mr. Hoffman, but will ordinarily be pleasantly impressed by his elaborate politeness and courtly demeanor. His intervals of perfect tranquillity are rare, but he is rarely much excited, and never violent. I hear with

much regret, that there is almost no hope of any permanent improvement in the case of Mr. Hoffman, and that our best expectation of him can reach no higher than that he may long survive, bathed in pleasant delusions of the memory, to do the honors of the house, and sadly to remind the visitor that between the towering intellect and helpless insanity, there is but a thin partition, which a breath may abrade, or a blow destroy and break down forever."

—There is an exquisite picture in the following—from Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh"—a picture which will always be found painted on every true mother's heart:—

A CHILD ASLEEP.

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life,
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered overmuch
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The Shepherd's heart blood ebbed away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby month,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; every thing so soft
And tender—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould off."

While we stood there dumb,
The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide
And staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there—never moved
But smiled on in a drowse of ecstacy,
So happy, (half with her and half with heaven,)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there."

—"A rolling stone gathers no moss," is one of those old foggy sayings that admit of a double if not a doubtful construction. How much truth there is in this remark we will not pretend to say; but not like heaven, it is not all truth. Its popular construction is that one must lie down and wait if he would accumulate. In other words, that the accumulation of rust, is better than wearing out. Who, that ever surveyed a rocky landscape, but has seen one stone peering above others with its bald head telling that some which rest gather no moss? Those which get down into the dust, into the dark and the damp, gather the moss,—and at the best, are only moss covered rocks, and fill no important places in life as corner stones or stepping stones. Then call not one fickle till his object is known, or the course he intends to pursue is revealed. For one might be so situated that he could add nothing to

his reputation or estate, and a change would certainly be desirable. To no one is a person's wants or situation so well known as to himself, and he who judges is in much danger of judging unjustly.

—Some two months or more since, we promised ourselves and our readers an illustrated "Trip to Kansas," and our correspondent actually made a visit to those regions, in order to prepare the article; but owing to the want of time, no illustrations could be had, although he visited Wyandotte, Quindaro, Leavenworth and Lawrence, at which latter place he writes: "I arrived here in the night, and after waiting an hour for the ferry, which had been taken possession of by a couple of drunken "Delaware" Indians, and left in the middle of the stream, I at last crossed to Lawrence, and stood upon the ground consecrated by the blood of freemen. But I didn't stand long, for the night was so dark that as soon as I came to the fort on Massachusetts street, I carefully piloted my way to the ditch in front of it, and made the best of my way to the bottom, after that style of traveling usually known as 'heels over head.' But I did not take up my abode there long, for aside from the inconveniences of such a bed, I was visited by an afflictive dispensation, consisting of certain wild animals, that kept *barking* at me in such wise as to render a retreat absolutely necessary. * * * * *

In your next issue please allow me to express my thanks to the gentlemanly agent of the "Lightning Line" of steamboats from Jefferson City to Westport, (Missouri River) and to Capt. Hannum, of the "Polar Star," for their kind attentions during my sojourn in Missouri. I can only hope that others may be convinced as soon as I was, of the superiority of that line to all others, as a conveyance for emigrants to Kansas and the upper posts on the Missouri River."

As to the illustrations, we need only refer our friends to those of Aurora, and the consequent rise of real estate there, for proof of their beauty and efficiency. The whole matter will be explained by our agent to such places as he may visit, during the coming month.

—Any person who has been "through the mill," will most sensibly feel the point of the following:—

Some musical publisher or teacher once wrote or said, "that the art of playing on the violin required the nicest perception, and the most delicate sensibility of touch of any other art of the known world."—Some country editor in commenting on it, says: "The art of publishing a country newspaper, and making it pay, beats the art of fiddling more than a kite."

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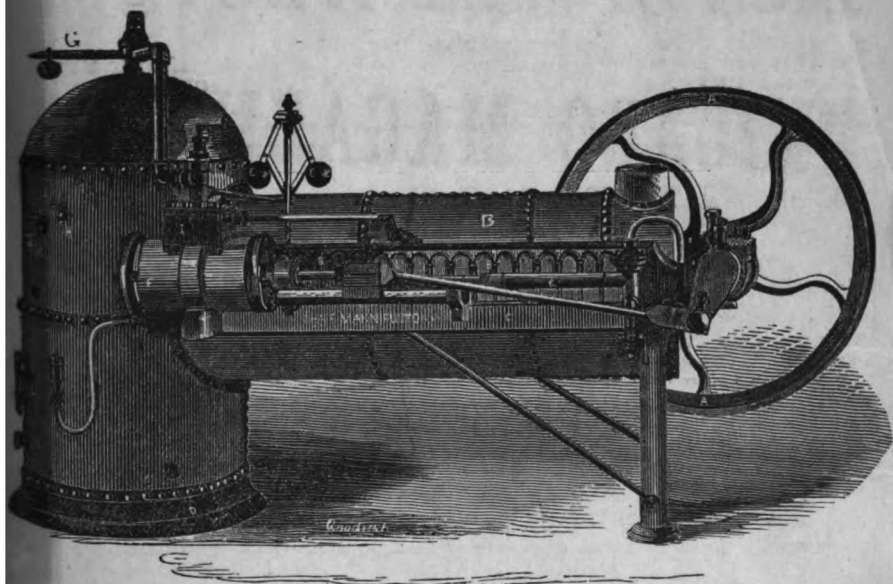
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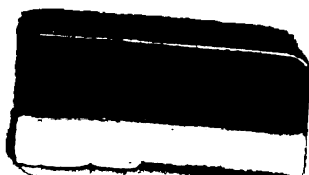
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